



SATURDAY MORNING DECEMBER 4, 1915.

HURRICANE AND RAIN.

Downpour in North; a Gale at Sea.

Vessels Swept Out of Course, San Jose Electric Tower Collapses.

Several Trains Blocked and Trees Uprooted; Snow in the Mountains.

Storm is Making Way South, According to Weather Forecasts.

RAINFALL IN THE NORTH.

Station. Last 24 hours. To Normal.

Red Bluff	2.75	5.32	8.91
Sacramento	1.72	2.56	3.92
San Francisco	3.32	4.18	4.41
San Jose	2.44	2.67	3.42
Fresno	.98	.38	2.15
San Luis Obispo	.91	.33	3.67

SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 3.—The first real storm of the season was felt throughout the State last night and today. It was a pretty brisk sou'easter, with a rollicking gale, which, at sea, attained a velocity of fifty miles an hour, with continuous rainfall on land and ocean. The speed of coastwise vessels en route from the north was cut down by the head weather. The (Continued on Third Page.)

NEW CHINESE MINISTER ASSUMES HIS DUTIES.

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 3.—Dr. D. V. Kuo, Chinese Minister to the United States, arrived today accompanied by his wife. He will enter upon the duties of his office at once. Dr. Kuo arrived in New York Sunday aboard the American liner New York. He was appointed ambassador to this country October 25, two weeks after he left this country for England and France, on what he said was a personal visit. Dr. Kuo was graduated from Columbia in 1909 and took his degree there in 1912. He is said to be the youngest minister of a foreign nation ever sent to Washington. Asked his age he replied: "I am very young."

ROBBER AND VICTIM SHOT IN A CROWDED SUBWAY.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—Allan N. Gardner, a bank messenger, was mortally shot, and George de Broca, his assailant, was dangerously wounded by Walter F. Orliman, another messenger, in De Broca's attempt to steal a bag containing \$400 at the Fourteenth-street subway station during the rush hour late today. The messengers are employees of the Bank of the Metropolis. De Broca, who was armed with three revolvers, carried nearly 200 cartridges and a bag of black powder, and wore two suits of clothes, walked up behind the messengers and fired two shots into the head of Gardner, who carried the bag, and as the messenger fell to the floor amid the cries of the subway throng the bandit threw away the revolver, seized the bag and fled. Orliman gave chase and De Broca drew a second revolver and fired, the bullet lodging in the messenger's coat collar. Orliman wrested the revolver from De Broca and fired twice, one bullet lodging in De Broca's back. He dropped his booty and fled into Broadway. By this time policemen were arriving from several directions. De Broca then drew his third revolver and, discarding his outer suit, ran across Union square. Here he was tempted to retrace his steps, but was told by a patrolman whom he attempted to shoot.

ALLIES' ARMY IN SERBIA IN SERIOUS POSITION.

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 3.—The precarious situation of the Franco-British army in Serbia is indicated by the holding up for twenty-four hours by the British censor of a part of a dispatch sent by the Saloniki correspondent of the London Daily Mail, which the London correspondent of the Sun filed Thursday night. The portion of the dispatch which the censor did not see fit to allow to be sent to the United States until after twenty-four hours' delay follows: "Now that their [the allies'] efforts have failed and the whole of Serbia, except the extreme southeast corner, is controlled by the enemy, the allies, who held the crests just beyond the Greek frontier, though themselves in a strong position, rather in the situation of peas in a bottle, the neck of the bottle being the single railway leading from Greece to Serbia."

UNCERTAINTY AT SALONIKI.

LONDON, Dec. 4 (3:41 a.m.)—In a dispatch from Saloniki, the Daily Telegraph's correspondent says: "The situation at Saloniki is certainly not satisfactory. The effort so far made is not one from which results can be expected, and if we are to continue some other factor must appear to render progress possible and bring security."

CHI PSI BOY PASSES AWAY.

Illness is Said to Have Followed Initiation Into College Fraternity.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 3.—Stuart Grant Peck, a Wesleyan freshman who had lain unconscious in Middletown hospital since November 13, died this morning. Spinal meningitis is given as the cause. His father, Carr W. Peck, a wealthy resident of Oneonta, N. Y., took the body home today. With him went a delegation of Chi Psi members. It is said here that Peck's illness followed his initiation into Chi Psi fraternity, when he was put through some hard exercise. Mr. Peck said that he would not press for an investigation, resting on the finding by college authorities that the initiation was not the cause of his son's illness.

LOS ANGELES WOMAN ASKS HEART BALM.

SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 3.—Max E. Gluckman, a real estate dealer, was made defendant in a \$50,000 breach of promise action filed in the Superior Court today by Attorney Weiss on behalf of Mrs. Selma Davis, an Australian woman, who came here several years ago. According to her complaint Gluckman first promised to marry her on May 15, 1913, and continued these promises up to January 1 of this year. About this time, according to her attorney, Mrs. Davis went to Los Angeles, and it was only on her return three weeks ago that she learned that his love had waned and that if he had any matrimonial intentions she did not figure in them. Although Mrs. Davis's complaint is briefly formal and makes no other charges other than breach of promise, her counsel declared today that there is another woman in the case and that the shattered romance is due to Gluckman's introduction to a rich widow during the time Mrs. Davis was in Los Angeles.

GEN. MONTGOMERY DIES.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.—Gen. James Wiley Bradford Montgomery, large land holder, soldier and politician, died at his apartments at a local hotel last night from pneumonia, which he contracted while visiting the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He was 80 years old. Gen. Montgomery was born in Tennessee in 1835. He left his father's home in 1857 as captain of a company of eighteen men bound for California. Gen. Montgomery settled areas of land in Butte county. Montgomery married Miss Eunice Dorland in Butte City, Glenn county, in 1861. To the couple were born seven children. His career in the National Guard was marked by promotion from private to general. In 1887 he was named major by Gen. Cadwalader and 1891 was appointed brigadier-general.

BRITISH SAVINGS INCREASE.

LONDON, Dec. 4 (1:59 a.m.)—At a bankers' convention at Newcastle on Friday it was stated as illustrating the manner in which the British people had responded to the plea for personal economies to meet the cost of the war that the national savings during the first year of the war increased from \$1,500,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000. It was added that for the second year the savings would exceed \$5,000,000,000.

JAPANESE COMMITTING SUICIDE.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 3.—Materialism has Japan so thoroughly in its grasp that 5 per cent. of the students in Japanese colleges are committing suicide in the belief the future holds nothing worth while in store for them, said Dr. C. S. Reifender, president of St. Paul's College of Tokyo, in an address before the Layman's Missionary convention here today. "Near one college a waterfall and near another an active volcano are guarded night and day to prevent students from ending their lives there, yet continually the students are escaping through the cordon of watchmen and kill themselves," Dr. Reifender said. "A note beside a bundle of clothing of each student states he has made a failure of life."

TARIFF FOR CENTRAL EMPIRES.

LONDON, Dec. 4.—News has reached London of a conference of German and Austro-Hungarian economic associations held recently in Dresden, which passed resolutions in favor of an economic union of the two empires by means of a convention of long duration and also recommending a uniform tariff scheme. The resolutions concluded by remarking that "loyal fellowship in arms with Turkey and Bulgaria opens up new prospects and gives the Germans and Austrians tasks which they can accomplish only in unity."

BEST OF SERBIAN ARMY REMAINS, BUT MORALE IS GREATLY SHATTERED.

BELGRADE (by courier to Berlin, Dec. 3, via London, Dec. 4, 3:33 a.m.)—What remains of the Serbian campaign is only an episode, according to the views expressed to the Associated Press correspondent by the German and Austrian officers, as well as by the officers returning from the front. Estimates of the number of Serbian troops remaining range from 60,000 to 100,000, the latter being generally held as an improbable maximum. The remnant of the Serbian army is composed of the best troops, but the morale is said to be shattered. Officers, who have gone through the whole campaign, declare that there was a visible diminution of the quality of the Serbian resistance after the first defeats. The artillery of the Serbians caused the most trouble and the greatest losses to the forces of the central powers. The Serbian infantry fire was poor, it is stated, contrary to the popular impression that the Serbian is a good marksman, but their artillery was good and served with great precision. There was no lack of ammunition on the Serbian side, it is said. The Serbian artillery knew every inch of the ground and had the habit of posting itself where it could command the only practicable pass between the mountains through which the Teutonic forces must advance. This section was kept continually under fire and the attacking troops were simply obliged to dash through. Their losses were the heaviest at such places. As soon as the Serbians saw that a considerable number of invaders were safely through, the batteries farther back began sweeping another stretch of road, while the batteries, which formerly were firing, were withdrawn to a point where they could again resume the work when the batteries in second place were compelled to withdraw. Thus the Germans and Austrians frequently were obliged to pass through two or three fire curtains in a short stretch of road. The marching and fighting continued day and night and the attacking forces, while continually harrying the Serbians, were themselves at the point of exhaustion much of the time. The Serbian infantry resistance rarely was prolonged more than was necessary to permit the troops and baggage train in the rear to extricate themselves.

FAIR BUILDINGS AUCTIONED OFF.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3.—The difference between new and second hand was illustrated in an announcement made today of the prices at which a number of the State buildings at the Panama-Pacific Exposition were auctioned off. The State of Illinois Building, which cost \$92,000, was knocked down to a wrecking concern for \$1730, and furniture valued at \$11,000 brought \$6000. The New York City Building, said to have cost \$34,000, brought \$300. Washington State's \$45,000 palace sold for \$800. The Mississippi Building, cost \$13,000, brought \$225. Iowa's \$28,000 building sold for \$500. The Oregon Building brought \$1520. The furniture, made in the Oregon schools, will go back to them, it was announced.

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ALL ABOARD A FORD SHIP.

Peace Mission is to Leave Today.

Bryan too Proud to Go Now but He will Meet Them at The Hague.

"We'll Stay in Europe Until the War's Over," Says the Jitney Man.

Three Moving Picture Outfits Placed on Board the Oscar II.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—The Scandinavian-American line steamer Oscar II is due to sail from New York for Copenhagen, Denmark, at 2 p.m. tomorrow, carrying 140 persons who, as guests of Henry Ford, the Detroit manufacturer, are going to Europe in an effort to induce neutral nations to take steps toward stopping the war. Mr. Ford's guests include sixty-three persons directly interested in the peace movement, fifty-four reporters for newspapers and magazines, three moving-picture men and twenty employees of Mr. Ford's personal staff. The party, designated by Mr. Ford as the peace expedition, is due to reach Christiania, Norway, its first stopping place, about December 15. The only other stopping places already decided upon are Stockholm, Sweden; Copenhagen, Denmark; and The Hague, Holland. It is probable, Mr. Ford said, that the party will visit other European capitals, as the progress of the peace plans seem to require. After consulting with William J. Bryan, former Secretary of State, who arrived today from Miami, Fla., to talk about the trip, Mr. Ford announced tonight that everything was in readiness for tomorrow's departure, that almost all passports had been obtained from the State Department, and that there was not the slightest doubt that the Oscar II would leave on time. Mr. Bryan issued a statement repeating his former assertion that he approved of Mr. Ford's plan and that he would later join the party at The Hague.

REPORTS HOUSE WASHED AWAY BY HEAVY RAIN.

Police were rushed out to the home of S. Page, No. 248 Bonnie Brae street, at 2 o'clock this morning on his reports that his house was being washed away, and his family marooned and in danger.

FRENCH AVIATOR WINS AIR DUEL.

PARIS, Dec. 3.—Details of the aerial duel in which a German aeroplane was brought down into the sea off the Belgian coast on November 28 were given by the French aviator who performed the feat. "Although it was very cold on that Saturday morning," said the aviator, "I set out on an aeroplane of the latest model, having with me as observer Second Lieutenant M. Just, justly recognized as one of our best marksmen. As we approached the Dikmude-Ypres sector my attention was attracted to a German aeroplane of the Albatross type. I headed for it, but the enemy machine flew toward the sea."

GERMAN ALBATROSS MACHINE DROPS INTO SEA.

Fullload of Bullets at Height of Two Miles Results in Disaster for Tenth Pilot of Belgian Coast. Thrilling Manoeuvres Reveal Risks. War Cross Awarded Victor.

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HONOR SYSTEM IS ABOLISHED.

ST. PAUL, Dec. 3.—That enemies of the allies are included among the crew of the steamship Minnesota, which is being sent back to San Francisco in distress on her voyage from Seattle to London, the detectives visited Deputy United States Shipping Commissioner Frank Chandler to scrutinize his record of the 155 men, all American citizens, shipped by the Minnesota to Seattle before she left here. They told Mr. Chandler that one of the men listed, a boiler room employee, was under investigation but would not disclose the cause of the inquiry. It was assumed here that the trouble was due to defective boilers, as repairing had gone on right up to the day of sailing.

DECLARED TO BE PERNICIOUS AND ANTIQUATED.

NEW WARDEN OF JOLLET PRISON SAYS HE WILL INSTALL HIS OWN PLAN THAT WILL GIVE DESERVING CONVICTS A REAL CHANCE TO BETTER THEIR LIVES.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 3.—Taps for the famous Joliet honor system, credit for which both Gov. Dunne and former Warden Edmund M. Allen claimed and over which the split that ended in Allen's resignation last August resulted, were sounded today by Michael Zimmer, present warden. Dubbed "pernicious and antiquated" the present system is declared by Zimmer to be highly unsatisfactory. It has been in vogue for the past two years, when Allen was appointed head of the Joliet prison. It will be replaced by a real honor system, which, according to the former Cook county Sheriff, will give to those who really deserve honor privileges the opportunity of bettering their lives as convicts by their own hard work. The change will be effective January 1, 1916.

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JAP LINER PUTS BACK.

Munitions Ship in Distress.

Hokkai Maru, with Supplies for Russia, has Arrived at Victoria.

Bulkheads are Broken and Man is Injured by Shifting of Deckload.

Two Boats Sent Out from San Francisco to Convey the Minnesota.

TACOMA (Wash.) Dec. 3.—The Japanese steamer Hokkai Maru, which left Tacoma last night heavily loaded with war supplies for Russia, has arrived at Victoria with her bulkheads broken and one man injured. It is said that the deckload shifted, causing an accident that necessitated her putting back to port. She passed out to the Pacific early today and a few hours later headed back through the straits.

SEATTLE (Wash.) Dec. 3.—The Hokkai Maru which is returning from Tacoma, is heading for Victoria, B. C., where she was expected to arrive tonight, according to word received from Cape Flattery. It was presumed that the vessel was going to the shipyard at Esquimalt, near Victoria, the first place she can reach coming from the sea. The Hokkai Maru is under charter to the Robert Dollar Company and loaded all of her cargo, consisting largely of knocked down steel freight cars and copper consigned to the Russian government, at Tacoma.

RELIEF SHIPS SENT.

SAN FRANCISCO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Dec. 3.—If Capt. Thomas W. Garlick of the big American steamship Minnesota is at this time aware of the cause of the serious damage to the machinery, he is keeping the information isolated on the high seas off the coast of Lower California and is not trusting it to radio waves. Up to a late hour tonight Balfour Guthrie and Company, San Francisco agents for the Great Northern Steamship Company and C. C. W. Wiley, port superintendent, awaited specific information as to the origin of the machinery trouble which forced the mammoth liner to turn back after being 1400 miles south of here. They received no answer, and it is taken that the master of the vessel has reasons for keeping a closed wireless key on the subject. Judging from the position given by wireless tonight the Minnesota is steaming northward at the rate of about 100 miles a day. At this rate the vessel will not reach here until the latter part of next week.

RELIEF SHIPS SENT.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3.—The steamer Iacona and the tug Dauntless were ordered today to go to the assistance of the Hill liner Minnesota, which was 760 miles south of here at midnight. The Minnesota sent word Wednesday by wireless that the tug Dauntless, which was 760 miles south of here at midnight. The Minnesota sent word Wednesday by wireless that the tug Dauntless, which was 760 miles south of here at midnight. The Minnesota sent word Wednesday by wireless that the tug Dauntless, which was 760 miles south of here at midnight.

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ITALY'S POLICY
TOWARD SERBIA.Sonino Says Balkan State
Must be Preserved.Minister Again Denies Rumor
of Separate Peace.Friendly Pact with Greece
Regarded as Possible.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
ROME, Dec. 3.—(Delayed in transmission.)—Foreign Minister Sonino's statement concerning Albanian and Italian assistance for the Serbian army is interpreted in some quarters here as meaning that an Italian expedition to the eastern coast of the Adriatic is in the course of preparation.

Interrupted with applause, enthusiastic demonstrations took place in both the Senate and the Chamber over the passage in the Foreign Minister's speech, alluding to the help that Italy was about to give Serbia.

The only mention of Germany in Baron Sonino's speech was when he said that when Italy declared war on Austria, "Germany considered herself in a state of ruptured diplomatic relations with Italy."

The Foreign Minister explained that Italy followed in the Balkans her traditional policy, inspired by the principle of nationality, in complete accord with the allies.

AIM OF ENTENTE.
The Quadruple Entente, he said, aimed to unite the Balkans, while the central empire fomented their rivalry and disunion, finding, unfortunately, favorable ground in the feelings of hatred and revenge that had resulted from the second Balkan war.

Reverend, he added, Italian mentality was inspired by the course of military events, lacking a comprehensive view of the entire situation, from which there sprang confidence in the final victory of the allies.

The notable contribution which Italy had made to the allies' cause in the war, continued the Foreign Minister, was shown especially in September, when Austria was obliged hurriedly to transport considerable contingents from Galicia to the Italian frontier, thus leaving a victorious Russian counter-offensive possible.

NEW CONVENTION SIGNED.
A new convention of London among the allies, pledging each of them not to conclude a separate peace, was recently signed by Great Britain, France, Russia, Japan and Italy, he announced. By this official announcement, said the Foreign Minister, he hoped to put a stop to rumors concerning the possibility of a separate peace, which were frequently cropping up.

Baron Sonino expressed the hope that the re-establishment of cordial relations with Greece would insure safety and liberty in the movements of troops of the Entente allies in Macedonia. At another point in his speech, the Foreign Minister made this declaration:

"The existence of the political and economic independence of Serbia is a vital necessity for Italy's existence as a great power. Italy, as an ally, we consider the restoration of the fullness of its independence as an unavailing condition to end this great war."

WILL ADJUDICATE.
Italy, therefore, said Baron Sonino, would do all possible to help the Serbian army awaiting a moment favorable for its resurrection.

The presence of the Italian flag on the eastern side of the Adriatic, he said, also would contribute to the preservation of Albanian independence. Baron Sonino concluded his speech as follows:

"Italy is firmly determined to continue the war vigorously with all her forces, facing any sacrifice until she achieves her sacred national aspirations, as well as those general conditions of independence, safety and mutual respect between peoples, which alone can be the base of a lasting peace and being also the essence of the pledge, which unites the allies."

**GERMANS DENY
SUBMARINE SUNK.**

(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.)
BERLIN, Dec. 3 (via Saville).—In spite of the German denial of reports circulated by a British news agency that a British submarine had sunk a German submarine, the news agency now gives details of the alleged combat, says the Overseas News Agency, which adds:

Competent German authorities repeat that no German submarine has been destroyed by a British aeroplane. The German newspapers point out that if a British aeroplane had sunk a German submarine, the news agency now gives details of the alleged combat, says the Overseas News Agency, which adds:

Field Marshal Sir John French in an official report given out by the Press Bureau in London, November 15, said:

"In the afternoon (of Sunday) a British aeroplane destroyed a German submarine off Middelkerke. It was seen to break in halves."

**MAIL TO UNITED STATES
CENSORED IN LONDON.**

(ATLANTIC CABLE AND DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)
LONDON, Dec. 3.—The chief postal censor says there is now a general censorship on mails to America. It is intimated that without such censorship there was always an opportunity for the enemy to receive information through the mails and information of that nature already has passed to America. The censor said: "It is a general censorship such as has been applied to mails going to other countries. What censorship there has been heretofore on American mails was insignificant." When asked if the general censorship meant that "innocent or harmless" messages would not be stopped he smiled an acquiescence. Regarding the report that a thousand women censors would handle the censorship of mails to America, the censor said it was "a picturesque report." On a number of occasions during the war, the question has been asked in the House of Commons why the censorship had not been applied to American mails, but the reply from the government was that it was such a big undertaking that an adequate number of censors could not be assigned to this work.

Liner Puts Back.

(Continued from First Page.)

responsible for the troubles the giant vessel is now undergoing, is the chief of the Great Northern Steamship Company, whose offices are in St. Paul.

The character of the crew is entirely the result of the LaFollette Seaman's Law, which went into effect November 1, 1914, and the cause of the Minnesota's departure from the Pacific Ocean, said officials of the steamship company last night. Although the vessel has been operated by a Chinese crew, but under the new law a crew of whites had to be recruited before the vessel was allowed to leave.

The first intimation of trouble on board the Minnesota came a few days after she left Seattle, when a wireless message was received from the vessel, stating that the crew was being operated by a Chinese crew, but under the new law a crew of whites had to be recruited before the vessel was allowed to leave.

**SERB SOLDIERS
GROUP OF GHOSTS.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
MILAN (via London) Dec. 3.—A correspondent of the Corriere della Sera, who departed from Monastir on the last train which left that city, telegraphs that 4000 Serbian troops sent to assist Col. Vassitch, the Serbian commander, had been exhausted on their arrival to be of value.

They had marched for seventeen days over the rough Albanian roads, struggling through snow and rain. Some of them were forty-eight hours without food.

It was not a fighting force, but a group of ghosts, which entered Monastir, the correspondent says. "Although the men were fit only for the hospital, they went immediately to the front to serve the general retreat of the army."

As the train drew away from Monastir, Col. Vassitch was still at work at the Serbian headquarters, determined to be the last to leave the city.

**TWO KILLED
IN WAR PLANT.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
LATHROP (Pa.) Dec. 3.—Two men were injured and the plant of the Peters Paper Company at Kingston, near here, was damaged to the extent of \$100,000 by an explosion early today. The cause is not known.

The company has been engaged in the manufacture of roofing paper for the trenches in the western battlefield.

**GREECE PRESENTS
A LITTLE BILL.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
PARIS, Dec. 3.—Claiming that it has lost more than \$500,000 francs through the present system of settlement on international postal orders from America, the Greek government has presented a bill for that amount to the Washington government.

It is understood, however, that the American government declines to make the payment and so far has not accepted Greece's offer to submit the question to international arbitration.

The American government has been paying balances in favor of Greece by check on Paris. The Greek government contends it is a loser because of the decline in rates of exchange.

"HIGHER-UPS" ARE SOUTH.
Government Refuses to Reveal Its Evidence in Alleged German Plot to Weaken Ship.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 3.—Federal agents who caused the arrest of C. C. Crowley last week in connection with alleged German dynamite plots to destroy munition plants, said today that Crowley had admitted the importance of evidence regarding the possession bearing upon the request to recall today of Capt. Boy-Ed and Capt. Von Pappen by Secretary of State Lansing.

It became known definitely today, despite the secrecy with which the prosecution of Crowley has been clouded, that Crowley received both his orders and large sums of money, according to the statements of Federal agents in New York City, and a certain point in that vicinity, where unnamed "higher-ups" were conspired by him frequently recently as last July. The Federal authorities, it was said, have plenty of documentary evidence in their possession showing the exchanges of money and dates of Crowley's visits.

United States District Attorney Preston, who asked about the source of money alleged to have been supplied Crowley for dynamite operations against munition ships, said that Crowley had admitted the employment by Franz Ropp, local Consul-General of Germany.

The government had hoped to get a confession from Crowley, but without success, before a Federal grand jury yesterday, did not develop the government's purpose, it was said, regarding the sources of the "large sums expended in dynamite operations."

Smith will continue his story before the grand jury Monday.

PERSONA NON GRATA.
CAPT. BOY-ED
MUST GO BACK.

Withdrawal of Von Pappen
Also Asked by Washington.

Improper Military Activities
are Called Obnoxious.

Action is Taken Apart from
the Conspiracy Trial.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Immediate withdrawal of Capt. Franz Boy-Ed and Capt. Pappen von Pappen, respectively naval and military attaches of the German Embassy, has been requested by the State Department.

In making formal announcement of this action late today, Secretary Lansing said the attaches had rendered themselves persona non grata to the United States government by improper activities in connection with naval and military matters.

The Secretary acted with the full approval of President Wilson, who is understood to have determined that the United States shall be rid of foreign officials who make themselves obnoxious by activity harmful to the best interests of the nation.

Count von Bernstorff called upon Secretary Lansing today just before the Secretary left the State Department for the Cabinet meeting. They were in the State Department, he said, to discuss the German Embassy case.

It is understood that the State Department has adopted a firm attitude in this matter and is insisting upon an early settlement.

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By Department of Justice officials regarding a statement issued in its name, which appeared to give confirmation of the charges made by Dr. Goriarty, former Austrian Consul.

The Charge of the Austrian Embassy here protested against the statement and asked that it be denied. The Austrian Foreign Office, through Ambassador Penfield at Vienna, also inquired about the statement, asking whether the Department of Justice had issued it and if so, upon what grounds the assertions in it were made.

No reply has been made and it is considered probable that none will be until the State Department determines whether von Nuber is an offender and whether his presence in the position he holds is objectionable.

DESIRED FOR COURTESY.
Because the State Department desires to show every courtesy and friendship for the Austro-Hungarian government, an effort will be made to reply as soon as possible to the inquiry as well as to the request for a formal statement, it is assumed in official circles that some decision regarding the Consul-General quickly will be reached.

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Last Call.
CONSCRIPTION
THEIR BUGABOO.Recruiting Campaign of the
British Soon to End.Final Appeal for More Men
Issued by Lord Derby.If His Plan Fails Sterner
Measures may Follow.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
LONDON, Dec. 3.—In an appeal addressed to "All men of military age in the United Kingdom," Lord Derby, director of recruiting, says the recruiting campaign is coming to an end.

"By December 11, we shall know whether the men of the United Kingdom between the ages of 19 and 40 are prepared to give the army the forces it requires." The appeal concludes by urging every eligible man to join the army "and show his country that he puts her interests before his own, to show the world, allies, neutrals and enemies alike, that there are hundreds of thousands of her citizens who are ready to fight for her."

The Joint Labor Recruiting Committee also has issued an appeal to "the free men of Great Britain" to "justify the faith of the nation in its volunteers." The committee, which took the work of enlistment out of the hands of the army a few weeks ago, will be made on December 11. If the results of the thorough canvass of the country, which the military authorities want, are willing to join the army, the movement for conscription will become a demand.

The report of the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee and Joint Labor Recruiting Committee, which took the work of enlistment out of the hands of the army a few weeks ago, will be made on December 11. If the results of the thorough canvass of the country, which the military authorities want, are willing to join the army, the movement for conscription will become a demand.

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Aboard Ford Ship.

(Continued from First Page.)

trying until peace has come again. What I shall do next if this mission fails, I do not know as yet. I haven't any idea. But I shall do something. I am determined in that.

"I have always been opposed to war and opposed to the preparation for war. I really don't know just where the plan for the peace mission came from. The project of chartering a ship and holding a conference on the other side seemed to me best fitted to meet the situation.

"It simply appealed to me as the most sensible action now, so I started carrying it out. If we fall now we shall start over again from the beginning, that is all.

"The mission in reality is to rouse public sentiment against the horrors of war and in favor of peace. It is a people to thinking and wondering about the war."

BYRON TALKS.
Mr. Bryan said he was confident he would join Mr. Ford's party at The Hague, probably within a few weeks. The statement dictated by Mr. Bryan, after his talk with Mr. Ford, was that he would join the party.

"I came to New York to explain to Mr. Ford more fully than I could by wire my reasons for believing that just now I can render larger service here by opposing the attempt to increase the appropriations for the army and navy than I could by going with him on the peace ship. I have seen Mr. Ford and laid my reasons before him and he recognized the right of those reasons. I desire to add that I am in hearty sympathy with the effort he is making to hope to join the party at The Hague. As the date of their arrival at The Hague is not yet known, I cannot fix the date for my departure.

"Mr. Ford is making an earnest and unselfish effort in behalf of peace and he ought to have the good wishes and sympathetic support of all who desire peace, even though some may not fully share his faith in the immediate success of this trip. Of course, those who want the war to continue, ridicule the idea, especially those who speak for the big munition factories, which are exporting war material at a large profit. This was to be expected.

"Ridicule is the favorite weapon of those who desire to oppose any movement when they find themselves unable to support their opposition with argument. If any of the people on the Ark had been making money out of the flood, they would probably have ridiculed Noah for sending out the dove. Success to Mr. Ford and companions. May they return with an olive leaf."

**GIRL TO WED
GERMAN OFFICER.**

SPOKANE MAID GIVEN PASSPORT
AND WILL SAIL FOR
WAR ZONE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
SPOKANE (Wash.) Dec. 3.—Miss Mildred Trimborn of Spokane, after having been refused a passport by the State Department to visit in Germany, today received a passport. Her second application, on which the passport was issued, stated that Miss Trimborn desired to go to Germany to marry a German army officer.

Miss Trimborn will depart Tuesday for Cologne, Germany, where she will wed Cornelius Berk, adjutant in the field artillery, who has been stationed at Lille, France.

CAPT. LOFSTEDT LOSES LICENSE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
PORTLAND (Or.) Dec. 3.—The license of Capt. August Lofstedt, master of the North Pacific Steamship Company's steamer Santa Clara, which was revoked by the county grand jury, was today restored by the county court.

She is charged with making fraudulent acknowledgments of papers issued by the real estate company.

Peltzer lost his life in a fall from a window of his office.

FATHER LIESCHER SENTENCED.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
WINONA (Minn.) Dec. 3.—Reverend Father M. Liescher this morning was sentenced to three months in the county jail for his part in the St. Peter by Judge Granger in the District Court, for his assault upon Bishop P. H. Hoffman of the diocese of Winona on August 27 last.

ELIMINATION IN LOUISVILLE.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
LOUISVILLE (Ky.) Dec. 3.—Elimination of the restricted district in Louisville through the removal of its members, was recommended to Mayor J. H. Buschmeyer by the Louisville Vice Commission today. The Mayor endorsed the report.

TWO CLASSES.

All individuals have been given the opportunity to fill cards volunteering under two classes—those ready for immediate service and those to be placed in the reserve force. Those in the first class are subject to call for service with their groups. The committee will have accurate information regarding the status of the great majority of the men who fail to respond to the invitation to place themselves at the disposal of the army.

There are forty-six groups, twenty-three for single men (including widowers without children dependent upon them) each year of age consisting of men aged 18 to 45. It is proposed to call up the groups for military service in their numerical order, except that men of 18 years will not be called until they reach the age of 19.

Several classes of men may be exempted from service—although all are subject to call for service in the reserve force. These are: married men, certain classes of railroad men and farm laborers, and special individual cases in which the local tribunals may decide exemption, particularly for those whose employers can prove them "indispensable."

By common consent the politicians and newspapers which were debating hotly the question of conscription have dropped the contest until the results of the work of Lord Derby's committee shall be made known.

There was a flurry of uncertainty over a statement made by Lord Derby in London that the government might enforce conscription upon unmarried men before any married classes are called out. The statement was made in the House of Commons and was an ambiguous reply by Premier Asquith when called upon for a statement to the House of Commons upon that point. Lord Derby wrote a statement, which the Premier endorsed as correct, that "married men are not to be called upon until young unmarried men have been

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TO SAVE RELIC
ON THE MOJAVE.Needles Women Would Buy
Labyrinth of Desert.San Diego Wants French Art
Exhibit at the Fair.Determined Fight to be Made
on the Citrus Canker.

BY HARRY CARR.

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 2.—One of the most
famous and interesting relics in the
West is the labyrinth of the Mojaves,
near Needles. This is an immense
winding tangle of tiny stone walls.
The Indians believe that the ghosts
of the departed are compelled to
wind through this labyrinth on their
way to the happy hunting grounds.
Only those who can find the way ever
arrive at the abode of bliss. This
labyrinth being in danger of destruc-
tion by encroachments of settlers, the
Literary and Musical Club of Needles
has written to Representative Kett-
ner of San Diego asking him to find
out what the government will sell the
relic to them for. In case the United
States refuse to sell the labyrinth
said as a national reservation, they
intend to do so themselves.

AFTER FRENCH EXHIBIT.

Senator Fletcher, French Ambassa-
dor, M. Jussereau, asking him to
send the French exhibit from the San
Francisco exposition to San Diego
for the French government, has asked
the United States to send the exhibit
back to France. In his letter Senator
Fletcher points out that the exhibit
is a treasure which will be safer on this
side until after the war. Senator
Fletcher is also taking up with the
government the matter of sending the
government exhibit to San Diego in-
stead of to Panama, as has been sug-
gested.

TO FIGHT CITRUS CANCKER.

At the request of Frank Wiggins of
the Los Angeles Chamber of Com-
merce, Representative Randall has
taken up with the Department of Ag-
riculture the matter of providing
protection for California oranges
from the terrible citrus canker which
is ravaging the groves of Florida.Paying Price
OF THEIR FOLLY.CALIFORNIA PROGRESSIVES ARE
WISDOM IN WASHINGTON.Three of Them Hold a Coun-
cil Decide They Don't Know
What to Do but Will Likely String
Along with the Republicans if Al-
lowed to do So.WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 2.—The three forlorn
and despondent "Progressive" mem-
bers of the California delegation know
not where to lay their heads. They don't
know whether to be a political party
or to string along with the Republi-
cans and beg to be forgiven on the
ground of youth and inexperience.There are only seven "Progressives"
in Congress. Two are from Califor-
nia: Mr. W. D. Stephens and Mr. L. J.
Nolan, a labor man from San
Francisco, and the former secre-
tary of Gov. Parden, now an Oak-
land attorney.The awful wallow in the mire that
Nolan and Stephens are in, and the
declaration of Senator Work that he
never thought much of the "Progress-
ives" anyhow, have shaken their
nerves.An informal council of war was
held today by the three California
"Progressives" into which some of the
other "Progressives" of the flock were
called. They nervously decided that
they did not know what to do. One
of the "Progressives" pointed out that
while the "Progressives" of the flock
have not answered, it may be only
in the nature of a club held over the
head of the Republicans. The con-
vention, in the event of a satisfactory
candidate being selected by the Republi-
cans, might decide to merely indorse
him. Then where would they be?They finally decided not to decide
whether to organize a caucus of their
own or whether to string along be-
hind the Republicans."Let us wait," they decided. "Let
us wait for Mr. Copley." Mr. Copley
has the bells of the seven in Con-
gress.

STEEL FOR BATTLESHIP.

Private Manufacturers Agree There
will be no Delay in Delivery to
Government Yards.WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—There will
be no delay in the delivery of steel
for battleships Nos. 13 and 14, if the
government undertakes that figure
in the navy yards. Bids from
steel companies, opened today at
the Navy Department, all offered
to begin delivery within six months
and complete it within two years.
They show an apparent increase of
from 25 to 40 per cent. over material
contracted for by the battleship Cal-
ifornia over a year ago.Private bidders for the two ships
submitted there would be delay in de-
livery of steel for the two ships.
The proposals on this circumstance,
private bids were rejected as ex-
ceeding the \$7,800,000 limit of cost
fixed by Congress. The bids were
well below that figure.The Carnegie Steel Company an-
nounced was the lowest bidder for
the supply of the steel needed for
the two ships into many millions of
dollars.On the largest lots of plates the
Carnegie figures were \$2.15 and
a pound for different classes.
The same company made low offersfor high tensile steel, prices ranging
from \$2.25 to \$2.54 a pound, and
was the only bidder for various kinds
of shaped steel.The American Steel Foundries of
Chattanooga, Tenn., were low bidder
for steel castings at \$2.04 per pound, and
the Carbor Steel Company of Pitts-
burgh was low for nickel steel plates
at \$3.85 per pound.A total of 45,422,220 pounds of
structural material was covered by
the bids. The Carnegie company was
the lowest bidder for the medium and
special treatment steel; the Carbor
Steel Company for nickel steel, the
American Steel Foundries for castings,
and the Pittsburgh Screw and Bolt
Company and A. H. Wagner for two
classes of rivets.An analysis of the prices made to-
night by the Navy Department officials
shows an increase of 25 per cent. since
the purchase of practically the same
classes of material for the battleship
California, now under construction at
the New York navy yard. The price
charged for the material on the Cal-
ifornia was \$294,114, and the price now
quoted for the bid is \$372,642.50,
\$78,528.50 each, an increase of \$25.13.50
each.DEMOCRATIC ROW
AMUSES CANNON.WANTS TO KNOW HOW DEFICIT
WILL BE COVERED.Former Speaker Declares He is
Preparedness Programme but
Doesn't Understand how Defenses
Can be Provided if Necessary
Money is Lacking.WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 2.—Former Speaker
Cannon was at the Capitol today feeling
as a fiddle, as he expressed it, and
indeed looking thoroughly tuned up
for a lively session."When Democrats fall out and daily
advertise their differences, why
should Republicans say anything?"
queried Mr. Cannon in response to the
question what he thought of the situa-
tion before Congress.Mr. Kitchen, who will be at the
head of the committee which has to
find revenue, and Mr. McAdoo, who is
the chief spender of the revenue, do
not agree as to the assets. Mr. Kitchen
finds a deficit, Mr. McAdoo a surplus.
He has known such disagreements in
families, but it is not common for two
great administration leaders to take
such radically opposite views as these.The treasury either has a surplus
or it has a deficit and the party in
power ought to make the situation
clear to the country before it asks the
minority to co-operate on a plan to
spend millions of money which may
not be in existence. Three years ago
the administration did not consult Re-
publicans about the reduction of the
taxes. They made their tariff bill in
secret caucus and bound their mem-
bers to vote for it without amendment
of any kind from the floor.There was the beginning of this
muddle, Secretary McAdoo chased
the surplus left in the treasury by
Republicans until it died from utter
exhaustion. He is now chasing its
ghost, and according to Mr. Kitchen
the Secretary is chasing the ghost of
the surplus when he talks about a surplus."What about preparedness?"
"Preparedness ought to have been
provided for by maintaining a bank
account to meet extraordinary ex-
penses. The Republicans left such a
bank account, but it has been dis-
ipated in the same way the Federal
Savings Bank of the Republic. The
President has evidently forgotten that
parable and has turned to Ezekiel,
the most pessimistic prophet of the Old
Testament.He might have found a better quo-
tation from the old Roman, Tacitus,
who said: "Peace of nations cannot be
secured without arms nor arms with-
out pay, nor pay without taxes." The
Democrats have been opposing taxes
so long that it has become a habit,
while they continue to spend reck-
lessly as though government revenues
could be extracted from the air, or
fully on his expectation that the Re-
publicans would come back and take
another surplus nest egg in the treas-
ury. I confess that I do not know
whether the Democrats are prepared-
ness, but it is their affair.""But will you vote for prepared-
ness?"
"I shall be glad to vote liberal ap-
propriations for army and navy if the
party in power will provide the re-
venues. I cannot vote to spend mil-
lions of money when we have not a
plan to get it. With a deficit of more
than \$100,000,000 in ordinary expense
and no plan to procure money, a vote
to spend money would be simply a
vote of bankruptcy. The party respon-
sible for the condition of the government
must make its preparedness cover
both ends of the question, the taxes or
bonds to put revenue in the treasury,
as well as to take it out. They can't
eat their cake and have it, too."

NAVAL ORDERS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—Five navy
captains and one commander were
detached today from the Navy War
College at Newport, R. I., and or-
dered by the Navy Department as fol-
lows:Capt. Edward Simpson as com-
mandant of the Cavite and Olongapo
naval stations.Capt. H. A. Field as commander of
the battleship North Dakota now in
reserve at Philadelphia.Capt. H. O. Stickney as commander
of the battleship Vermont.Capt. W. L. Howard as com-
mandant of the Portsmouth, N. H., navy
yard.Capt. W. W. Gilmer, as supervisor
of the Twelfth Naval District and
senior member of the board to sur-
vey vessels of the Pacific coast.Commander W. D. MacDougal to the
naval observatory.Officers assigned to the college are:
Capt. L. Jayne, now commanding
the New Jersey; Capt. H. McI. P.
Hutchinson, recently as Admiral
Fletcher's chief of staff, and Capt.
E. A. Anderson, recently commander
of the New Hampshire.

GOAT ISLAND COMMAND.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 2.—Capt.
W. W. Gilmer, assigned today by the
Navy Department as supervisor of
the Twelfth Naval District, will suc-
ceed Capt. Philip Andrews, com-
mandant of the Goat Island naval
training station, who assumed the
duties of the supervisor's office in
addition to his own when Rear-Ad-
miral Charles F. Pond left there in
April to become commandant of the
naval station at Portsmouth, N. H.Admiral Pond yesterday was given
command of the Atlantic auxiliary fleet.Try Marine Eye Remedy
For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids.ADMINISTRATION
GIVEN SETBACK.Clarke, Opponent of Wilson,
for President Pro Tem.Fought Ship Purchase Bill,
is Called Disloyal.Little Hope is Expressed for
the Closure Rule.WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 2.—The Senate Demo-
cratic caucus this evening by a vote
of 25 to 23, named James P. Clarke of
Arkansas, as the party candidate for
president pro tem of the Senate over
Atlee Pomeroy of Ohio. The result
followed a day of party wrangling
seldom equaled. Senator Clarke, op-
posed by friends of President Wilson
because he had refused to take White
House orders and do the bidding of
the executive, was fought viciously by
administration followers.He was declared to be not in accord
with the new freedom and was in-
clined to assist the independence of
executive interference at times when
his vote and influence were most
needed by the party in power. His
position on the ship purchase bill
last session, when he led the seven
independent Democrats in a revolt
against the President's pet measure,
was held up as a glaring example of
flagrant case of party disloyalty and if
for no other reason they claimed he
should be defeated for the presidency
of the Senate.Senator William A. Stone of Mis-
souri and some other administration
supporters attacked the Arkansas
as anything but a progressive and
the representative of the twentieth
century Democrat. The Clarke sup-
porters stood loyally back of their
candidate and despite the onslaughts
of the administration won the fight
handily.

WILL CHOOSE CLARKE.

When the Senate meets Monday
Senator Clarke, following his in-
duction into office for another term as
Senator from Arkansas, will be chosen
the president of that body. He will
preside in the absence of Presi-
dent Marshall, over the deliberations
of the Senate when the followers of
the President will attempt to force
through a closure rule which would
prevent a filibuster and expedite the
legislation. Mr. Wilson wishes enacted
early in the session. The nomination
of Senator Clarke is a blow to the
administration and is certain to leave
many party sours that will take time
to heal.While the White House let it be
known that the President was taking
no hand in the fight, there is suspicion
that the defeat of Senator Pomeroy
is a distinct disappointment to him.
His election would have been ac-
ceptable to the executive. In view of
Senator Clarke's position on Senate pro-
cedure and his opposition to dictation
from those in higher position the ad-
ministration will be compelled to go
slow on its legislative programme. If
he had been elected with the defeat
of Senator Clarke and the election of
Senator Pomeroy not only closure,
but other favored administration pro-
posals would have been brought
way in the Senate. Independent
Democrats would have been thrust
aside and the President's wishes car-
ried out without interruption.

THE CLOSURE RULE.

There is much doubt tonight if the
closure plans of Senator R. L. Owen
of Oklahoma, representing the Presi-
dent, can be forced through the Sen-
ate with Mr. Clarke in the chair. He
and his Democratic friends, it is said,
are not opposed to reasonable limit on
debate; but they stand unalterably
opposed to what Senator Owen pro-
poses in the way of gagging Senators,
be they Democrats or Republicans, who
dislike to express their views freely and
fully on his expectation that the Re-
publicans would come back and take
another surplus nest egg in the treas-
ury. I confess that I do not know
whether the Democrats are prepared-
ness, but it is their affair."NATURALITY they are gratified at the
nomination of Senator Clarke, they see
in his success many rocks ahead for
the President and his friends in the
coming session, in so far as the Senate
is concerned, will be a succession of
party quarrels and attempts on the
part of the President to dictate to
himself only Senator Clarke, but
those who stood by him in his fight
for re-election.

VOTE IN CAUCUS.

The vote follows:
For Clarke: Bankhead, Beckham,
Broussard, Bryan, Chamberlain, Gore,
Hardwick, Hitchcock, Hughes, James,
Johnson of Maine, Lusk, Nevada,
O'Gorman, Overman, Pomeroy, Ran-
dell, Robinson, Saulsbury, Shafroth,
Shields, Simmons, Smith of Georgia,
Smith of South Carolina, Tillman, Un-
derwood, Vanderman and Williams.For Pomeroy: Ashurst, Chilton,
Clarke, Fletcher, Hollis, Huston,
Johnson of Kansas, Kern, Lee
of Maryland, Martin, Myers, Phelan,
Pittman, Reed, Sheppard,
Smith of Arizona, Smith of Maryland,
Stone, Swanson, Thomas, Thompson
and Walsh—23.Absent: Culberson, Lewis, Martin,
Lea of Tennessee, and Shively.

WILSON TO GO TO OHIO.

President will Make Two Addresses
at Columbus and Hold a Reception
on December 10.WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—President
Wilson will leave for Columbus, O.,
on the night of December 5, arriving
in Columbus the next day, to make an
address at a luncheon given at noon by
the Columbus Chamber of Commerce
in his honor.A reception in the State capitol will
be held in the afternoon, and in the
evening the President will address the
Federal Council of Churches of
Christ.The President went today to a
cavalry and field artillery drill at
Fort Myer, Va., for the benefit of the
Army Relief Association.REPEATS REQUEST
FOR ANCONA REPLY.VIENNA, Dec. 2. (Via London, Dec.
2.)—The American Ambassador, Fred-
erick C. Penfield, today repeated his
request to the Austrian government
that it make a reply to the American
note respecting the circumstances in
connection with the sinking of the
steamship Ancona in the Mediter-
ranean by an Austrian submarine, as
a result of which several Americans
lost their lives.

Storm.

(Continued from First Page.)

ferryboats on the bay did a highland
fing for awhile, and some electric
wires were sent awry, but otherwise
no serious damage was reported lo-
cally.The storm is not yet over, accord-
ing to Thomas R. Reed, assistant
weather forecaster, and more rain
may be expected throughout the State.
Southeast storm warnings were to-
night ordered continued all along the
California coast by the Weather Bu-
reau, despite the fact that the Point
Reyes station reported at 4 p.m. that
the gale had abated considerably.At sea the principal experience re-
ported was that of the steam schooner
Marshall, which was swept fore and
aft while off Point Reyes this
morning. The vessel reached port
last evening from Albin. Capt. T. H.
Booth reported that 5000 feet of the
deckload of lumber was carried away
and a portion of the main rigging
damaged when the timbers went over
the starboard side.

IN MARIN COUNTY.

In Marin county the rainfall was
heavy all night and today, but no
damage was done outside of the fall-
ing of a number of trees. At San Ra-
fael the precipitation measured 2.39
inches.Sacramento reports tonight that the
heaviest storm in years has swept the
Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys.
At many points the downpour of rain
was accompanied by a wind of great
violence that broke trees, unroofed
buildings and wrecked electric lines.At Kennel, Shasta county, trees inches
of rain fell, while other up-valley
points report from two to over four
inches. Great snowdrifts are piling up
in mountainous regions. In the San
Joaquin valley the heavy rain has
landed trains have been blocked, for
twenty-four hours by slides. On one
blockaded train is the Syracuse foot-
ball team, which will be unable to
keep its date to play Occidental in
Los Angeles tomorrow.At San Jose the big electric light
tower that has stood for a quarter of
a century in the center of the city,
a landmark for miles around, and a
feature of Santa Clara valley for
years, was blown to the ground in a
gale that uprooted many of the city's
shade trees and did other damage be-
sides unroofing a number of buildings.

THEATER ROOF DEMOLISHED.

The tin roof of the big Garden Thea-
ter was rolled into a great bundle,
tossed over the intervening buildings
for a block and then dumped into
Market street. Luckily, neither the fall
of the tower nor the falling roof in-
jured any people, nearly everybody
having scurried to shelter to escape
the heavy downpour of rain. Damage
in the Santa Clara valley will be
more than counterbalanced by the
good the storm will do in the agri-
cultural districts, where two and a
half inches of rain has fallen.The Weather Bureau predicts a
heavy storm over the North Pacific
and a spread of the rain belt into
Southern California.CYCLONIC WIND
AT SANTA BARBARA.SANTA BARBARA, Dec. 2.—Cy-
clonic winds with a splash of occa-
sional rain are giving all Santa Bar-
bara winter weather tonight. The
storm broke here at 8:30 o'clock after
a steady drizzle had developed, with
the wind blowing a hurricane. So far
no damage has been reported from
any section of the county. Ranchers
welcome the storm, for it brings suf-
ficient precipitation to start early sow-
ing of grain. From water-front re-
ports the body of the storm is pass-
ing to sea, the coast at this point is
getting but the ragged edge. The pre-
cipitation has been but a trace so far.HEAVY RAINFALL
AT SACRAMENTO.SACRAMENTO, Dec. 2.—The rain-
fall here in the last twenty-four hours
ending at 5 o'clock was 1.73 inches.
The forecast predicts stormy weather
for the next thirty-six hours. The
rain was accompanied by one of the
strongest and stormy weather re-
ports from Sacramento valley point
indicate the same condition in all that
territory.STILL RAINING
AT STOCKTON.STOCKTON (Cal.) Dec. 2.—A
steady downpour since midnight
registered 1.71 inches at 5
o'clock this afternoon and it is still
raining, with every indication of con-
tinuing throughout the night.WELL SOAKED
AT REDLANDS.REDLANDS, Dec. 2.—It began to
rain here at 11 o'clock tonight and
there is every indication that the
ground will be well soaked by morn-
ing. It has been cloudy all day and
a rain had been expected. The farm-
ers want more rain so that they can
finish the fall plowing. The orange
growers also welcome the rain for it
stops the growth of the orange and
puts on the color.HEAVY STORMS
AROUND FRESNO.FRESNO, Dec. 2.—Scarcely more
than sprinkles had fallen in the San
Joaquin valley up to 5 o'clock this
afternoon. Shortly after 5 o'clock rain
began to fall, and by 6 o'clock a
quarter of an inch before midnight. Heavy
storms in the Sierra Nevada Moun-
tains near here raged last night and
today, and the town was temporarily
isolated as the result of a cave-in on
the Riverside road and the high wa-
ter in the Pajaro River, which sub-
merged the temporary bridge at the
highway crossing.

RAIN AT BAKERSFIELD.

BAKERSFIELD, Dec. 2.—A dis-
agreeable wind storm, lasting all

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX \$18, or better good clothes

Protect against Rain!



Warning!
—have extra dry
hosiery, under-
wear and a suit
change.

GABARDINES, \$15 to \$40
—long with straight
or raglan shoulders

CRAVENETTES,
\$15 to \$30

SLIP-ONS, \$5 to \$12
—in Down Stairs Store
—See Windows

UMBRELLAS, 75c to \$5
RAIN HATS, \$2
CAPS, 75c & up

Bdwy. at 6th
221 S. Spring

"The Store with a Conscience"

BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.day, much needed rain began falling
tonight at 11:15 o'clock.

THE WEATHER BACK EAST.

Snowfall is Heavy in Atlantic States
and it's Fourteen Below Zero in
Western Canada.CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Dec. 2.—Snow fall continued
in New York, Pennsylvania, Eastern
Canada and Northern Ohio today, but
temperatures in all directions showed
very little change from yesterday.
Chicago's maximum was 39 deg., four
degrees higher than the Ohio Valley.
Western Canada, with 14 below zero,
shows the most marked change, but
there is no wind and the cold may not
spread to the States. Other tempera-
tures:

	Max.	Min.
Ablene, Tex.	62	36
Boise, Idaho	58	38
Boston, Mass.	28	24
Buffalo, N. Y.	30	26
Calgary, Alberta	48	24
Chicago, Ill.	40	30
Denver, Colo.	44	30
Des Moines, Iowa	44	28
Dodge City, Kan.	42	18
Duluth, Minn.	30	20
Durango, Colo.	56	14
Galveston, Tex.	48	40
Havre, Mont.	48	26
Helena, Mont.	44	26
Huron, S. D.	44	16
Kansas City, Mo.	44	28
Klamath Falls, Ore.	44	28
Knoxville, Tenn.	44	28
Memphis, Tenn.	44	28
Minneapolis, Minn.	38	28
Modena, Utah	48	24
Montreal, Que.	30	24
Moorhead, Minn.	38	24
New Orleans, La.	60	40
New York, N. Y.	40	32
North Platte, Neb.	40	20
Oklahoma City, Okla.	62	40
Pittsburgh, Pa.	34	24
Rapid City, S. D.	58	26
Rosewell, N. M.	66	26
St. Louis, Mo.	48	34
St. Paul, Minn.	38	24
Salt Lake City, Utah	52	24
Sheridan, Wyo.	50	20
Swift Current, Sask.	54	24
Tampa, Fla.	64	44
Washington, D. C.	38	28
Williston, N. D.	42	16
Winnipeg, Man.	28	4

BIG FIRE AT ST. PAUL.

Two Wholesale Houses are De-
stroyed with a Loss of Three
Hundred Thousand.ST. PAUL, Dec. 2.—Damage esti-

Religion.

LUTHERANS GET CHURCH LEADER.

Man Noted in Denomination Takes Pastorate Here.

Bronze Memorial to Late Dr. Warren F. Day.

General News of the Local Religious Field.

The First English Lutheran Church of this city has secured as its new pastor one of the strongest men in the denomination in America. Rev. W. S. Dysinger of Wheeling, W. Va., has accepted the call extended to him and will begin his pastorate here on Sunday, December 13.

Dr. Dysinger, for several years has held a position high in the councils of the church, and has been an active leader in national meetings of the denomination. He is a thorough Bible student and has fame as a pulpit orator. His wife is also an active church worker and will be of valuable assistance in the new field of his activities.

The call was extended to Dr. Dysinger only after delegates from the First Church traveled throughout the East to hear and interview prominent pastors of the denomination. They were much elated when they received the news that the call of his church had been accepted.

The First English Lutheran Church is centrally located at the southeast corner of Eighth and Flower streets. It has a large and beautiful auditorium and accommodations for all lines of church activities. Prof. Earl C. Houk has been secured in permanent director of the choir, and is well known for his solo work.

MEMORIAL TABLET.

HONORING DEPARTED PASTOR. A service of beauty and significance will occur at the First Congregational Church tomorrow morning when members of the faculty of Pomona College, headed by its president, will with appropriate services unveil a handsome bronze memorial tablet in memory of the late Dr. Warren F. Day, pastor of First Church for many years, and pastor emeritus at the time of his death.

This tablet is presented to the First Congregational Church by Pomona College in grateful acknowledgment of the memorial fund of \$5,000 given to the college by this church in memory of Dr. Day.

The principal address will be delivered by President Blaisdell of Pomona College, and will be followed by a series of addresses by Rev. Charles Sumner, Dr. Robert R. Meredith and J. J. Forbes. The church choir will be assisted by the Pomona College choir. The service throughout will be an academic occasion.

BY DICTAPHONE.

CANNED SERMON AT TRINITY. Rev. Charles C. Selcman, pastor of Trinity Church, will preach tomorrow morning at 11 a. m. on "The Incarnation." His subject at the evening will be "War." Schumann-Henrich and other notable singers will sing at both morning and evening services. This will be done electrically, as Trinity is celebrating the anniversary of the triumph of electricity.

Unique will be a feature of the evening service, when parts of the pastor's sermon on "War" dictated to dictaphone will be given to the congregation in this manner. The subject for the evening is the third of a series on "Questions of the Day" and the speaker will particularly discuss the question "Shall America prepare for war?"

President Wilson's speech before the Manhattan Club will be reviewed, and the positions of Bryan, Cargill, Ferry, Ford, Norman, Angel, former presidents Taft and Roosevelt will be discussed. The speaker will also read letters from prominent citizens of Los Angeles.

KING FOR AMERICA?

DEAN MACCORMACK'S SUBJECT. "Does the United States Need a King?" This is the question that will be discussed by Dean Maccormack at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral tomorrow morning at 11 a. m. These are the questions that will be treated in this lecture. Dean Maccormack is an Irishman by birth, a Canadian by education and an American by conviction. At the evening service Dean Maccormack will continue the special course of advanced lectures on the "Book of Revelation" in the lecture hall of the church.

At the evening service Dean Maccormack will continue the special course of advanced lectures on the "Book of Revelation" in the lecture hall of the church.

TEMPLE AUDITORIUM.

"FUNDAMENTAL BELIEFS." Dr. J. Whitcomb Brothger, pastor of Temple Baptist Church, has arranged for two unusually interesting services tomorrow at Temple Auditorium. At 11 a. m. he will continue his series of lectures on "Fundamental Beliefs." His special topic being "The Holy Spirit—Can Pentecost be Repeated?" The big vested choir will sing and Miss Alice Wernlund will sing solo. The Lord's Supper will be observed at the close of the sermon.

At night Dr. Brothger will speak on "The Board of Censors." Should we abolish this board? Ought our young people to see this kind of play? These are some of the questions Dr. Brothger will discuss. The Rev. J. Whitcomb Brothger is a former President of the National Association of Evangelists, and is well known for his anti-slavery and anti-attitudinal campaigns and other humanitarian work. The great choir will give its regular monthly service. There will be anthems by the big chorus, Temple Quartette and solo quartette, and solos by Alfred Hall and George H. Bensusan. Ray Hastings will play the big organ and times at both services.

SERMON TOPICS.

IBLE INSTITUTE ATTRIBUTES. Three addresses of more than ordinary interest will be delivered in the magnificent Bible Institute auditorium tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. The first address will be by Rev. W. F. Greedy on "The Power of the Word of God." In the evening Rev. W. F. Greedy will speak

of "The Religion and Morals of the People of Chile and the Influence of the Word of God Among Them."

"War, Peace and Preparedness" will be the subject of the sermon by Rev. O. G. Dale at Immanuel Presbyterian Church on Sunday night. Mr. Dale will discuss the moral use of war, the true adequate moral substitute for war, and what attitude Christians should take toward the present movement for "preparedness."

Dr. W. E. Thirso will preach tomorrow morning in the University Methodist Episcopal Church on "The Soul in the Market Place." In the evening on "The Eye of the Needle."

The subject of Rev. E. Stanton Hodgins tomorrow morning in the First Unitarian Church, No. 925 South Flower street, Mrs. Gilbert and Mrs. Harris will explain the work of the "city mothers" to the social service class at 10 o'clock.

"Did Christ Teach Non-Resistance?" This will be the sermon subject of Rev. W. L. Y. Davis tomorrow morning in the Wesleyan Methodist Episcopal Church. In the evening he will speak on "Did God Make the World and Then Go Off and Leave It?" Prof. Conawell's vested choir will sing at each service.

"The Personality of the Holy Spirit" will be the subject of the sermon tomorrow morning by Rev. Frank C. Edwards in the Belvedere Methodist Episcopal Church, Townsend street, near First. In the evening he will give the first of a series of sermons on "The Home," his subject being "Our Homes and Six Dangers That Threaten Them."

C. D. Conroy, superintendent of the McKinley Boys' Home, will speak tomorrow evening in the First Mission, No. 255 East Fifth street. The speaker for Monday night will be Rev. Thomas Grice of Brooklyn Heights.

"Prevailing Prayer" will be the subject of Rev. Frank W. Otto in the Arlington Heights Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow morning. His evening subject will be "Feeding the Multitude."

Rev. S. M. Bernard will preach in the Pico Heights Christian Church tomorrow morning on "The Gospel According to Matthew." In the evening his sermon will be on "I Will Look Unto the Hills."

William D. McCrackan, C.S.B., will deliver an address on Christian Science tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock in Shrine Auditorium, West Jefferson street. He will lecture tonight in the Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist, No. 440 South New Hampshire avenue.

"The Eternal Christ" will be the subject of Rev. E. B. Light tomorrow morning at the Church of the People in Blanchard Hall. In a prelude he will discuss "The Futility of Ford's Peace Crusade."

"America First and Her Immigrant Christ" will be the subject of a talk by Mrs. George Clark at the Y.W.C.A. chapel service at 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in the Y.W.C.A. assembly room.

Dr. Edward Campbell will preach in the First Presbyterian Church tomorrow morning on "The Gospel According to Matthew." His evening sermon will be on "The Claims of Christ and Caesar."

"Our Undertaking" will be the sermon theme of Dr. James Allen Giesinger in the Boyle Heights Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow morning. His evening sermon will be on "How a Higher-Up Was Brought to Christ."

Rev. J. Clarence Pinkerton will preach tomorrow morning in the First United Presbyterian Church, Ninth and Figueroa streets, on "The Measure of Christ's Love" and in the evening on "What Are They That Perish?"

Tomorrow will be "Woman's Day" in the Magnolia Christian Church. At the morning service an address will be given by Mrs. E. Y. "Woman's Day" will be the subject of the evening service. The women will have charge of all the services in the First Christian Church tomorrow. A woman will superintend the Sunday-school, and one of the women will usher at the morning service.

This day is the anniversary day of the Women's Missionary Society of every woman present at the morning service will receive a white carnation. The pastor will preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The Women's Missionary Society has a membership of over 200 and is one of the great forces for good in the congregation. Dr. C. W. Thripp, will preach in the morning on the subject, "Women and the Gospel" and in the evening on "A Dying Grain of Wheat."

WOMAN'S DAY.

Dr. Charles Edward Locke will preach in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixth and Hill streets, tomorrow morning on "Thoughts and Thinking." In the evening he will discuss a subject which was too extensive for his question drawn of one week ago, as follows: "Is life worth saving? What are doctors for? Is disease a fate? Are Christians slaveholders? Shall we abolish doctors and abandon hospitals? Was that Chicago doctor justified in allowing her little deformed baby to die? Can a physician's care would probably have saved his life? Should the doctor have performed the operation? Is it ever right to commit suicide?"

There will be special music at both services by the vested choir of a hundred voices, under the direction of Prof. Carl Bronson.

WHERE TO GO.

TOMORROW'S CHURCH EVENTS. All notices intended for this department must be in the hands of the church editor of the Times by noon of each Friday in order to insure their use in the department the following day.

"The Moral Influence of the Movies" is the subject of an address in the Park Congregational Church, Bellevue avenue and Douglas street, tomorrow evening by Councilwoman Lindsey. The pastor, Rev. Chester Ferris, will also speak.

Rev. A. C. Kleinlein will preach in the Lutheran Ohio Synod Mission, No. 1200 West Eighth street, tomorrow evening.

"The Law of Prosperity" and "Is There Any God in Spiritualism?" will be the sermon theme tomorrow of Dr. F. Austin in the Central Spiritualist Church, Mozart Theater Building.

Dr. William Brooks of Iowa will speak in the Pico Heights Congregational Church tomorrow morning. In the evening the pastor, Rev. J. A. Old Commandment for the New Age.

At St. Paul's Lutheran Church, corner of Euclid avenue and Eagle street, the pastor, Rev. J. E. Holck, will preach tomorrow morning on "The Second Coming of Christ." In the evening Rev. J. Snyder of Long Beach will exchange with the pastor.

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THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD.

New York Society Social.

An informal dinner and social will be held by members of the New York State Society Thursday evening at Christopher's.

Historical Society Meeting.

"Across the Plains in 1854—The Personal Experience of a Pioneer Woman," will be the subject of Dr. Rockwell D. Hunt before the Historical Society of Southern California Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Museum of History, Exposition Park.

Plea for the Birds.

Alfred Cookman, a graduate student at U.S.C. and a deputy game warden for this county, addressed the pupils of the Van Nuys High School yesterday afternoon on "Bird Life in California." He made a plea for the protection of the game birds and songsters of the State.

Daughters of Veterans' Dinner.

Jessie Benton Fremont Tent No. 4, Daughters of Veterans, will serve dinner at Patriotic Hall, Hall of Records, Tuesday, commencing at 11:30 o'clock a.m. This is the first dinner the daughters have served at Patriotic Hall, and they are seeking to make it a decided success. Tuesday evening officers will be elected for the ensuing year.

Christian Science Lectures.

Under the auspices of the Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist, William D. McClellan, of New York City, will deliver a lecture on Christian Science this evening at 8 o'clock in the Ninth Church edifice, No. 430 South New Hampshire avenue, and also on tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Auditorium Theater Beautiful, Fifth and Olive streets. The public is invited.

Voyage to Hawaii Ends.

Reporting a pleasant voyage, a cablegram from the captain of the steamship Great Northern, which left here last Saturday for Hawaii, arrived yesterday by G. N. Koepel, agent of the Great Northern Pacific Steamship Company. The ship arrived at Hilo at 7:30 a.m. Thursday, according to the cablegram, and will leave Honolulu Monday for the return trip to San Francisco.

To Give "Christmas Carol."

Dicken's "A Christmas Carol" will be given in five acts by the students of the Virgil-avenue intermediate school, corner Hollywood boulevard and Vermont, the afternoon and evening of December 17, the proceeds to go to swell the school fund. Misses Marjorie Whitlock, Beatrice Welton, Gertrude Welton, and Messrs. Alfred Barbour, Louis Chane, and David Barwell, Mrs. Webster, have the production in hand.

Universalist Conference.

The midyear conference of California Universalists will take place in the First Universalist Church, No. 1275 South Alvarado street, Monday and Tuesday. The general topic for the first day's sessions will be "Forward Movement in California." Among the speakers will be Rev. George A. Miller of Santa Paula, Rev. Bernard C. C. Taylor of Los Angeles, and Rev. Carl P. Henry of Los Angeles. The subject for Tuesday's sessions will be "The Duty of a Patriotic Church in the Present Crisis." The speakers will include Rev. C. C. Pierce and Rev. E. Stanton Hodgkin.

O. E. S. Installation.

At the annual installation of officers of Daylight Chapter, No. 285, O.E.S., held yesterday afternoon in Masonic Temple, the following officers were installed to serve during the year of 1916: Grace Boyd Carpenter, Worthy Matron; Noble Ellis Johnston, Worthy Patron; Mable E. Hicks, Associate Matron; Lulu Belle Taylor, Secretary; Ruby F. Paulson, Treasurer; Jennie B. Wilcox, Conductress; Mary E. Hooper, Associate Conductress; Minnie P. Hardy, Chaplain; Alma L. Cole, Marshal; Mable Alderman, Musician; Annie Johnston, Adah; Ella Campbell, Ruth; Esther R. Hill, Esther; Ruby Garber, Martha; Blossom Wilson, Electa; Mary Flindie, Warden; Mary B. Hayes, Sentinel.

Temple B'nai B'rith.

Chanukkah, the feast of dedication, commemorating the heroic deeds of the Maccabees in the second pre-Christian era, which began last Wednesday evening to continue for eight days, was observed by special services at Temple B'nai B'rith last evening. It will be continued this morning at 10:30 o'clock. Dr. Hecht spoke last night on "Heroes and Heroism." This morning he will discuss upon "The Growing Light" with references in both addresses to the late Dr. Schechter, president of the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York. The music will be largely traditional, and rendered by the Temple Quartette. Special musical numbers will be "Kindle the Lamp," "The Prayer," "Walked in Darkness," and "Rock of Ages." Tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, the religious School of the

Temple will observe the festival at Hamburger's Arrow Theater, where after a brief religious service, a scene from the Maccabees will be presented by some of the pupils of the school, and the children will be entertained by two moving pictures. The affair is in charge of the teachers of the school, the school committee and the Sisterhood of the Temple.

Officers are Chosen.

Members of the Federated Improvements Association held their annual election last night at a meeting in Burbank Hall, and discussed plans for work to be outlined by their organization for the next year. The officers elected for 1916 are as follows: Benjamin F. Groves, president; Charles H. V. Lewis, first vice-president; Robert T. Hale, second vice-president; H. M. Chapman, secretary and treasurer, and Sperry Baker, attorney.

Consider Jewish Problems.

A mass meeting will be held Monday evening in Hamburger's Arrow Theater for the purpose of bringing to the attention of the public the injustices to the Jews in some of the countries now involved in the European war. It is the belief of many Jewish people that their rights could be obtained if America would give them its moral support. At Monday evening's meeting the Mayor will be the chairman, and there will be addresses by Raymond E. Blitch, Rabbi Hecht, Meyers, Werne and Liknaitz.

Look Out for Them!

Temple Baptist Church officials reported to the police yesterday that certain boys representing themselves as newboys are soliciting funds from business men and residences for the "Temple Newboys' Club" and other enterprises. No such solicitation has ever been authorized, say the church men, adding that citizens who are approached will confer a favor by reporting the cases to the office of the church at Fifth and Olive streets. Newboys engaged in the practice will be prosecuted.

Prize-winning Fossils.

The Los Angeles friends of Mrs. B. Hocking of Guasti were gratified to learn that Mrs. Hocking's remarkable fossil specimens have won the first prize at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition cat show, which closed yesterday in San Francisco. The cats are of a rare species, the grandparent of these particular specimens having been a gift to the late Hamilton King, United States Minister to Spain, by the prince of the royal household. Mrs. Hocking received first prize for both male and female.

CHORUS SEEKS WAGES.

Criminal Action Against Theater Man Begun on Ground He Wouldn't Pay When He Could. Chorus who declare they were employed by T. J. White at the Empress Theater, involved him in a criminal suit by appealing to the City Prosecutor yesterday for an action to secure the sum of their wages. The initial action was filed by Miss Dorothy Adams. It is alleged Mr. White refused to pay the members of the chorus when he had sufficient funds to do so. The warrant was issued in Police Judge White's court, and officers were searching for Mr. White last night. It is alleged many chorus girls have similar complaints, but await the test instituted by Miss Adams before they enter suit.

PERSONALS.

Jacob Bergerman, a prominent business man, left Los Angeles at the Clark Hotel yesterday for San Diego. He will remain in Los Angeles a few days before going to San Diego to visit the exposition and will return to Utah before the holidays. Charles L. Freer, the noted millionaire art collector, and one of the judges of the fine arts exhibit at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, is expected at Arrowhead Hotel Springs in a few days. Mr. Freer expects to sojourn at Arrowhead during the winter, and will write a book on ancient art while there. His collection of paintings and antiques is said to be worth over \$1,000,000.

BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.

Weaver Roofing is a strong waterproof fabric that can be applied over old roofs of any kind. Expert report and estimate without charge. Weaver Roof Co., manufacturers roll roofing and waterproof paint, 339-241 East Second street. F2855, Broadway 784. For quick action drop answers to Times "Inners" in Times liner boxes in downtown office buildings. The locations of the boxes are printed in the first column of The Times "Inners" section. The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

Myer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

Christmas Gifts

Buying Suggestions

Why not buy something useful? Something that will be appreciated and acceptable. An article from Myer Siegel & Co.

For instance, a hand bag or one of the newest Mandarin jewel set-chains. A pair of Silk Stockings, beautiful Silk Underwear, Negligees, Breakfast Caps, Handkerchiefs, Neckwear, a Blouse, or one from a hundred and one articles shown in our Art Nouveau section. Prices begin at 75c, \$1, \$1.50, etc.

Sweaters on Sale

Women's and misses' Sweaters in a large variety of newest colors. Fiber Silk at special reductions.

\$6.50 Fiber Silk Sweaters at... \$3.00

\$7.50 Fiber Silk Sweaters at... \$4.00

Genuine of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

The Exclusive Specialty House for Ladies Apparel

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The Exclusive Specialty House for Ladies Apparel



"Only the brave deserve the Fair," so why cry about it!

Remember, Brauer is still offering the greatest suit value for \$20 you ever saw. It's a wide choice of the latest style fabrics in qualities worth easily \$5 more per suit. Follow this Special next week and save \$5. That's fair enough.

Suits and Overcoats to order—\$20 to \$50.

A.K. Brauer & Co.

Two Spring Street Stores
345-347 and 529-527

THE TIMES CIRCULATION FOR OCTOBER, 1915.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

Harry Chandler, Assistant General Manager of the Los Angeles Times, being sworn, deposes on his oath that the following is a true and correct record of the daily circulation of the said newspaper for the month of October, 1915.

OCTOBER, 1915.

October 1..... 11,100

October 2..... 11,200

October 3 (Sunday)..... 10,800

October 4..... 11,100

October 5..... 11,200

October 6..... 11,100

October 7..... 11,200

October 8..... 11,100

October 9..... 11,200

October 10 (Sunday)..... 10,800

October 11..... 11,100

October 12..... 11,200

October 13..... 11,100

October 14..... 11,200

October 15..... 11,100

October 16..... 11,200

October 17 (Sunday)..... 10,800

October 18..... 11,100

October 19..... 11,200

October 20..... 11,100

October 21..... 11,200

October 22..... 11,100

October 23..... 11,200

October 24 (Sunday)..... 10,800

October 25..... 11,100

October 26..... 11,200

October 27..... 11,100

October 28..... 11,200

October 29..... 11,100

October 30..... 11,200

October 31 (Sunday)..... 10,800

Average for each day of October, 1915..... 11,100

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 11th day of November, 1915.

(Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California.)

Subscribe to the

Automatic Electric Range

San Francisco's Leading Daily and Sunday Paper.

You cannot afford to overlook its special Sunday features, which team with interest.

Subscription and advertising rates given upon application to the Los Angeles representative of the Chronicle.

F. A. TAYLOR, 434 So. Hill St.

Army & Navy Store, 526 S. Main St.

Send us your mail orders. Write for Catalogue.

DRAKE-CLAPP Electric Company

217 West 4th Street Opposite the Angelus

U. S. Army Pistol, Caliber 38 and 45. Price \$2.50 and \$12.50.

Send us your mail orders. Write for Catalogue.

For Your Health's Sake

Eat WHOLE WHEAT HEALTH BREAD. Little sugar, starch, yeast. Physicians recommend it for stomach, bowel and kidney trouble. Order of your grocer. Made exclusively by PACIFIC BAKING COMPANY, 1502 Tennessee St.

JESBERG'S Walk-Over Boot Shoes

612 So Broadway - Cor Fourth & Spring

The Electric Lighting Supply Co.

216 West Third St. Home F6497—Sunset Main 3462

CHICAGO AND EAST EVERY DAY

Through Salt Lake City

LOS ANGELES LIMITED 120 P.M. OCEANIC LIMITED 120 P.M. OCEANIC LIMITED 120 P.M.

TICKETS AT 801 SOUTH SPRING STREET

Clifton by the Sea

The Beautiful. Get ticket at L. A. office, good for refund of car fare from agent on

The Times

LOS ANGELES

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1915.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION

By the Federal Census (1910)—218,188
By the City Directory (1915)—228,271

Ever-advancing Southern Metropolis.

XXVTH YEAR.

ASK WOMEN TO WAR UPON WAR.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen Put Faith in Their Sway.

"Coalition Cabinet Hard One to Manage," He Says.

Wfred Noyes Given Ovation at Friday Club.

THE Friday Morning Club broke its

tradition yesterday for the space of

three aristocratic hours. For not only

were Lord and Lady Aberdeen the

guests of the occasion, but a poet of

the morning, no less a celebrity than

Wfred Noyes, was the speaker of the

post would be the first to concede

precedence to Lord and Lady Aber-

deen, the former Viceroy of Ireland,

with an earldom which dates back to

1329 A. D. The large audience which

assembled to do the distinguished

guests honor was not un-

derful of the social eclat of the oc-

casions. The club's president, Mrs. Seward

Stans, introduced Lady Aberdeen, the

usual guest of the club, and the usual

compliments, her ladyship gave with

deep feeling upon the past future

possibilities of the International Council

of Women, of which she has been

thrice president, and of which a meet-

ing was held at the club last night in

San Francisco. She felt that the

women could do so much to clear up

the misunderstandings which have

grown through the imperfect knowl-

edge of each other's countries, and

thus go far to prevent future wars

through a misconception of foreign

politics and ideals. She hoped that

the women's clubs of California would

not towards this end.

NOTABLE WOMAN.

Lady Aberdeen is a large, kindly

woman, approachable and charming.

Notable Trio at Friday Morning Club.



and what she lacks as an orator is easily compensated for with sincerity and inherent goodness. One of the famous beauties of her day, she has nevertheless devoted her life largely to the betterment of social conditions for the poor and as Vicerine of Ireland she won deep affection for her good works and her many charitable activities. It is in the cause of these charities, both in Ireland and Scotland, which have been largely maintained by the Aberdeens, that she and her husband have undertaken this tour, with an abiding faith in the generosity of rich America. They are to speak at Trinity Auditorium on Monday evening, when they

(Continued on Second Page.)

HISTORY HEWER NEARS THE END.

One of "Men Who Made Kansas" Dying Here.

Fought in Mexican and Civil Wars; Guarded Lincoln.

Commanded Ft. Leavenworth in "Bleeding" Days.

Col. John Taylor Burris, veteran of the Mexican and Civil wars, and perhaps the most prominent survivor of the "men who made Kansas," is near death at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jennie B. Phillips, No. 446 East Avenue 23. He is now 87 years of age, and his growing feebleness has made it impossible for him to throw off the effects of exposure which he underwent several weeks ago.

Coming here about five years ago after an illustrious career before the bar and as a judge, Col. Burris has made many friends. He is identified with many fraternal organizations, and, until recently, took an active part in moves for civic betterment.

He was born in Butler county, Ohio, December 22, 1827, and received his education in the public schools of Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky. At the age of 18, after a lengthy course of home study, he entered public life as an educator, and for several terms taught in the Kentucky public schools.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War he enlisted in the Mounted Rifles, the organization subsequently being known as the Third Cavalry, and served through the war. In 1852 he was admitted to the bar in Iowa, and after practicing law for two years was elected county judge. At the conclusion of the war he was elected to the legislature of Iowa, and was elected to the legislature of Kansas in 1859.

In 1859 he was elected a member of the Wyandotte Constitutional Convention and helped to write the Constitution of Kansas. When Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860 Mr. Burris was chosen as a member of the Frontier Guards, and with that organization served as bodyguard of President Lincoln during the troubled times preceding the outbreak of the Civil War.

In August, 1861, the Fourth Kansas Volunteer Infantry was organized and Sgt. Burris of the Frontier Guards was appointed a lieutenant-colonel. He was made a colonel in 1862 and placed in command of Fort Leavenworth. Subsequently he saw active service in the field and participated in some twenty engagements.

At the conclusion of the war, in recognition of his services, Col. Burris was appointed United States District Attorney for the State of Kansas by President Lincoln. In 1869 he was elected to the Kansas Legislature and subsequently became speaker. After a term in the Legislature he resumed the practice of law, and for more than twenty-five years served as county and superior judge in that State. He retired from active life in 1903.

In addition to being a Knight Templar, he is a member of the Knights of Pythias, the Sons of the American Revolution and an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic. He has two daughters, Mrs. Phillips and Mrs. W. H. Beman of No. 2447 Ellendale place.

"MISSION PLAYS" CLOSE.

This afternoon and evening the last performances for the season of the "Mission Plays" will be given in the playhouse at the University. The house for this afternoon is entirely sold out and it is expected that this evening every seat will be taken.

This closes a most successful season. More than 250,000 people have seen the play during the season. It is probable that play will be taken over during the winter and that most of the present members of the cast will be retained.

Charges Dealed.

BIG RAIN STORM REACHES SOUTH.

HEAVY FALL IN A BRIEF TIME; EXPECTED TO CONTINUE WITH HARD WIND.

The heavy rain, which has been falling generally over the Pacific Coast States and as far north as Alaska for several days, reached Los Angeles early this morning accompanied by a strong wind. A sharp precipitation began about 1 a.m. and continued.

Storm warnings are displayed along the coast and a rise in temperature was reported throughout the West. The local weather bureau predicted rain for this city today as a result of the extension of the storm in this direction.

Rain and strong south winds followed by moderate gales along the coast was the forecast for Southern California today.

Numerous stalled automobiles appeared to the police for aid. Trolley cars in some instances were delayed.

Charges Dealed.

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Charges Dealed.



Col. John Taylor Burris, who is nearing the end of a long and picturesque career at his home in this city.

Next Monday.

PUT MATTER UP TO THE BOARD.

FINAL ACTION ON MILITARY SCHOOL WORK.

Teachers and Schools Committee Pass Three Alternative Proposals to Larger Body—One Is Maj. Copp's and Two Provide for Special Physical Training.

The contest as to whether there shall be military training in the public schools of Los Angeles has been transferred from the Teachers and Schools Committee to the Board of Education, composed of Mr. Waters, former Judge York and Mrs. A. J. Copp, to the board itself. The subject will be up for action next Monday night.

Brief talks by Henry F. Holland, president of the Jovian Electric League, and J. Harry Pieper, president of the Advertising Club, preceded the distribution of prizes to the lucky holders of the ten admission tickets that were "first out" from an electrically-driven mixing machine. J. C. Rindler, president of the Southern California Electric Company, was in charge of the programme, which consisted with a demonstration of electric appliances for the benefit of the interested.

"Electricity is life," said President Waters of the Rotary Club, as he

(Continued on Third Page.)

FLAMING SNAKE TO SEA'S EDGE.

Brilliant Electrical Motor Parade this Evening.

Blazing Carnival to Close Prosperity Week.

Rotarians Hear Experts on Modern Miracles.

In a banquet hall turned into a display room of electrical appliances, members of the Rotary Club honored the "new white coal" at the Alexandria yesterday, while General Superintendent Benjamin F. Pearson of the Southern California Edison Company told of the metamorphosis of the snowflake into the energy with which the motors of the world's industry are driven.

With a parade of illuminated automobiles from this city to Ocean Park tonight, followed by an electrical carnival and ball in the dance pavilion of the seaside city, the celebration of "Electrical Prosperity Week" will be concluded. The parade is scheduled to move from Eleventh and Broadway at 7:30 o'clock.

As a part of the concluding celebrations, Charles E. Spaulding of the General Electric Company will deliver a lecture on electricity this evening in the auditorium of Los Angeles High School. The exhibit of electrical appliances on the sixth floor of the Metropolitan Building will also be kept open until 10 o'clock tonight that the late shoppers may see it before buying their Christmas presents.

Adding a significant touch to the Rotarians' meeting, President Sylvester L. Weaver read a letter from the international president, Allen D. Albert, urging all members of the organization to participate in the nationwide toast at high noon today, to the men and women who made the Panama-Pacific International Exposition a world show.

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SCATTERGOOD ASKS EXPERT.

HARBOR FURORE FLATTENS OUT.

Charges Fifty-seven Sorts of
Windy Nothing.

Council Votes Unanimously
to Forget it All.

Failure of Critics to Find
Flaw Called a Boost.

Charges of alleged mismanagement and waste, filed by E. H. Sleeper and other discharged employees of the harbor department against the Harbor Commission, fell flat yesterday after the Council listened to testimony presented by a crowd of witnesses made up mostly from the ranks of laborite agitators, who are variously grousing against the commission. The list of fifty-seven charges included in the Sleeper affidavits was taken up one by one and of the lot there were two which appeared to have some foundation. One of these was exploded and the other was withdrawn. When Councilman Wheeler, in calling attention to the absurdity of the case presented by Mr. Sleeper, used the councilmanic "we," Attorney A. L. Vitch, representing Mr. Sleeper, grabbed at the opportunity to close his case and charged that the minds of the members of the Council were made up.

The hearing before the Council began at 10 a.m. and continued with recesses for lunch and dinner, until late last night, when a motion by Councilman Conwell to file the charges because none had been substantiated, was adopted by unanimous vote. Considerable time was taken with a review of the waterfront piling incident of three years ago when, at the suggestion of Harbor Expert E. P. Goodrich, a certain formula for cement piling was tried and found wanting. This work was done under a former Board of Public Works and it was shown the mistake was corrected as soon as discovered and the matter of cost was adjusted properly in settlement with the contractor.

In summing up the day's events, Councilman Conwell said the Council had listened with patience and with open minds to the presentation of the fifty-seven charges, and that with one that looked serious exploded and another withdrawn, the other fifty-five were simply matters of opinion and criticism. "When there is criticism and difference of opinion in cases of this kind we can simply compare the standing character and ability of the men who criticize with the character and ability of the men they criticize," said Mr. Conwell. "In this case it is the men who have testified here today against such men as Charles Leeds and E. P. Goodrich. We have spent the day listening to the vapors of a lot of discharged men and the whole affair seems to be the efforts of one set of men to get the jobs of another set of men. The Harbor Commission, composed of men of the city of Los Angeles, has spent \$5,000,000 on a stupendous enterprise and these men have gone over the work with a fine-tooth comb and a microscope and these vapors are all they find. This in itself is a great testimonial to the good work of the harbor department."

Councilman Tompkins said Mr. Sleeper had gathered in all the men who had grievances and had produced nothing, and Councilman Wheeler, seconding Mr. Conwell's motion to file and forget the whole thing, characterized the attack on the Harbor Commission as a "monumental fizzle."

SLEEPER SUES.
ASKS LIBEL DAMAGES.

Charging that the intent of the letter sent by the Harbor Commission to the Civil Service Commission under date of November 5, last, referring to his discharge as superintendent of construction for the city, was to vilify, maliciously and libelously accuse him of mismanagement of the business under his charge, E. H. Sleeper, through Attorney Velth & Richardson, yesterday brought suit against Frederic T. Woodman, Christopher M. Gordon, John P. Gilmer and Sherman A. Jubb, members of the Harbor Commission and the assistant harbor engineer, for libel, and demanding \$50,000 damages.

Mr. Sleeper was discharged upon the recommendation of Engineer Jubb, for "approving false records relating to time sheets, misconduct, mismanagement of work under his charge, incompetence and causing friction and dissatisfaction throughout the organization."

These charges are declared by Mr. Sleeper to be false, libelous and defamatory.

**ACCUSED OF MANY
THEFTS OF MAIL.**

**PRISONER DECLARED TO HAVE
MASTER KEY TO BOXES
AND QUEER CASE.**

Charged with stealing United States mail, John Rose of Sawtelle was arrested early last night near Fifth and Spring streets by Postoffice Inspector Lowe. He was taken to the County Jail, and according to Inspector Lowe confessed.

Carrying a master key, which, it is declared, would unlock half the post-office boxes in Southern California, Rose during the past month took letters from receptacles in Sawtelle, Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Hermosa Beach, Manhattan Beach and Redondo, declares the inspector. The prisoner also, according to the arresting officer, opened mail boxes in this city.

Following the arrest of Rose, his rooms in Sawtelle were searched, and large amounts of opened mail matter discovered. In many cases, says the inspector, Rose forged and cashed checks taken from the mail, and disposed of a large amount of stuff taken from parcel post boxes.

Rose is accused by the inspector of having fished mail from the postoffices at the beach towns by using a walking stick with a fish hook attached to the end, using this method even in the day time.

A search was first made for Rose when it was discovered postoffice boxes were being looted about a month ago. A man was discovered by the inspector who knew Rose, and whom Rose had told how easy it was to take mail from the receiving receptacles.

According to the inspector, Rose has stolen and cashed checks amounting to several hundred dollars.

The "Iron Cross" Appeals for Charity.



Margaret Blecker (left), Mrs. M. L. Friml.

The latter is driving nails into the iron cross that is a feature of the German Kirmess opening at Shrine Auditorium yesterday. Each nail represents so much money raised for the poor and wounded of the Teutonic belligerents.

HUNDREDS FIND JOY IN GAY TEUTONIC SCENE.

WITH hundreds of enthusiastic patrons and patronesses in attendance, the three-day German kirmess and bazaar, given under the auspices of the German-Austrian-Hungarian Relief Society, was opened yesterday afternoon at Shrine Auditorium. Many novel features were introduced, combining German and Austrian ideas for pre-Christmas entertainments.

Elaborate decorations, featuring patriotic bunting, flags and myriad ferns and palms, occasioned much favorable comment. Scores of girls in native costumes appropriate to the booths tended, beset the spectators and resped a golden harvest of coins in exchange for the articles they vendied, in addition to giving a very picturesque cast to the scene. Under the direction of Siegfried C. Hansen, costumed choruses sang German and Tyrolean songs. Historic dances in costumes of the nineteenth century were staged under the direction of Edward de Kuriro, former ballet master at the Imperial Theater of Warsaw, assisted by Miss Herta Hoff, who, attired in distinctive Venetian costumes of last century, gave several exhibitions of fancy dancing.

A German dinner was served from 6 to 8 o'clock p.m., and at 8:30 o'clock the evening programme began.

Found Guilty.
**IMPERSONATION
CHARGE STICKS.**

**SECOND TRIAL OF ALEXANDER
BRINGS CONVICTION.**

Sentence will be Passed Next Friday and New Joint Hearing on Conspiracy Charge will be Started Early Next Year, Enmeshing Another in Clairvoyant Case.

Sol Alexander, a private detective of Long Beach, was convicted in the Federal Court yesterday of a charge of having posed as a government officer. He was accused of having obtained \$2300 from Mrs. Mary T. Eeles by the impersonation on promising to capture "Prof." Thomas McCullough, a Long Beach clairvoyant, who is alleged to have taken \$15,000 from Mrs. Eeles. The jury in Judge Bean's court returned the verdict after a little more than an hour of deliberation.

Alexander was held in \$2000 bail for his appearance next Friday, when sentence will be imposed. He is already under a similar bond in the case involving Paul M. Reidy and himself, in which conspiracy is charged.

Alexander and Reidy were tried on the conspiracy charge some months ago, the jury disagreeing as to Reidy, but voting for the conviction of Alexander on the first ballot. They split even as to Reidy. The second trial of the defendants will follow early in the year. The charge against Alexander on which he was convicted was against him alone.

In the hearing of the Alexander case the government was handicapped after the first jury had disagreed, when Mrs. Eeles made an affidavit that Alexander had not represented to her that he was a government officer. It was stated by the government that the old lady had been taken advantage of on account of her impoverished condition, and that she was more interested in getting money to live on than she was in prosecuting Alexander, who promised her a repayment of the \$2300 if she would try to clear him.

At the hearing the government had but three witnesses. Alexander did not go on the witness stand. The defense was largely furnished by Paul A. Reidy, who contributed the evidence of his brother, Harry Reidy, his wife and himself, in addition to statements under oath tending to weaken the evidence of Mrs. Eeles. Under the Federal statutes the felony of which Alexander has been proven guilty carries a maximum punishment of five years in the penitentiary.

Keep Your Bowels Regular.
If your bowels become constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Tablets just after supper and they will correct the disorder. They are mild and gentle in their action. Obtainable everywhere.—Advertisement.

War Upon War.

(Continued from First Page.)

will tell of their viceregalities in Ireland and many other interesting subjects.

Lord Aberdeen gave a short talk, adopting the humorous vein with happy success. He said that he, too, had taken much interest in the International Council of Women, and not always at a distance. He spoke of the objects of their tour and smilingly thanked the president for giving him the opportunity for a little judicious advertising.

After luncheon many ladies were introduced to the Earl and his Countess, to their infinite satisfaction.

snaphots were taken outside the clubhouse with the delightful acquiescence of the visitors, and Mrs. George Alonso Miller whisked them off in her machine to Long Beach, where a reception was held at the Hotel Virginia, to which the heads of the Federated Women's Clubs were invited. And the night afterwards entertained privately by Mrs. Miller at her home.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen will be the guests of the Imperial Daughters of the British Empire under the auspices of the Alexandria chapter at Trinity Auditorium on Monday afternoon, when Alfred Noyes has also been invited to contribute to the occasion. The Reception Committee will include Mrs. Christopher Gordon, president of the chapter; Mrs. Alfred Webb, Mrs. A. G. Gardiner, Mrs. R. Vincent and Mrs. A. M. McArthur.

Ovation to Poet.

Alfred Noyes, who narrowly escaped the poet laureateship of Great Britain, had a great ovation at the Friday Morning Club yesterday morning. He read many of his poems, which he declared to be neutral, but which read in England, France or the United States, and told of the occasions which inspired them. "The Admiral's Ghost," in which the old Devonshire faith that Nelson's drum hangs from the seawall to be utilized as a signal when the country needs its savior, is the moving theme, "The Barrel Organ," that springtime lyric that rings the English heart for iliac time at Kew. "The Alchemist's Tavern," telling of Will Kemp's dance of nine miles from York to Norwich; "The Forty Singing Sailors," concluding with those delicious lines, "Could the grove dream we swallowed make us a dream of all that followed?" and the encore piece, "Intercession," inspired since the war, all succeeded admirably in making English hearts more than a little homesick, a little wistful for the sweetness that is England in spite of embassies of a middle-headed coalition government, which, in a private talk afterwards, Lord Aberdeen mourned as "a difficult team to manage."

TO RECEIVER'S HANDS.

Custodian Named to Try to Bring Lumber Firm from the Shoals of Bankruptcy.

Federal Judge Bledsoe yesterday appointed William G. Hampton, receiver of the Pacific Sash and Door Company, on the petition of the Edward Ford Plate Glass Company, and Mr. Hampton immediately qualified in a bond of \$50,000. The allegation of the complaining corporation was that the Pacific Sash and Door Company was indebted to them in the sum of \$451,132; that the business of the corporation exceeds \$750,000 annually, and that its present debts are in excess of \$440,000. It is further set out that there are negotiable notes calling for the payment of \$129,000, made by the defendant, that it is unable to pay; that there are \$32,000 in current bills that it cannot pay; that acceptances of \$70,000 will be due in ninety days, and that no provision has been made for their payment. In addition, there are promissory notes calling for the payment of \$163,000, and \$9000 in sundry accounts for which no provision has been made.

It is alleged that the corporation has real estate worth \$250,000; that the improvements and machinery are worth \$245,000; stock on hand and in process of manufacture, \$229,000; bills receivable, \$185,000; sundry credits in investments, \$20,000; other assets, fixtures, etc., \$19,000.

The alleged bankrupt concern is engaged in the lumber and planing mill business, and has an extensive plant at No. 3218 South Main street. It is believed that with a proper marshaling of the assets the company will soon emerge from its present financial troubles, as there seems to be an abundance of property out of which to satisfy the creditors. The complaining corporation is an eastern concern.

WOMAN HANGS HERSELF.

Takes Way Out of Life but Seldom Sought by Those of Her Sex—Ill Health Cause.

Mrs. Rebecca Lewis took her life by hanging herself by the neck yesterday, following a period of ill health. This violent method is often embraced by men, but seldom is a woman known to employ it.

She lived at No. 465 North Mott street, called to be seen in ill health several weeks. She was found by Mrs. P. M. Hoolligan, a neighbor, yesterday. The coroner took charge of the remains.

CELTIC CLUB MEETS.

Noted Woman Violinist is Guest of Honor in Annual Banquet of Local Organization.

More than 200 members and guests were entertained with musical and vocal selections and addresses last night at a meeting and banquet of the Celtic Club of Los Angeles at Christopher's. Miss Maud Powell, the noted violinist, and her husband, H. Godfrey Turner of New York, were guests of honor.

James Main Dixon, president of the club, spoke of the activities of the organization and of the progress made by the club during the past year. Miss Maud Powell gave a violin solo, H. C. Cassidy sang; a recitation was given by C. F. McIntyre; new songs were introduced by S. D. MacFarland and poems were read by R. G. Cooke.

LEFT INJURED ON STREET.
Juliano Tirfento, an Italian, living at No. 456 Caroling street, was painfully injured early last night when struck by an automobile near Macy and Howard streets. The automobile failed to stop following the accident. At the Receiving Hospital, where Tirfento was treated, he was found to be suffering from several fractured ribs.

WOMAN HANGS HERSELF.

Takes Way Out of Life but Seldom Sought by Those of Her Sex—Ill Health Cause.

Mrs. Rebecca Lewis took her life by hanging herself by the neck yesterday, following a period of ill health. This violent method is often embraced by men, but seldom is a woman known to employ it.

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Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915
Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



The Food Drink Without a Fault
Made of high-grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended and manufactured by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals; it is absolutely pure and wholesome, and its flavor is delicious, the natural flavor of the cocoa bean.

The genuine bears this trade-mark, and is made only by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

DORCHESTER, MASS.

For a quick, satisfactory meal, there's nothing can compare with a bowl of E-C's smothered in cream.

Keep a box always handy. Best for children and fine for grown-ups, too.

10 cents at all good grocers

**DON'T ACCEPT
SUBSTITUTES**



Ask your grocer today for Crinklets, the new washless towel, in the hands unique package that hangs on any wall. Crinklets embody the Turkish towel principle. They dry wet surfaces as naturally and efficiently as a fabric towel—by rubbing. Soft to the skin and with an unusual hold-together quality, Crinklets are superior in material and service.

No washing or ironing when you use Crinklet Washless Towels.

**Crinklet
Washless
Towels**

There are degrees of cleanliness. Crinklet cleanliness is absolute.

There are a hundred and one uses for Crinklets. Some of them are shown on the package. Get your grocer to send you a trial box today—10c. The Crinklet way is the easy way, the clean way, the saving way.

Your Grocer Sells Crinklets—They're Handy for Hands

National Paper Products Co., San Francisco and Carthage, N. Y.

Parrott & Co., San Francisco, Dist.

Banking Houses To Merge Today.

Into Millions.
CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND THE
TRADERS WILL JOIN.

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**PRELIMINARY HEARING GIVEN
DETECTIVE'S SLAYER.**

Proceedings to be resumed Monday, with Lad Who Knew of Ever-present Weapon on the Stand. Victim's Companion Declares Shot Answered Call to Halt.

Friends and foes of Calogero Finocchio, whose preliminary hearing on a charge of murder was under way, jammed the courtroom of Justice Hinesham yesterday afternoon—swartzy Italians, some of whom declared they lived in fear of the silent man who always carried a shotgun under his long coat.

This handy weapon killed Detective Sergeant J. E. Browning. A vicious, sawed-off gun, it brought a tremor over many of the present when introduced in evidence. Tony Blandino, to whom Finocchio is alleged to have sent threatening letters, was present to identify it.

So was Detective Sergeant Bowe, who was with Detective Browning when the shooting occurred. Detective Bowe was the principal witness. He described in detail the events leading up to the use of the shotgun by Finocchio.

"Halt we are officers," are the words Sgt. Bowe said his dead brother-officer used just prior to the killing. "The only answer we got was the bark from Finocchio's gun," said the witness.

"He got me, Bowe," I'm dying," were the words of Detective Browning as he fell, firing his revolver at the fugitive.

The only other witness called to the stand during yesterday's preliminary was Peter Ferrara, the boy who sat in Finocchio's store when the officers arrived.

He told how the prisoner was always afraid of an attack. "Summer and winter he wore his long overcoat and carried his gun under it," said Ferrara.

His examination was not completed when the court adjourned to resume the hearing of the case Monday morning. Deputies Stafford and Hogan of the District Attorney's office are conducting the prosecution.

STUDENTS TO GIVE.
Manual Arts Girls in Charge of Christmas Surprise Box for the City's Needy.

A Christmas surprise box for the poor of Los Angeles is being made up by the students, faculty and Parent-Teacher Association of the Manual Arts High School, under the supervision of the Girls' League, a society formed of the students attending Manual Arts. At an assembly call yesterday the matter was laid before the students and all were asked to contribute cast-off clothing and non-perishable provisions. The Parent-Teacher Association has agreed to postpone its December meeting and take the time to mend the garments contributed by the students, before giving them to the various families.

The chairman of the committee which has the matter in charge, Miss Olive Paine, has asked that the contributions be made not later than next Tuesday, as it has been arranged to have the mending begun the next day.

The articles will be distributed during the week before Christmas. Principal Sterry of the Macy-street School will aid in placing what remains of the provisions, after the immediate wants of the needy pupils of Manual Arts are satisfied.

The same thing was attempted last year, with success. This year the giving is to be done on a larger scale.

UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.
There are telegrams at the Western Union office for Gus Anderson, A. C. Bernard, M. L. Cooper, Warren Cox, Robert Dunbar, D. W. Hower, Estill Latham, Mrs. John B. Lawrence, W. L. Smith, Fred W. Spencer, Mrs. Ursula Stewart, Mrs. Pearl Toward and F. P. Woodruff. At the Postal for Luke Flynn, D. J. Hosteller, Mrs. Grace Mortimer, W. E. Weisiger, Jr., Mrs. E. A. Downing, D. M. Butchart, Gregory Munson & Co., Dalyrimple Fruit Company and a cablegram for Marcar Toromina.

DETAILED AUTOS TO SELL?
Two are held to trial—Accused of Maintaining Office in which the Machine was Sold.

Lloyd Munger and Joe Ferrara were held to answer to the Superior Court by Justice Forbes after the preliminary examination yesterday on the charge of having stolen the machine. R. H. Gosson of Long Beach, Ball in each case was fixed at \$10,000.

The only one of the machines now stolen, four others having been caught up from San Diego immediately after they were arrested in that city, it is determined an office in San Diego hotel, where they operated a sightseeing agency and also changed their license numbers and other marks of identification.

THE PUBLIC.
Furniture Dealer Will Hold Open House This Evening in Large New Main Street Store.

Announcement was made yesterday by J. E. Brent, the proprietor of the Main street furniture house who bears his name, that he will open his house tonight to familiarize thousands of Los Angeles people with his store recently finished.

That musical and vocal concert which was part of the evening's entertainment and refreshments will be given and served under the direction of Miss Virginia Stokes, the domestic science expert.

The public is cordially invited to attend the opening of the new store and to enjoy the music and the tasty dinner provided.

Flaming Snake.

(Continued from First Page.)

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\$6 guaranteed all silk shirts with satin stripes, in the newest colors and patterns, special purchase enables us to sell these for \$3.65

Siegel's
349 S. Spring St.
Open Evenings from November 13th until Christmas

Universal Perculators and Coffee Urn Sets
Open Saturday until 9 p.m.
\$4.50 to \$12.00.

In the Universal Perculator an exclusive patented feature which pumps the water over and through the coffee, the boiling point is reached, the water is then forced to ten times more rapidly than the ordinary percolator on the market. We have many beautiful designs. Come in and look them over.

WOMANLY HOUSE ELECTRIC CO.
The Electric Shop
1115-1117 S. Main St.
JUST AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE POST OFFICE

CONSPIRACY CHARGE FAILS AND IT WILL PROBABLY END PROSECUTION HERE.

The first of the cases alleging conspiracy against the postal laws in the transmission of letters in relation to the carrying on of the Guadalajara, Louisiana, and Hermosillo Lottery Companies, with headquarters in San Francisco, blew up in Judge Bean's court yesterday, with the evidence of two witnesses. Judge Bean instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of acquittal in the case against J. A. De Vecmon, head of the Guadalajara International Company, with headquarters at No. 984 Market street, San Francisco.

The specific allegation against J. A. De Vecmon and W. E. Lower, a dealer in lottery tickets, who resides at No. 1219 West Pico street, was that they had conspired to transmit letters through the mails in furtherance of a lottery scheme, but the evidence did not fit the indictment. It was undisputed that De Vecmon wrote a letter to Lower last May, in relation to the lottery business, but De Vecmon and Lower were not indicted for sending letters through the mail, but for conspiracy. Lower testified that there was no understanding between the two in regard to sending communications by mail. And while Lower testified that he had sent a number of checks by mail to San Francisco, checks are not letters within the meaning of the law, and nothing came from that end of the case.

Some time ago, Lower showed evidence of repentance, and agreed to become a witness for the government. The premature death of the case is likely to have a deterrent effect on the prosecution of the pending cases against other defendants involved in the Guadalajara, Hermosillo and Louisiana Lottery Companies in San Francisco. The only one of the accused men to suffer punishment in lottery cases is the aged W. H. Young, jointly indicted with De Vecmon and Lower, who was sentenced by Judge Trippet to a term in the county jail on his plea of guilty.

The defendant Lower is now congratulating himself that he did not plead guilty before the De Vecmon trial, as was proposed. It is probable that the result of yesterday's hearing will end the present prosecution by the government.

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 Entered at the Postoffice as mail matter of Class II.

TREND OF THE FINANCIAL MARK.

CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.
 (At Home.) Reports to industrial centers say the past week has been the busiest for some time. Activity in trade is unabated; in fact, is more marked than heretofore. Wholesalers, jobbers, retailers and dealers are a unit in reporting "sold-up-for-months-to-come." Some complaints are heard of the lack of shipping facilities, both rail and water. One good augury is the invariable demand for quick shipment that accompanies bank clearings were \$4,912, 174,000, or nearly a billion dollars over last week.

(Abroad.) In London holders of American securities sold freely.

(For details see financial pages.)

THE BLUE SKY.
 It is no wonder that the Democrats cannot reach an agreement on the proposal to limit debate in the Senate. You take away debate and there would be nothing left of the Democratic party.

IN A NEW CLASS.
 King Constantine of Greece says that too many lions and tigers are now at each other's throats for a fox to boast his greed. We protest that his royal highness is no fox, but a bulldog of the most stubborn fierceness.

WHO TOLD?
 A young lady who could not decide between two suitors ran away from her home in Butte and said she would marry the one who first discovered her. Nevertheless, one naturally wonders if the winner did not have some inside information.

CHASTENING YOURSELF.
 Yes, fear is monstrous and futile, but there is always caution to be reckoned with, and caution is a fearful cheat. The trouble with those who practice caution is that they are without a constitution based upon pure reason and only such a constitution may hope to eliminate chance.

"A L DRESSED UP, NO PLACE TO GO."
 It is of no particular interest to note that the Dutch do not look with favor upon the programme of Henry Ford, and that they refuse to entertain his ship. If somebody would explain who does favor it and what nation would like to further the crazy scheme, we would be glad to give it full space, if not credence.

CRIME AND NO PUNISHMENT.
 It is small wonder that a case in the local courts in which a man has been charged with adding a postscript to another man's letter should be the subject of wide interest. The manner in which one man's intentions are oftentimes garbled by verbal repetition is one of the high crimes for which the code has never provided a suitable punishment.

POWER OUT OF PLACE.
 This movement to form a new party in the English Parliament might not be regarded as of consequence were it not for the report that Sir Edward Carson is to be offered its leadership. It is a dangerous thing to displace power without providing some new channel for its legitimate expression. Sir Edward is a man of conscience and intellect. No man with a glowing heart and a dynamic mentalism can be lightly thrust aside.

GOOD FOR SOMETHING.
 George H. Maxwell's plan to have 800,000 men enlisted as an industrial army for public work and to drill on the side as an auxiliary to the regular army promises to get before Congress in a bill prepared by Congressman Stephens, who would like to use 100,000 of these workmen in building an ocean-to-ocean highway to be made part of the scheme of national defense. It would be an excellent idea to have this road and to have it built by the unemployed.

THE VERB TO BE.
 Almost all women have it in them to renounce, but it is seldom that a man will resist the temptation to capitalize and to dramatize himself. There is a certain ecstasy reserved for those who see the way clear to vast achievement and who laugh at effort and reward, being abundantly satisfied that they are the power and the glory for which others so ardently strive and for which the multitude sacrifice the only qualities that make this state remotely possible to man.

HAWAII'S POSITION.
 Americans living in our valuable possessions in the mid-Pacific can be counted upon as staunch advocates of a programme of preparedness. The Hawaiian Islands are too near the danger zone to indorse any movement against an increase in our protective navy.

It was therefore a foregone conclusion that the Governor of Hawaii would decline Mr. Henry Ford's invitation to leave his official duties and go across to Europe on a problematical peace expedition. Gov. Pinkham says truly that the islands are in an isolated position and that the people there prefer to put their trust in the strength of the American nation than to have to rely on the good will of foreigners. This good will, however honorably desired, is sometimes sacrificed to expediency. The best way to make the quality of this good will lasting is to be strong enough to command it as well as fair enough to deserve it. Hawaii in its unique position is certain to stand for safety first. And the safety of Hawaii depends on its officials staying home, not going on impractical peace missions into foreign countries.

ANIVERSARY OF "THE TIMES."
 Thirty-five years ago today the Los Angeles Daily Times made its appearance on the journalistic stage. It is not a long period since the first four-page sheet of The Times greeted the public eye. But the period has been replete with thrilling incidents and marked by stupendous progress. Nowhere have these thrills been more profound or frequent than here in our own California, nor has the progress been greater in any other part of the world; the city of Los Angeles has led in everything pregnant.

The city has grown in population by leaps and bounds, and the surrounding country has fully kept pace with municipal growth. The Times has shared in every forward movement to the full extent of the expansion in population, wealth, upbuilding, and in every feature that has marked the wonderful life of this surpassing community.

The Times has succeeded because it has been a newspaper of merit, founded on principle, and conducted with a conscientious regard to truth in its news columns and righteousness in its editorial columns. In fact, not to be too immodest, this is "the great religious daily."

It is remarkable the hold a good newspaper takes upon its patrons. It has an individuality, a personality, in the eyes of every reader, whether he agrees with its sentiments or disagrees therefrom. Courage and consistency make the backbone of a successful newspaper. It would be just as disastrous for the leading man in a society melodrama to appear on the stage in cap and bells and try to play the clown, or for the comedian, light or heavy, to attempt the role of the heavy villain, as it would be for a newspaper to turn its coat, to trim its sails to catch popular opinion.

The Times appeared in its initial number as a Republican paper, and has never varied a hair's breadth in the maintenance of the tenets of that party in all the thirty-five years of its life. Yet not always has it even pretended to serve individuals merely strolling under the Republican banner. It has been American to the very core of its heart, and Republican because it has considered the Republican party the true exponent of American principles. This journal has stuck to and stood by the Constitution of the United States in every political utterance it has ever given the public editorially.

As patriots as Washington, Lincoln or Grant, as true to Republican principles as Hamilton, Dingley or McKinley, as tenacious for obedience to the laws of the country as was Jay, Marshall or Gray, The Times has never wavered from the standards set for itself at the beginning, but has been absolutely consistent from the day of the first small folio to the spreading Sunday issues of today. People know where to find it, know what it stands for, and are never in doubt as to the principles it will advocate. This is a rare record for a newspaper, so far as Los Angeles is concerned, not to go farther afield for purposes of comparison. Of all the newspapers in the local field it is the only one that has never changed its tune to meet the popular shouting of the moment. It has fought valiantly and persistently for the principles it espoused. It has occasionally suffered for the moment, only to go on to loftier heights of success as the public have taken a second, a more sober and a truer view of the issues at stake.

The Times' great battle has been for Human Liberty, for the right of every man to dispose lawfully of his personal activities, his labor, and all that belongs to his life as a free man, according to the lights of his own judgment and conscience, while respecting every legal and natural right of his neighbor. In this battle it suffered the dynamiting and destruction of its home, its newspaper building, and the conspired murder of twenty of its loyal workers; but "the battle goes on." It is in this same battle that it has won its most notable successes. It has kept the field open for free labor against the tyranny of all would-be dictators and of all grafters who live upon the fat of the land at the expense of those workingmen who suffer themselves to become pliable dupes of false leaders. Los Angeles is today the freest city, industrially, in all America, in spite of its vast industrial development; and this freedom is recognized to be due almost entirely to the fearless leadership of The Times.

The steadiness of The Times in all its policies has been due to the fact that almost from the very first issue it has been under one directing head, the leadership of one man, whose opinions it has reflected, whose spirit it has embodied, and whose courage has been its own, and who is not the writer of this particular editorial review.

"COMMANDEERING AMERICAN SHIPS."

The complaint that "the who takes what isn't his" does not apply to nations. We cannot lock up Aquith and Lloyd George and McKenna and King George and the rest of the outfit for "commandeering"—that is what they call their larceny—the steamers. Hocking several weeks ago and hauling her into a Canadian port to load her with wheat for Liverpool, and later proposing to seize the Winnebago, which is now lying in the harbor of Buenos Aires with a cargo of quebracho consigned to New York, and still later requisitioning the Kanakake, now at sea bound for the Falkland Islands.

All these vessels belong to the American Trans-Atlantic line, an American corporation, and fly the American flag.

In reply to our protest Great Britain answers curtly that she has ample cause for seizing the vessels. She declines to state what the cause is, but avers that her action will be sustained when the case shall be tried before a prize court. It leaks out, however, unofficially that she will claim that a majority of the stock of the American Trans-Atlantic line is owned by German citizens.

That a British prize court will sustain this plea or any other old plea that Great Britain might make as a sufficient reason for the seizures is altogether probable. But it should not do so, in the meantime Great Britain will have had the use of the ships, which she sorely needs, and it is probable that she will not exhibit undue haste in bringing the case to trial, but that weeks will grow into months and months into years before a decision is made. And if such decision should be unfavorable to her, she would pay the American Trans-Atlantic line for the seized ships. She would pay in British bonds or other forms of government obligation which might by that time be worth about as much as Con-

Another Sea Monster.



federate bonds were worth after the surrender of Lee.

There are rash hot-blooded Americans who would invoke the shade of Monroe and say, "Send one or two of our battleships to Buenos Aires to convoy the Winnebago and the Kanakake on their voyages, and if any British cruiser attempts to interfere with her, why then—well, things might happen."

Or the United States might invoke "retorsion" and seize British ships in American harbors and hold them until the Hocking and the Winnebago and the Kanakake and the seized meat of the Chicago packets was paid for.

Nobody wants war with any European power—Great Britain least of any. It is better for the nation to submit to many losses and some indignities rather than to have recourse to measures that would lead to war. But it makes the red blood in American veins boil to read of such outrages as are constantly perpetrated by both England and Germany on American ships on the high seas.

GERMAN GOVERNMENT'S TRICKERY.
 No apologies will atone for the shameful trickery of the German government in causing its secret agents, Dr. Karl Bueze, former German Consul-General at New York; Joseph Poppinghaus, a former officer in the German navy; George Kotter and Adolph Hachmeister—all German subjects residing in New York and officials of the Hamburg-American steamship line, to commit perjury in order to procure the clearance from New York of sixteen ships ostensibly bound for South America, African and Spanish ports, but the cargoes of which ships were in one instance transferred on the high seas to two German converted cruisers and which ships in other instances showed up at other points than the destination for which they cleared.

It appeared at the trial in New York of these secret agents of Germany, who were officers of and in control of the Hamburg-American line, that every one of the sixteen vessels had a German supercargo who outranked the captain of the ship, and was able to direct the destination and course of the vessel regardless of the clearance papers which had been obtained by fraud and perjury from the United States officials at New York City.

The four German agents who violated the Federal laws by obtaining false clearance papers and who were on Thursday last convicted of that offense in the United States court at New York are each subject to two years' imprisonment and \$10,000 fine. It is to be hoped that this penalty will be promptly inflicted upon them, and that no allowed pending an appeal.

Beginning with the Lusitania horror, continuing with the sinking of the Arabic, and after promising to discontinue the sinking of unarmed passenger ships by submarines without giving the passengers and crew a chance to escape, disregarding that promise by the sinking of the Ancona and the murder in the boats of those who had left the torpedoed ship, for all of which outrages no satisfaction has been made or probably ever will be made within the lifetime of men now living, it now appears that Germany has been all the time requiring our neutrality with causing her subjects to commit just such crimes as resulted in one instance in the conviction in the New York Federal Court of Karl Bueze and his associates.

HOPING FOR THE BEST.

We are not envious of the exposition to be held at Panama for a hundred days, dating from January 21. On the contrary, we heartily subscribe to the idea. Our one fear is that the slides which occur down there with such sentimental frequency will not guarantee one's return-trip ticket.

MUNICIPAL COURTS

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES)

BY CHARLES ZUEBLIN.
 Author of American Municipal Progress, Publicist and Civic Expert.

THE machinery of law in American cities is clumsy. As new conditions have arisen new courts have been created until there is needless friction and expense. Chicago has blazed the way to coordination by the creation of municipal courts. These have not exclusive jurisdiction over the administration of law in Chicago, but they are specialized under a common administration with a chief justice. Among the specialized courts are those of domestic relations, boys', morals', and speeder courts. The Chicago Municipal Court, with an able chief justice and weekly meetings of the judges, begins to approximate justice.

The successful specialization of the municipal courts enables each judge to give his attention to cases of a certain type; thus enormously increasing his efficiency. It also proves the necessity of reform of procedure in the courts. A husband refusing support to wife and children, but not abandoning them, must be tried in the county court. The support of the wife cannot be enforced there, however, because this court only has jurisdiction in the case of blood relatives. The Municipal Court, on the other hand, cannot enforce a clause under the pauper act because that is the province of the county court. If the aggrieved wife goes to the Circuit or Supreme Court she is told that relief can only come in the form of divorce. Thus the law encourages divorce merely to secure support. The domestic relations branch of the Municipal Court has been eminently successful in keeping people out of divorce courts, but it is grievously handicapped by the law. The court has a hard time getting justice out of the law.

The notoriety of the divorce court belongs to a different age from the privacy of the Chicago Court of Domestic Relations. In 1913 50 per cent. of the divided families that appeared in this court were reunited. The purpose of the judge is to sustain marital relations. In less than one out of five cases does a lawyer appear. Nearly half of the cases are heard within one week after the complaint is made. Where a husband deserts his family, three times out of four he is summoned and an order for the payment of money made within two days. A deserting husband has only one alternative—a term in jail or a fine. If he fails to pay the latter he is on his way to jail within an hour. The purpose of the court is to preserve domestic peace; where this is not possible punishment is speedy.

More than half of the cases in the Court of Domestic Relations are due to desertion. Seventy per cent. of these were because of drunkenness, immorality, or venereal disease of the husband. In 130 cases men have been arrested for contributing to the delinquency of girls. Most of these "men" were boys between 15 and 20 involving girls from 14 to 17. An incredibly small minority of these cases are attributed directly to economic causes. Offenses against women and child labor laws are within the province of this court. One of the most significant factors of the Municipal Court of Chicago is that one judge sits continuously and gains experience in dealing with offenses against the domestic relations. He becomes a specialist. Sex aberrations, even when involving the welfare of the home, are no longer lumped with burglary and murder.

In the first year of the court there were fewer than three thousand cases. The third year there were more than four thousand. Lawlessness has not increased. On the contrary, wronged women and children without the means to employ legal talent seek the court in greater numbers. The first year \$12,000 was paid for non-support, the third year \$100,000. The unusual character of the cases is evidenced by its inclusion a criminal case in its equipment in which a Christmas tree was part of the furnishing last year. Two secretaries relieve the judge, hearing ten thousand complaints of quarrelsome couples a year. There is a court physician and a visiting nurse. Many domestic difficulties result from mental deficiency and venereal diseases. Married couples with the minds of children need pathological treatment. Husbands shown to be physically incapacitated find the maternal instinct supplanting belligerence in complaining wives. A sympathetic court sitting twelve or fourteen hours a day becomes a refuge instead of a purgatory.

Chicago is not alone in its municipal courts nor in its development of their peculiar functions. The Municipal Court of Cleveland includes a Conciliation Court, which follows the methods of Norway and Denmark. Cleveland has used the freedom of Chicago in developing its judicial methods so that it has not needed the public defender of Los Angeles. The chief justice selected a court clerk to present the cases of the needy. Twelve hundred such cases were settled out of court in the year 1912. The success of this method led to the formation of the conciliation branch. A writ is served by registered mail, which is the habitual practice of the Cleveland Municipal Court. Without the presence of lawyers, the litigants present cases involving less than \$50. The judge is usually successful in making the adjustment without a trial and without publicity. In a year and a half from March, 1913, the Conciliation Court had disposed of all but 200 of the 6184 cases filed. The fees ranged from 25 cents to 46 cents. This practice has relieved the pockets of the court, restricted the shyster lawyer, and given the people a friendlier attitude toward the administration of justice. When writs are served by registered mail and justice costs no more than a parcel by post the public seems to be coming into its own.

RIPPLING RHYMES.

PROGRESSIVE DOCTORING.

I took some dope, to make my head quit aching; it did the trick, but set my stomach wrong; and that old organ, all the by-laws breaking, just raised high jinks, and bucked the whole day long. I took some dope to get my stomach working, as in the days when it had fair renewal; the dope did that, but set my muscles jerking, until it took three men to hold me down. I took some dope to make my muscles steady; they soon calmed down, and started cutting hay; but then my liver acted up, already, and threw a fit, and spoiled my happy day. I took some dope to quell my liver's riotousness, bitter stuff, disguised with cherry jam; no sooner was that liver lulled to quiet than shooting pains whizzed through my diaphragm. I took some dope—but why prolong the anguish? I'm taking dope, for I'm diseased and that; there's something new each day to make me languish, one day a boll, the next an aching splat. Pursuing health, all kinds of pills I swallow, the more I take, the more I have to buy; each pill demands another pill to follow—hand me the bitters, for I'm getting drier.

WALT MASON.

Pen Points By the State

The next call in the diner is Chicago. Don't forget the name of the station.

Nome, Alaska, is isolated for the winter. What a lot of war rumors it will miss.

The Los Angeles baseball club may be whaling. But it won't be the first time.

Back in Ohio they are vaccinating against hog cholera. But no names are mentioned.

The favors at the polioette tete at Hollywood can be of any color, just so they are red.

William Jennings Bryan ought to be mate on the good ship Oscar II. Any my hearties!

Tonight at midnight the San Francisco position becomes a memory. What a magnificent one it is!

Between Wilson and Bryan a lot of crabs are preparing to take to the water. Can you blame 'em?

Snow, ice, gales and bitter weather in East. Nothing like that in Southern California. Come West, folks!

When Porter Charlton reaches his shores he ought to take a day off and compare notes with Harry Thaw.

The top of the back of a camel is considered the choicest part of the animal and presume everybody lumps to get it.

It is announced that Andrew Carnegie now possesses only \$20,000,000. He soon be in the class of the cafeteria waiter out of the law.

With the common people of France subscribing to the latest loan, it is hardly fair to refer to the decadence of the republic.

A Wisconsin expert says he never heard of a head-bashed crazy man. That ought to be the hair-tonic trade. Just a dash, Mr. Mer!

Indiana friends of Jim Riley say he has a fortune of \$250,000. Does that make a better poet than Bobby Burns, who has a cent?

A nation-wide search is carried on to locate the missing crew of the Eitel, lost at Newport News. Why not call on wankers?

The simplified spelling board is about to issue a dictionary. But what is the use of it if we are going to spell everything just as it sounds?

Human beings generally stop growing at the age of 15 years, says an authority. Expansion of the chest possibly comes in life, but it comes.

The \$50,000 that Calazero Finocchio, slayer of Detective Sergeant Brown, offers to pay to the dead officer's wife probably movie money.

If Mayer Thompson insists upon enforcing the Sunday law Chicago will have a mighty poor chance getting the Democratic National Convention.

A bill to admit Alaska as a State was presented to Congress. And it is fitted in many ways than other bills that have preceded it into the United States.

A hotelkeeper in Torreon who was \$5500 for a dinner has been sent to country by Carranza. That sounds like a square meal at a national convention.

Thirty weeks have passed since the promised to make reparation for the Lusitania and the death of its crew. What has become of that promise?

"When using a hammer always wear glasses," says an oculist. But the woman who meets with 'em on will deny that she is carrying out his warning.

The fashionable outdoor sport of roadstools for mushrooms is again in vogue. If you think it is a mushroom it kills you, you are mistaken; it is a stool.

Congressman Kitchin says there are 600 farmers behind him in his opposition to the war program of the President. In other words, they prefer to be prepared.

If the British government requisitioned American vessels without awaiting the action of a prize court there will be opportunity for a little more "watchdogging" on the part of President Wilson.

There will be a statue of Joan of Arc unveiled in New York December 6, the image-breaker long ago claimed that never was any such person. However, preserve our neutrality we shall not see the function.

In Wisconsin an effort is to be made to increase the output of milk by having curtains, porcelain feed-boxes and colored decorations in the cow stalls at experiment station. In California we also add a bit of alfalfa.

The coming Congress will have the most important and far-reaching decisions to dispose of that has demanded attention of the lawmaking body since the war. Let us hope that a solution will be reached in a spirit of patriotism and that to that will be unswerving in its sanitariness and rancor.

IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN; IT'S YOURS. Like the kind of a town you live in. You needn't slip your clothes in a line. And start on a long, long hike. You'll only find what you left behind. For there's nothing that's really yours. It's a knock at yourself when you say "your town."

Real towns are not made by men. Lest somebody else gets ahead. When everyone works and nobody can raise a town from the ground. And if while you make your town, your neighbor can make one too. Your town will be what you want it to be. It isn't your town—it's YOURS.

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THE SCHMIDT TRIAL.

DEFENSE DEALT BLOW BY COURT.

OR ANY PART OF LETTERS MAY BE INTRODUCED.

Followed by Reading of Communications to Prove Existence of Gigantic Dynamite Conspiracy, an Incident of Which was "The Times" Disaster.

Members of the defense team, who were read to the jury yesterday at the Schmidt trial and for the time the man who is to decide the fate of the defendant learned the import of the introduction of the hundreds of messages. It is the conclusion of attorneys for the State that the destruction of the original Times and the murder of twenty men was an incident in connection with the conspiracy, which declares the letters prove.

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By the Staff
ENSE DEALT
BLOW BY COURT.

ANY PART OF LETTERS MAY BE INTRODUCED.

Followed by Reading of communications to Prove Existence of Gigantic Dynamite Conspiracy, an Incident of Which was Mentioned in "Times" Dispatch.

Letters from letters that passed between members of the conspiracy, batched within the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, were read to the jury yesterday at the Schmidt trial and for the first time the men who are to decide the fate of the defendant learned the contents of the introduction of the communications. It is the contention of the attorneys for the State that the introduction of the original Times article and the murder of twenty men was an incident in connection with the conspiracy, which the letters prove.

The conspiracy was in full force several years before The Times article was made apparent by letters written by J. J. McNamara, F. J. McManis, John J. Butler and other dynamite leaders. Following the reading of the most significant of the letters, the writer being M. J. McManis, a member of the Scranton local union. It was addressed to J. J. McNamara, and is as follows:

"I wish to say that it is a shame to see the bunch of snakes to leave without trimming them. They are around here and are trimming me. Only last week they were here on the quiet and I promise you they will be delivered. If I had a million, I would not do a thing for them as they don't know how to use their money and I don't intend to do anything but you know a useful man must be in a case of need."

McManis' answer was to the effect that he would take the recommendations up with the executive committee. Other letters were introduced, some of them referring to "high kick" which the State declares was a dynamite explosion.

WILLIAMS RULED YESTERDAY MORNING that the state can produce all or any of the letters. This was a severe blow to the defense, counsel for which had in no case should the state be confined to excerpts.

FARMER GOES BROKE.
A. J. Power, a farmer of San Bernardino, filed a petition in bankruptcy yesterday. His debts are scheduled at \$748 and his assets at \$748.

Insists upon Chicago will have getting the death of 110 Americans of that protest.

House Jackets
Sometimes referred to as smoking jackets.

You would naturally expect to find a large assortment here—and you surely have it. Jackets in silk, velvet and pure wools, marked to their value at

\$5, \$6, \$7.50 to \$20
from 35 chest measure

Harris & Frank
437-443 South Spring St.
The House of Better Values

We'll Stay!
After considerable negotiations we have decided to remain at our present location at 336 South Broadway. We have been a new lease for a term of years. We are now in an even better position than before to supply high grade shoes at popular prices.

Slippers \$1.50 up
Good variety of the styles that please men most.

Stout's
The Superior Shoe Store
336 SO. BROADWAY

BY MEANS OF THE kind of a shoe you like. In a grip the left behind. That's really new. If you want to see you!

Today's 50c Luncheon

(Served Between 11 and 2:30)
Vegetable Soup
Roast Imperial Valley Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes
Combination Salad
Ice Cream Assorted Cake
Demi Tasse

—Home of Ostermoor Mattresses—
Coulter Dry Goods Co.
—McCall Patterns—
FOUNDED IN 1878
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

Today's 35c Luncheon

(Served Between 11 and 2:30)
Breaded Pork Chops
Tomato Sauce
Baked Potato
Tapioca Pudding, Fruit Sauce
Tea, Coffee or Milk



We Have a Worth-While Free Gift for Every Child Today

Coulter's wants every little child in Los Angeles to have one of these gifts—**Children's Santa Claus' Wild West Paint Books**—which contain pictures of animals and landscapes to be drawn with crayon, or painted in colors with paints. So, while they last, any child visiting the Toy Section with parents or some older person will be given one without any charge whatever—you will surely be here, won't you? When you bring father or mother along, you can probably show them exactly what you'd like to have Santa Claus pick out at Coulter's to bring to your Christmas stocking; so have them come with you!

- | | | | |
|--|--|---|--|
| Toys for \$1.00
Mission Rockers, Teddy Bears, Automobiles, Street Cars, Doll Beds, Boats, Pianos, Ten Pins, Fire Auto Water Towers. | Keatner Dolls
—a very choice assortment of these famous German dolls, made with real blonde or brunette wigs, sleeping eyes, full jointed bodies—none better in the world. | Children's Chairs
—finished in red enamel; straight or rockers; at50c | Kewpie Dolls
—a pretty lot of these popular dolls; some of them dressed; various sizes; values to \$1, special50c
—and extra large Kewpies, some of them dressed; values to \$3.75, are now\$2.50 |
| Juvenile Books
—carefully-selected reading for young people of all ages; standard authors and desirable reading matter of all sorts. | Dolls' Wicker Cradles
—enamel finished and gilt trimmed\$2.25
(Toys: Third Floor) | Automobiles
—bright red finish with black trimmings\$5 | Unbreakable Dolls
—dressed ready for giving25c |
| | Dolls' Go-Carts
—assorted colors; black frames50c | | |

Good Savings in These Women's Reduced Tailored Suits

Practical suits for shopping, and walking and traveling; garments with distinction in every line—thoroughly worthy of the store from which they are to be sold. Really, if they bore higher present prices, women would think more of them! Well-nigh every style to be had—box jackets; loose-fitting models; semi-fitted and dressy styles; the majority of them fur or velvet trimmed. All fashionable materials—broadcloths, poplins, gabardines, serges and certain of the smarter mixtures and checks. In fact, at \$18.75 and better, you may choose from good velvets! The colors are navy, black, greens, browns, taupe and plum shades. Every garment is one from our own regular good stocks, and at its present price is very decidedly under-priced. (Garment Section; Second Floor)

\$18.75
\$21.75
\$24.50
\$28.50



Silks of the Most Desirable Sorts Are on Special Sale Today

Probably if you came into the store, and selected the silks you would most prefer to have put on special sale, you would choose the very ones that are reduced today! For they are high in fashion's favor, every one of them—and silk is growing more valuable every day.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 44-inch Silk-and-Wool Bengalines
—in good colors; regularly \$3.00\$2.25 | Beautiful Ribbons, Yard 50c
Worth to \$1.50—our word for it! Suitable for the ribbon fancy work that every other woman is making now; 5 to 9-inch widths. Ribbon Novelties—All made up; a charming assortment of evening bonnets, work bags, boudoir slippers, etc., many in the new black-and-white. (Ribbons: Main Floor) |
| 40-inch Polka Dot Foulards
—gray, green, cadet, taupe and sand; regularly \$1.50 and \$2, now85c and \$1.50 | |
| 40-inch Silk Radium—good colors
regularly \$2\$1.50 | |
| 42-inch Crepe Rustique ; in desirable shades; regularly \$2.50\$1.50 | |
| Velvet and Corduroy Short Lengths ; values here to \$1.50 at50c
(Silks: Broadway Annex) | |



Furs for Little Tots, \$5.00 to \$20.00
Made with pure fur in muffs, at \$2 and \$2.50; the larger sizes \$5 to \$20. In squirrel, imitation ermine, mouton and coon.



Middy Dresses, \$8.50
—of blue serge, trimmed in red; for children of 10 to 16 years.

White Lingerie Dresses
—Fine white dresses, from summer stock; sizes 4 to 14; organdie, lawn, voile and crepe; sashes of ribbon and velvet; some of them a trifle soiled, so, all are to be sold at \$4.95. (Children's Wear; Second Floor)

Wonderful Values in Dresser Scarfs Here At 50c, 75c, \$1.25 and \$2—Worth Double

It is truly remarkably good fortune that brings to the best store in Los Angeles, the best line of decorative linens we have had in years to sell for such low prices—just when women are on the lookout for genuine bargains. They come from a well-known manufacturer, and were purchased at a price about half what they usually bring:

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|--|--|---|--|
| Scarfs at 50c —light blue, dark blue, pink or yellow embroidered edge with a neat lace inset. | Scarfs at \$1.25 —Wonderful values, these; they have all the appearance of a scarf selling at \$5.00. | Bathroom Sets, \$3.45 —A seven-piece set, including one large bath mat, two large towels, two guest towels and two wash cloths; all to match, neatly boxed, complete\$3.45 | large bath towel; one guest towel and one wash cloth, all to match; complete, \$2 |
| Scarfs at 75c —novelty lace scarfs; new lace-trimmed designs; copies of the finest laces. | Scarfs at \$2.00 —Pure linen, lace trimmed; with pure linen center; they look like \$10 scarfs. | Bath Sets, \$2.00 —Including one large bath mat; one | Madeira Napkins —100 dozen real hand-embroidered and hand scalloped tea napkins; regularly \$10, dozen\$6.75
(Linen: Rear South Aisle) |

The Famous St. Mary's Blankets Only at Coulter's

And the various styles for winter have just arrived—coming around the Horn, hence somewhat delayed in transit.

You will want to see these cleanest, best made blankets, we are sure; their prices range from \$5 to \$35 the pair; and each blanket is the very best that can be produced for the price.

St. Mary's Blankets may be had in white, tan, red and gray, in all sizes from crib, 30x40, to the extremely large double bed size, 78x90. Beautiful plaids, in all styles and combinations; single blanket comforts, twin bed blankets, fine wool bath robe patterns with cords to match—all in lovely qualities that appeal to people of taste.

St. Mary's Wool Robe Patterns are equal in quality to those that, made up, would cost \$20 to \$25; the patterns, with cords to match, and paper pattern\$8.65 (Bedding: Rear South Aisle)

Pretty Boudoir Caps—Prices Range From 50c Up to \$4.50

It seems strange that women could ever have done without these dainty creations for boudoir and morning wear, so delicate and pretty are they, in their soft pastel and flesh tints.

These, cleverly fashioned from soft messalines, crepes de chine and similar materials; delicately trimmed with laces, hand made roses and leaves, are attracting much comment and many purchases, at 50c, 65c, 75c, and up to \$4.50. (Boudoir Caps: Main Floor)

Trimmed Hats Are Now \$2.50 to \$5

You will find in these groups a fitting and becoming hat for any occasion, but the most formal—close-fitting little turbans for business and street wearing; larger shapes for matinees and afternoon occasions; in short, any style that is good and worthy to be found at Coulter's, will be included, and any of them, at today's prices, are considerably under worth, as most women will realize who know the high standard of quality maintained by this establishment and this section. (Millinery: Main Floor)



Holeproof Hose for Girls and Boys
Sturdy stockings that will stand hard usage, and preserve their good appearance to the last. For children, three pairs, guaranteed three months\$1.00
Infants' Hose; four pairs, guaranteed six months\$1.00
For Women—handsomely boxed Holeproof Hose, in silk, three pairs, with three months' guarantee\$3.00
In lisle; six pairs, guaranteed six months, for\$3.00
In cotton, six pairs, guaranteed six months\$2.00
(Hosiery: Main Floor)

Hand-Embroidered Hand-Sewn Gowns—Daintily Boxed—Are Reduced

Each garment in its own dainty box; a fitting gift to any intimate woman friend, and one that will not be likely to be duplicated:

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|--|
| Stationery 50c
in one and two-
quiere boxes—combinations of letter paper and correspondence cards, or each one separate. Values from 75c to \$1, at50c
Other Stationery—plain or initialed, in white and dainty tints, from 25c to \$3.50.
(Stationery: South Aisle) | Hand-Embroidered Gowns
Regularly \$5.00\$3.50
Regularly \$5.50\$3.75
Regularly \$6.00\$4.00
Regularly \$7.50\$5.00
Regularly \$8.00\$6.00 | Crepe de Chine Gowns
—daintily made and trimmed, at \$3.75, \$4.75, \$4.85 and \$4.95. | Neptune Satin Gowns
—guaranteed to wash and wear well, \$7, \$8 and \$10.
(Undergarments: Second Floor) |
|---|---|--|--|



Christmas Handkerchiefs In Every Style; Some, Each 12½c

The usual holiday rush for Christmas handkerchiefs has already begun; and we have splendidly prepared to meet it, with excellent qualities at very ordinary prices:

- | | |
|---|---|
| At 12½c Each, Two for 25c
—we offer plain linen handkerchiefs, initialed styles and a most attractive line of sheer fancy embroidered corner patterns, enclosed in dainty folders of our own designing. | Envelope Purses 75c
So many women are carrying, and buying, these popular bags, that we are glad to be able to sell them for less than usual. A limited quantity in several different leathers, fitted with mirror and coin purse, some with toy handles, others with hand straps at the back; values to \$1.25 to be sold at75c
(Leather Goods: Main Floor) |
| At Three for 50c —in a neat box, or a fancy folder, as you prefer—three initialed, plain or fancy embroidered corner handkerchiefs of your own choosing from these assortments.
(Handkerchiefs: Main Floor) | |

Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top Los Angeles County News

Pasadena. BANDIT'S PHOTO MAY JAIL HIM.

Pasadena Man has Picture
Taken by Nerry Boy.

Refugee from Russia Tells of Desperate Escape.

Beer Bottles in Evidence for Man's Trial.

PASADENA, Dec. 4.—A small snapshot photo may be the cause of sending Edward Trafton, charged with highway robbery on trial at Cheyenne, to the penitentiary, or it may be the means of making him a free man. Charles Hosack, steward at the Casa Grande Hotel, has the picture of a highwayman who held up thirty-five stages in the Yellowstone Park two years ago and robbed the passengers of \$3500.

Mr. Hosack will send the little photo to the authorities at Cheyenne on account of several peculiarities about the figure of the robber and his countenance. It is probable that the snapshot will do much toward either convicting or freeing Trafton.

The highwayman took the photo from the Casa Grande Hotel, where he had already secured his share to the highwayman and was lined up along the side of the road with other snappers. A small camera from his pocket and snapped the bandit.

When the tourists reached the Casa Grande Hotel, Mr. Hosack is employed as manager during the summer months, the boy told of the snapshot taken of the lone highwayman and gave the film to the hotel man. Mr. Hosack later had the film developed with the result that a good picture of the robber was revealed, showing the face was covered with a dark handkerchief.

Mr. Hosack said that the State will have a difficult time in convicting Trafton because of the many conflicting stories told by the tourists who were robbed. After the hold-up, when the party had arrived at the Thumb Rock, some of the tourists were positive that the bandit's face was covered with a black cloth while others said it was a light one. Some said he was a white man, while others said he was a man of small stature.

ESCAPES FROM RUSSIA.

Max Adler, a well-to-do Russian refugee, arrived in Pasadena yesterday morning, and tells a harrowing tale of three months' stay in the forests and swamps, and of his escape from soldiers of the Czar who were ordered to kill him on sight.

Adler was taken away from his home in Shekhtin, a small town near the border, and forced into the army. After two weeks of drilling, Adler, here, was placed on a train and sent to the front. The train was a box car, and while passing some of the soldiers were sitting near the edge of the car, and Adler's friends fell off the train. Adler was forced to make for the desert, but was captured and could not be located.

For three months the man lived on nothing but wild stuff and eventually he worked his way to the Manchurian border. Luckily Adler was well supplied with money and was enabled to bribe a commandant on the border and secure a passport.

A Russian refugee named from Shanghai three weeks ago, arrived in Pasadena yesterday morning. Adler is the guest of his cousin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Levine of No. 21 East California street.

BEER BOTTLES.

Three cases of beer bottles and bottles of other kinds of liquor will be used as evidence when Dan Hanniffy of No. 154 North Main street is brought up for trial next Tuesday on the charge of selling liquor without a license.

The police say they raided Hanniffy's place last night and found several cases of beer and other liquors. The officers say they found the evidence hidden in garages, in secret compartments, and some in a stove oven.

CITY BRIEFS.

At a meeting of the City Commissioners yesterday morning it was decided to petition the State Board of Health for permission to place the city sewer farm in the Puente Hills, where a site was purchased for the farm last month.

The residents have held indignation meetings of protest and two weeks ago appealed to a body to the Board of Supervisors.

Dr. Francis F. Rowland, who originated the Tournament of Roses parade, will lead the parade on New Year's Day, 1916, when the twenty-seventh annual Tournament of Roses will be held.

Dr. Rowland accepted the invitation to be grand marshal of the parade yesterday.

E. L. Byrverton of No. 454 Maple street had a narrow escape from death Thursday while driving home from work. Mr. Byrverton's car struck a hole in the road and he was thrown out of the car and started to careen. The car just as it turned turtle and started to careen. The car rolled down a steep embankment, turning over twice.

Mrs. Emma Rice, wife of Patrolman Harry Rice, died at the family home at East Washington street this morning.

Mrs. Rice was 33 years of age and her husband leaves five children. The funeral will be held Monday morning from the Ives and Warren funeral home.

Miss Mella Blum, the famous tennis player and holder of the national championship, will be the guest of Miss Teresa Kuser of Los Angeles, who is spending the winter at the Hotel Maryland.

Alfred Noyes, the noted English writer, was the dinner guest of President Wilson and Mrs. J. A. B. Scherer of Pasadena yesterday.

Dr. Malaby received the following message from Senator James D. Phelan, who is visiting in the city of Pasadena.

San Vista del Arroyo, Pasadena.



Picture of hold-up in Yellowstone Park. Which may convict or free Edward Trafton, now on trial at Cheyenne. The snapshot was taken by Edward Trafton, a youth of Chicago, who stood in line before the bandit. The photo is in possession of Charles Hosack, steward of the Casa Grande Hotel, Pasadena.

MANY VETERANS GO HOME TO DIE.

HIGH ROLL OF DEATHS OF OLD SOLDIERS PARTIALLY EXPLAINED.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
SOLDIERS' HOME, Dec. 3.—Many persons who are wondering at the recent increase of deaths at this place are informed that at least 25 per cent. of the total are cases hurried to the hospital by families or friends of the suffering veterans when they realize that they are nearing the end of life.

Others, included in mortality's toll, die outside the Home while on furlough, thus: Of the forty-five deaths occurring at this place during the month of November three were members who had died while on furlough and who were buried outside the Home; three were regular bed-patients, brought to the hospital, and died before records for admission as members could be completed; four former members, classified as "nonmembers," who were admitted to the hospital in a dying condition, and the remaining thirty-three were regular bed-patients and all that is properly chargeable to deaths in the Home.

RECENT DEATHS.

The following are recent deaths at this place:

Frank Winkler, formerly of Co. H, Second Missouri Infantry; a native of Germany, admitted from Los Angeles in 1897, died November 28, aged 74.

James Seaman, formerly of Co. G, Forty-eighth Iowa Infantry; a native of Iowa, admitted from El Paso, N. M., in 1905; died November 28, aged 69.

Alonso Badger, formerly of Co. G, Forty-fifth Iowa Infantry; a native of Indiana, admitted from San Francisco in 1905, died November 28, aged 72.

George Butterfield, formerly of Co. H, Thirty-ninth Ohio Infantry; a native of Ohio, admitted from Los Angeles in 1913, died November 28, aged 70.

Martin A. Sherwood, formerly of Co. D, Eighteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry; a native of Pennsylvania, admitted from Orange, Cal., in 1915; died November 30, aged 77.

Henry Taylor, formerly of Co. A, One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Indiana Infantry; admitted from Los Angeles in 1902, died November 20, aged 69.

Robert D. Eaton, formerly of Co. A, First Tennessee Infantry; a native of Alabama, admitted from Rosewell, N. M., in 1915; died November 20, aged 72.

BLAMES MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Ontario Man Makes Promise
In Court which He Breaks Within
Twenty-four Hours.

ONTARIO, Dec. 3.—That her wealthy mother-in-law, Mrs. M. F. Grizzle, is at the bottom of her husband's troubles of herself and husband is the declaration of Mrs. Belle Stone, who yesterday for the second time appeared in court as the complainant in a case against Thomas C. Stone, her husband, charged with a failure to provide charge at her instigation.

The case against Stone was continued yesterday and Mrs. Stone, upon his promise to let liquor alone and properly support her, agreed to drop her charges against him.

Stone's promise was readily made, but apparently short-lived, for he was arrested this morning on a charge of appearing on the streets of Ontario as an intoxicated condition and drew a fine of \$10 when he appeared before Judge G. R. Holbrook.

New developments in the case are expected following Stone's arrest today. Mrs. Stone is several years his senior.

TRAMPS IN CHURCH.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
MONROVIA, Dec. 3.—Some "Nervy Nat" is doubtless blessing the institution of church dining-rooms and kitchens today, for the ladies of the Christian Aid Society, upon opening their church kitchen, in preparation for their coming holiday bazaar, found that tramps had not only cooked and eaten meals there, using the well-stocked larder for their base supplies, but had raided the bazaar headquarters and stolen two new quilts and a pair of men's shirts, just completed to be sold at the bazaar. The church is located in the midst of a thickly populated district, and the Christians are wondering how the tramps could carry on their culinary operations without being seen.

CONTRACTOR DIES.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
SANTA ANA, Dec. 3.—George H. Magill, a paving contractor, died last night of heart trouble. He had suffered from his heart for two years and a sudden death was not unexpected. Recently he completed a \$140,000 paving job at Pomona. In 1898 he was first sergeant of Co. L, which went from Santa Ana to the Spanish-American War, and afterward he was captain of a California guards company at Wintersburg.

LONG BEACH. MARKET FIGHT HAS REVIVED.

LONG BEACH COMMISSIONERS
SPLIT ON ISSUE.

Petition Asks Tradersmen be Banned from Public Park—Storm Signals Set but no Storm De- veloped—Gas Rate Increased In- stead of Lowered as Hoped For.

LONG BEACH, Dec. 3.—On the plea that the municipal market constitutes a fire menace, is unsanitary, and de- grades the city's chief beauty spot, Pacific Park, a large body of mer- chants, and citizens today petitioned the City Commission to abolish the market. After an acrimonious debate, in which Commissioner Gates cham- pioned the cause of the place for barter and sale, the petition was re- ferred to Commissioners Williams and Cates.

Backed by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, the petitioners charge that the unsightly carts and stands make a blot on the beautiful park, donated to the city by Jotham Babby for rest and recreation, and not for business. Attorney G. E. McCaughey spoke for the petition. He said that to continue the retention of the market would be the same as if Los Angeles would establish a market around Central Park, or that San Diego establish a dirty market around the plaza in front of the U. S. Grant Hotel.

Coram M. Morgan and her beautiful daughter, Miss Eva Morgan, have been active in assisting Commissioner Williams in his efforts to abolish the market. They are believed by the friends of these two women that the petition is another blow at them.

STORM SIGNALS.

Although storm signals were hoisted from the end of the Pine-avenue pier this afternoon on warning from the Weather Bureau, the barometer maintained by the city on the pier, indicating purely local conditions, did not fall during the day, and no storm manifested itself tonight. Boatmen, however, were warned to be on their way down the coast, put into the harbor early in the evening.

Concessionaires whose stands along the Pier fringed along the highland, and line barricaded their places with sand-bags in anticipation of another small flood.

GAS RATE INCREASED.

The action of the State Railroad Commission this afternoon in granting permission to the Long Beach Consolidated Gas Company to charge a temporary rate of \$1.25 per 1000 feet of gas instead of \$1 per 1000, as maintained at present, caused some chagrin. The Commission petitioned the State body to adjust the local rates, expecting that the rate would be reduced.

The company took advantage of the fact that no reduction was asked for to make a plea that, as natural gas of greater heat units was now being used, the rate should be increased. The commission ordered a hearing, but gave the company leave to charge 25 cents more per 1000 than at present.

SEWER SYSTEM.

The main sewer system was completed yesterday by the laying of the intersecting pipe system at State and California streets, the cost being \$215,000. The work was begun a year ago. Now it is up to the City Commission to accept the work. Protest against this action has been made by F. E. Craig and others.

COWMAN'S CAUSE BECOMES PUBLIC.

FINED FOR EXCEEDING COW
LIMIT AT SIERRA
MADRE.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
SIERRA MADRE, Dec. 3.—J. Ladd of this place was fined \$20 by Recorder Perry for keeping four cows instead of three allowed by law, and he paid it. Several of his friends took the matter up and the City Trustees, although upholding the action of the City Recorder, remitted \$17 of the fine.

Trustee L. Dietz voted against the proposition and declared it illegal and outside of the jurisdiction of the City Council. The matter has raised a storm of protest from several taxpayers.

City Attorney Montgomery declares it lawful and says he has the opinion of a well known jurist. Deputy District Attorney J. J. Shelley and Powell declare the action unlawful, as do several prominent attorneys who have been consulted.

It is asserted that the only method in which a fine in a city of this class can be remitted is by the trial court or by an appeal as this method opens the way for local powers to be exercised by trustees.

Many believe that Ladd received an excessive fine, but do not approve of this method of adjusting and applying city funds.

WOULD BUILD BRIDGE.

Monrovia and Santa Fe Join Forces
to Obtain Improvement—Other
News Matters.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
MONROVIA, Dec. 3.—The city of Monrovia has proposed to join forces with the Santa Fe railway in the construction of a bridge over South Mayflower avenue, at a cost of \$1400, which will enable the city to avoid the opening of another crossing over the Santa Fe at Tenth avenue, turned down by the Railroad Commission as unnecessary, if the Mayflower avenue crossing could be properly bridged. The reply of the Santa Fe is expected the first of next week.

MUNICIPAL CHRISTMAS TREE.

Plans are being considered to have this week for a municipal Christmas tree to be placed in the city park during holiday week. Such a tree, it is estimated, would cost between \$300 and \$400. The project has so far met with considerable enthusiasm, despite the lateness of the season.

KEEPING TAB ON BOSS.

A. R. Clifton, principal of Monrovia High School and likewise head of the agricultural department, is at present conducting classes in milk testing, and for a nominal fee guarantees to tell owners of milk cows whether or not the milk is producing enough butter-fat to make honey worth her board and room. Some cows, says Prof. Clifton, give lots of milk, but of such poor quality that they are poor investments in a small or large herd.

EIGHTY HENS IN A CHICKEN PIE.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
POMONA, Dec. 2.—In order to feed 350 members of the Loyal Men's Bible Class of the First Christian Church at a banquet tonight, Rev. C. R. Hudson, who claims that his Bible class is the largest in Southern California outside of Los Angeles, had a local restaurant bake eighty hens in a chicken pie four feet wide, one hen deep and eleven feet long. He believes that the way to a young man's heart is through the "royal gorge." Dr. R. R. Meredith of Pasadena was the chief speaker at the semi-annual get-together banquet of the Bible class.

OCEAN FRONTAGE SOLD.

Deal for Dragon Gorge Site Con-
firmed—Athletic Field Dedicated
at High School.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
SANTA MONICA, Dec. 3.—Con-
firmation was made today of the sale of the L. A. Thompson interests, in-
cluding considerable ocean frontage
where formerly stood the Dragon
Gorge at Ocean Park. The deal in-
cludes consideration of \$100,000.
The property extends from Kinross
street northward to Raymond avenue.
It has a width of 560 feet to tide line.
The property is being sold to the
owners, Leon Fishers and Mrs. For-
tuna Fishers, to make extensive im-
provements. In the new enterprise
will be many amusements, including
the entire section, including a pier, will
probably be known as the White City
of Southern California.

ATHLETIC FIELD.

The High School athletic field was
dedicated here today with impressive
ceremonies. The four classes of the
school planted four giant sequoia
trees and the Board of Education an-
other. Supt. Rebek and members of
the Board of Education addressed the
students, who planted the trees them-
selves, each dropping a small amount
of earth about the roots.

The trees were dedicated to the fu-
ture. The municipal band furnished
music for the occasion. Robert White,
president of the school board, and
Principal Woods also addressed the
student body.

FIND NO POISON TRACE.

Medical Men and Officers Puzzled
Over Death of Redlands Girl after
Eating an Orange.

[BY A. F. NIGHT WIRE.]
SAN BERNARDINO, Dec. 3.—Un-
able to find a trace of drug poisoning,
health officers of San Bernardino
county, who investigated today the
death yesterday of Orta Hedges, 14-
year-old schoolgirl of Redlands, clas-
sified the case as probably one of
food poisoning.

As in the deaths two weeks ago of
Olelene and William Estep, 2 and 4
years old, respectively, the children of
W. A. Estep of Highland, the authori-
ties were unable to reach a definite
conclusion in the case of the Hedges
girl.

The Hedges girl was stricken with
convulsions which continued until
her death, after having eaten an or-
ange which she picked from a tree.
The girl's mother told the health of-
ficers her daughter had taken a quin-
ine capsule. A test made of cap-
sules remaining in the box from
which the girl took one failed to dis-
close a trace of poison.

ADMINISTRATOR SUE.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]
SAN DIEGO, Dec. 3.—Wilbur S.
Spencer, formerly public administra-
tor, was made defendant in a suit filed
today by John Homan and Mary
Kennedy-Contos for the recovery of
\$111.90 which they charge is being
held illegally. The complaint recites
that prior to Spencer's succession to
the office of administrator over a year
ago, F. J. Layne, as public adminis-
trator, was authorized to administer
the estate of M. L. Egan, who died
in December, 1911. That through an
accident and without the plaintiff's
consent \$111.90 belonging to them was
paid by a local bank into Layne's
hands as administrator. The conten-
tion is made that when Layne died
the money passed into the hands of
Spencer, his successor, and should
have been paid them by him and that
the money has never been paid, nor
has Spencer given them any account-
ing.

WATER RIGHTS HEARING.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
VISALIA, Dec. 3.—The final Tulare
county hearing in the matter of the
rates for current charges by the M.
Whitney Power and Electric Com-
pany closed this afternoon before
Commissioner J. Thielien. The closing
evidence and briefs in the case
will be heard before the commission
at a session to be held in San Fran-
cisco January 18. Commissioner
Thielien stated at the close of the ses-
sion here that the local corporation
presented their evidence in the most
satisfactory shape in the history of
the commission. He commented par-
ticularly upon the very low valuation
of \$2,200,000 which was placed by the
company on their water rights, in-
cluding their six hydro-electric plants
on the Kaweah River, and declared
this was the fairest valuation of the kind
that had ever been presented to him.

CHINESE ROBBED.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
COVINA, Dec. 3.—Sing Lee, one of
the oldest institutions in Chinese vege-
table peddlers, known generally to
everyone as "John" was set upon and
robbed by four Mexican road bandits
last night near the bridge over the
boulevard just west of Lark Ellen
street. The money was taken and the
robbers fled. The police are now
looking for the hold-up men. A hunt
for the hold-up men has been made
by the officers through the Sonora-
town district.

Must Earn It.

[New York Times.] "I see you
have inherited \$100,000 from your
Uncle Pete, Cholly," said Jorkins.
"Ya-as," said Cholly, wearily, "but,
of course, the old folks had to tie a
string in it. It's a kind of a riddle,
and I can't get a cent on 'em without cut-
ting off a lot of blooming coupons."

Hawaiian Pineapples.

[New York Times.] The pineap-
ple production of the Hawaiian
Islands for 1915 will approximate
2,500,000 cases of canned product, so
experts report. Tests show the pine-
apple canneries threw away the cores,
paring and trimmings as refuse.
Nowadays the one-time refuse is con-
verted into a mush from which pine-
apple juice is extracted, the cores are
cut into cubes and used in the man-
ufacture of glucose fruit, and no part
of the pineapple is lost.

Santa Ana. ANGELENO IS BLAMED FOR WRECK INJURIES.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
SANTA ANA, Dec. 3.—A felony
charge at Oceanside and a mis-
demeanor charge at Santa Ana lie
against E. J. Watts of No. 1414 West
Tenth street, Los Angeles, as the result
of what is declared to have been a
wild ride from Oceanside to Irvine.
Caps from the right hub of a Packard
automobile are depended upon largely
to convict Watts of the two offenses.

At Oceanside he is charged with
causing the wreck of a Ford car owned
by Albert Moore, engineer of the South
Coast Land Company. It is alleged
that while intoxicated Watts drove an
automobile that brought about in-
juries to Mrs. D. E. Lovelace, a tele-
phone operator of Oceanside, and her
six-year-old daughter.

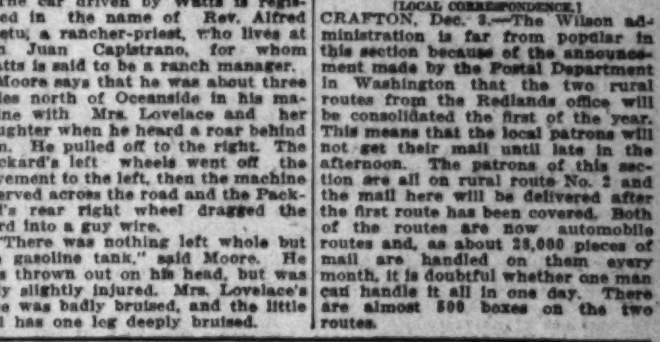
The car driven by Watts is regis-
tered in the name of Rev. Alfred
Quetz, a rancher-priest, who lives at
San Juan Capistrano, for whom
Watts is said to be a ranch manager.

Moore says that he was about three
miles north of Oceanside in his ma-
chine when he heard a roar behind
him. He pulled off to the right. The
Packard's left wheels went off the road
pavement to the left, then the machine
swerved across the road and the Pack-
ard's rear right wheel dragged the
Ford into a guy wire.

"There was nothing left whole but
the gasoline tank," said Moore. He
was thrown out on his head, but was
only slightly injured. Mrs. Lovelace's
face was badly bruised, and the little
girl has one leg deeply bruised.

JOIN MAIL ROUTES.

[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
CRAFTON, Dec. 3.—The Wilson ad-
ministration is far from popular in
this section because of the annexa-
tion made by the Postal Department
in Washington that the two rural
routes from the Redlands office will
be consolidated the first of the year.
This means that the local patrons will
not get their mail until late in the
afternoon. The patrons of this sec-
tion are all on rural routes. No ad-
ditional mail here will be delivered after
the first route has been covered. Both
of the routes are now automobile
routes and as about 25,000 pieces of
mail are handled on them every
month, it is doubtful whether one man
can handle it all in one day. There
are almost 500 boxes on the two
routes.



THE ONLY MIDWINTER

In the colors of the lights of
joy, the Annual Midwinter
Number of The Times will
appear on the morning of
New Year's Day.
The charms of this great
publication are known of
all men. It is incompara-
ble.
Five Handsome Magazine
Paris with Superb Il-
lustrations, in Colors, print-
ed on fine paper—Five
Beautiful Volumes, depict-
ing the Life and Attrac-
tions of Southern Califor-
nia and the Southwest.

One Delightful Novelty will be the Moving Picture Section. An entire magazine de- voted to the Film In- dustry of Los Angeles.

Another feature will be a
Review of the Many Cele-
brations and Conventions
of the Year in Los Angeles
—from Elks to Bible
Teachers.
The "Midwinter" tells the
Whole World about the
Land We Love and Live
in and has a circulation of
150,000 copies.
Advertisements will be re-
ceived for this number as
late as Dec. 15.

Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the Courthouse.

LOCKS DOOR TO KEEP WIFE OUT.

SHE SAYS HER LABORS OF LOVE WERE IN VAIN.

Husband Wouldn't Even Allow Her to do His Washing, and Declared He Did Not Wish to Have Her Perform any Services for Him, is the Charge She Makes.

Showing traces of her early beauty and speaking in a low, sweet voice unchanged so far by reason of her falling hearing, Mrs. Adele Cannady of Glendale related enough of her story of domestic unhappiness to convince Judge Monroe yesterday that for her to succeed she must file a new suit charging desertion when the proper time had arrived.

Mrs. Cannady testified on her cross-examination when her husband, Wilbur W. Cannady, admitted, through his attorney, that he had no corroboration of his allegations. He was consequently denied a decree of divorce and the cross-complaint heard. The wife's story showed that October 13, 1915, Mr. Cannady told her to leave the house and to go to her room. For one year they occupied the house. Mr. Cannady at no time during the year, she testified, had he ever seen her. She declared that Mr. Cannady said he hated to see his wife, he hated to hear her, and he locked his door to keep her out.

Notwithstanding this rebuff, Mrs. Cannady said she found another key to her husband's door. She kept the key hidden under the mattress in her room, but one day it was missing. Mr. Cannady told her, she said, he did not want her to do a single thing for him. After she filed suit she said she washed a dozen pieces of his attire and hung them on the line in the yard for the amusement of the neighbors who were looking on.

The deposition of Mrs. Cannady's father shows desertion. Judge Monroe told Attorney George P. Bullock, "and I would suggest that you bring a new suit, charging desertion."

Mr. Cannady's counsel agreed to the dismissal of the cross-complaint.

ALL OVER AUTO.

LEADS TO A TANGLE.

Mrs. Mary E. Hay's reply to the injunction suit against her by W. C. Stephens, growing out of the lease of her premises on South Bonnie Brae street, is an action to set aside a deed given him in adjusting the payment on an automobile, the purchase of which brought trouble, as set out in her complaint.

While she was taking out a party of friends the auto went over an embankment, landing 200 feet below. One man in the party was badly injured. Mrs. Hay says the accident was caused by defects in the machine. The automobile company promised to make good, she claims, and on this promise she gave the concern her note for \$149.52, the balance due on the car. It was also agreed, she says, that she could have all the time she desired on the note if she did not bring suit against the company on the ground that it was responsible for the accident.

The complaint states that the note was allowed to run until suit was lawed by the statute of limitations. Then the claim was assigned to Mr. Stephens, who brought suit. She agreed with him to pay \$149.52 by November 30. Then she says she was induced to give him a deed to her South Bonnie Brae property, which she valued at \$15,000, to secure payment. The deed was to be reconveyed to her when the amount was paid. November 27, when the deed was filed in the county clerk's office, she was in an injunction suit against her and Dr. J. T. Randall, to whom she had leased the premises.

ALL JOYOUS AGAIN.

EVEN MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A reconciliation which brought husband and wife together, not to speak of the mother-in-law, was reached yesterday when the separate maintenance suit brought by Mrs. Grace Sabel against Anthony Sabel, a contractor, in which separation and legalizations were made, was dismissed. The suit had been set for trial on the 14th inst. About \$10,000 worth of property was tied up pending the trial of the suit, and this was released. Mrs. Sabel is prominent in church work. She married Mr. Sabel July 16, 1912. They separated in 1913. In her separation suit she alleged that Mr. Sabel instituted a system of cruel treatment toward her. Among other things she says he told her shortly after their marriage that her picture was in the rogues' gallery. This was to frighten her. She also charged him with "sneaking" about the house in order to overhear conversations with her mother. He would hide in cupboards, she said, and peep through keyholes to spy on her.

Mr. Sabel, in denying the allegations, attributed his trouble to his mother-in-law, who had come to live with them. Until that time they had been happy together.

MUST BE GOOD.

OR GO TO PRISON.

If he carries out the terms of his probation, J. T. Valpey, who pleaded guilty to the charge of contributing to the delinquency of a minor, Daniel D. Copping and was given a suspended sentence of one year by Judge Myers yesterday, will be a walking epitome of the Golden Rule.

When he appeared before Judge Myers yesterday, the court laid down these terms:

Report once a week in person or by mail to Probation Officer Timmons.

The written consent of Mr. Timmons must be received before he can leave the city.

If he goes to another State, he must file a bond of \$500 guaranteeing his return, if wanted.

The laws of California and other States must be obeyed.

He must lead an honest, upright, industrious and sober life.

A copy of the court's rules must be carried and consulted frequently.

JUNKMAN LOSSES.

WIFE GETS DIVORCE.

The junk trust dropped in the Alpert divorce suit tried by Judge Shink yesterday. The Alpert brothers are in the junk business. David Alpert and his wife Sarah clashed after many years of happy married life, she said, when her husband developed into a buxom girl. Mrs. Alpert complained that her husband played cards, danced and laughed with the girl, "and he did not know I was in the house." Finally Mr. Alpert left his home.

The junk trust figured when Attorney Gerech asked Mr. Alpert if the war had not sent metal junk skyhigh.

Mr. Alpert admitted it had. Hence, Mr. Gerech argued, the junk business must be booming.

Mr. Alpert said there was no money in it because the junk trust paid them

only 15 cents a pound for metal. He said they had to make quick turns in order to realize a profit.

With reference to the niece Mr. Alpert said he treated her like a relative. His wife was jealous. She retorted that he caused her to be jealous. The court gave Mrs. Alpert the decree, the custody of their son, Rudolph, 2½ a month for his support, \$2000 on deposit in the bank as her share of the community property and as she had the home place in her name, her husband was released from making any further payments on the house. Attorney Nightingall fought the case hard.

LOSERS HUSBAND.

BLAMES PROSPERITY.

"Prosperity is the ruin of same men," commented Mrs. Ida H. Love yesterday after she had won a decree of divorce from A. L. Love, horse dealer, on the ground of desertion. Mr. Love is said to be in Kansas. Mrs. Love's first husband was former Lieut.-Gov. Millard of this State.

The Loves were married September 21, 1910. She claimed that she practically financed him in his business. Yesterday's decree came after each had filed suits for divorce and been denied. Mrs. Love filed the third suit. Testimony was taken, but the evidence showed it had been prearranged that the divorce should be granted. Judge Love was on the stand only a brief time.

Attorney Sile stated that Mrs. Love had been paid alimony, but when it was reduced to \$40 a month, Mr. Love discontinued payments. The court allowed no alimony.

WIPES SLATE.

CLEARS WHITTIER TRUSTEES.

Whittier virtually cheered last night when word was received that the accusation against the Board of Trustees of that city charging the trustees with awarding contracts in excess of \$200 without calling for bids, had been dismissed by Judge Jackson after a hearing. The accusation was filed by W. V. Anderson, who asked that the officers and members of the board be ousted from office.

The court held that while there was a violation of the law, the trustees, who are elderly men, acted in ignorance of the law, which, however, was no excuse, but that they did the best they could. They all testified that they had acted in good faith to save the district money.

BONDS STILL HOLD.

IN THE MOVIES AND OUT.

Because corroboration was lacking, Judge Monroe yesterday denied a decree of divorce to Lillian E. Leonard, who alleged desertion. Under an agreement, Robert Z. Leonard of the Universal Film Company paid his wife \$50, and said he would continue to do so, if a decree was granted. The court commented that she was elderly and that she said it did not look well.

Mrs. Leonard was on the stage when she met Mr. Leonard. She gave up her profession to become his wife April 17, 1911. They separated September 9, 1914. She testified he stayed out at nights, and when the wife was not coming back, the court allowed her \$50 a week for maintenance.

LIKE AN OWL.

SHE'S OUT LATE.

It developed in the trial of the divorce suit of Edwin F. Zacher against Marie Zacher yesterday that the latter had gone to Vernon without her husband. In granting a decree to Mr. Zacher, who is a former University of Southern California athlete, the court held that while it isn't polite for a husband to slap his wife's face—which she alleged—what else could a woman expect under the circumstances.

HAPPY AGAIN.

GETS BACK CHILDREN.

Joseph McCormick, an old man, was broken-hearted when some time ago upon returning from Imperial Valley, he found his house dark, and his wife and children nowhere to be seen. After a frantic search the children, a boy and a girl, were located at the Home of the Guardian Angel, where Mrs. McCormick is alleged to have been.

SPLendid Train Service

Connecting Los Angeles with Chicago

Los Angeles Limited Lv. 1:25 p. m., ar. Chicago 11:30 a. m.

Less than 3 days en route via Salt Lake Route—Union Pacific R. R.—Chicago & North Western Ry.

Via San Francisco you have the choice of four daily trains via Southern Pacific—Union Pacific—Chicago & North Western Ry.

Overland Limited Lv. San Francisco 4:00 p. m.

Pacific Limited Lv. San Francisco 6:00 p. m.

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Atlantic Express Lv. San Francisco 7:00 p. m.

Trains via the Southern Pacific making direct connections with these trains leave Los Angeles 5:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m., and 10:15 p. m.

You may also leave Los Angeles 9:00 a. m. via Salt Lake Route and connect with Pacific Limited or Overland Limited at Ogden, or you may leave 8:00 p. m. and connect with Atlantic Express at Ogden.

For full information and particulars apply to C. A. THURSTON, G. A.

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NW3947

wits against the Los Angeles Railway was called in Judge Wilbur's court yesterday, the attorneys informed the court it had been settled. The amount was approximately under \$1000. The suit was based on the alleged negligence of the corporation. The car was alleged to have started when the plaintiff attempted to get on it at Sixth and Spring streets, February 2, last, throwing her to the ground.

PROBATION FOR CHINESE.

Lucell Shem, Chinese, was given probation for a period of four years by Judge Craig yesterday after the court it had been settled. Mrs. Shem took \$150 from a noon. Mrs. Shem took \$150 from a noon. Mrs. Shem took \$150 from a noon.

INS AND OUTS.

ABOUT THE COURTS.

PUT UP NO FIGHT.

The fate of Ethel and Henry McCashin, children of Mrs. Louise McCashin, who sold newspapers and left a comfortable fortune, is still undecided, as Frank Leavitt, the grandfather, did not appear in the juvenile court yesterday when the case was called to make any opposition to their disposal. Judge Reeve struck the case off the calendar. Meantime, the children, who were declared wards of the court, are in the care of the Humane Society. Mr. Leavitt was previously awarded the custody of the children. When the case was called to make any opposition to their disposal, he was asked to bring proof that he really was the father of Mrs. McCashin.

LIGHT SENTENCE.

Judge Craig yesterday denied a motion for a new trial and plea for probation by Jack Rittot, convicted of sending a threatening letter to Dominick Leary, to extort money. On the plea of Attorney Joseph Ford, the court granted a light sentence, three years in the county jail, and a fine of \$1000. The fact that a short term may bring you conviction of the inevitable justice coming to those who commit crime was the argument of Attorney Ford.

SENTENCE JAIL ARTIST.

Arthur Vallanceur will have an opportunity of decorating the walls of San Quentin during the next three years and a half. Judge Craig sentenced him to that place yesterday. He was convicted of having burglarized the home of Melvin J. Curry on West Eighth street, July 27. During his stay in the County Jail he painted a number of landscapes on the walls and was known as the "jail artist." He was denied probation, having been on probation for a previous burglary. The court sentenced him to the county jail for three years.

GIVEN PROBATION.

Henry Shaffer, who with Ralph Duncan and two other young men was arrested on October 18 on the charge of stealing the automobile of J. J. Brinker, entered a plea of guilty before Judge Houser yesterday and asked for probation. This was granted on the advice of Probation Officer Dade, who investigated the previous record of the prisoner and found it good. The court sentenced Shaffer to probation for three years, and he will also lead strength to the case against Ralph Duncan, accused of the murder of Police Sergeant Toole.

TEST CASE.

Sherrill Cline brought suit against County Auditor Lewis yesterday in mandamus proceedings to compel him to pay a salary of \$4000. The case was set for trial in the Superior court in June, 1913, and amended in August, 1914. The ordinance provides for an increase from \$3000 to \$4000, to become effective January 1, last. The County Auditor refused to draw the warrant for the increased salary on the ground that the county charter provides that the compensation of county officers cannot be increased or diminished during their term of office.

SEALED VERDICT.

Working models of the pumping engine which D. W. Herlihy bought from the Luitwiler Pumping Engine Company and installed at Victorville, were exhibited in Judge Taft's court during the trial of the action yesterday. The company said to recover \$1500, the balance due from \$4000 to \$5000, of which Herlihy claimed the engine was not satisfactory after he installed it. The company contended that if it had been properly installed it would have answered the specifications. On this basis the case went to the jury. Mr. Herlihy demanding his \$2400 back. The verdict was sealed.

REFUSES RELEASE.

Following the slaying of Police Detective Broderick, Peter Ferrara, 14 years old, was taken into custody by the police. Attorney Bongiorno sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and yesterday Peter was in the juvenile court for a hearing. Inasmuch as he is charged with having associated with disreputable persons and with being implicated in the slaying of the detective, Judge Reeve stated he would hear both matters at the same time on a date to be fixed. Peter was returned to juvenile hall.

CASE SETTLED.

When the \$20,000 damage suit of Sule Abramson against the Los Angeles Railway was called in Judge Wilbur's court yesterday, the attorneys informed the court it had been settled. The amount was approximately under \$1000. The suit was based on the alleged negligence of the corporation. The car was alleged to have started when the plaintiff attempted to get on it at Sixth and Spring streets, February 2, last, throwing her to the ground.

large sums have been received for advertising.

ESTATE TO WIDOW.

The estate of Vincent Sentous, who died a week ago, was bequeathed to the widow, Mrs. Zella Sentous, according to the will which was filed for probate yesterday. The value of the estate is \$5000.

SENTENCED.

Donald C. Phillips, convicted of burglary, was sentenced to two years in San Quentin by Judge Houser yesterday.

INCORPORATIONS.

Tire and Rubber Company, Incorporated, J. G. Bennett, Frances L. Bennett and M. V. Hutchins, capital stock \$5000, subscribed \$1000; Coschella Mutual Water Company, Incorporated, J. S. Webb, R. Thompson, Webb, C. A. Sands, Louis Sands, Phil D. Herbert, H. P. Hibbard and W. F. Palmer, no capital stock; Dr. Kodan, Dentist, Inc., Incorporated, William H. Kedan, Francis P. Ano and Sarah J. Child, capital stock \$5000, subscribed \$500; Mitchell Fruit Farm, Incorporated, E. L. Searle, J. D. Batchelder and Mayo Hamlin, capital stock \$25,000, subscribed \$3.

At the City Hall.

MORE REVENUE FROM LICENSES.

NEW ORDINANCE MAY SHOW A BIG INCREASE.

Efficiency Commission Presents Detailed Schedule for Changes to Council Finance Committee for Consideration in Preparing Regulations for Local Business.

Additional information and data on the question of municipal license fees furnished members of the Council Finance Committee yesterday by the Efficiency Commission indicate changes which may be made in the new general license ordinance which will increase the city's revenues from miscellaneous licenses from \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year. This data will be considered by the Finance Committee Monday in connection with its plans for

revising the license ordinance, and members of the committee propose to have the new ordinance ready for submission early next year.

The committee is considering seriously the proposition of increasing the license fees for billboards from 1 cent a square foot to 16 cents a square foot, and this one change would increase the city's annual revenue from billboard taxes from \$6500 a year to about \$18,000 a year.

The proposed vehicle license tax approved by the voters at the last municipal election will bring in about \$320,000 a year, according to the estimates of the Efficiency Commission, and City Attorney Stephens has informed the Council that the city has a right to impose this wheel tax upon all vehicles excepting those of the public utility corporations, which are taxed under the State Constitution.

The plans of the Finance Committee include the imposition of small taxes on various lines of business, such as groceries and markets, which require inspection, and although the aim will be to make the taxes as small as in no instance will they be burdensome, the aggregate revenue will approximate \$1,000,000 a year.

SANTA CLAUS ROLE.

FIREMEN TO CARRY CHEER.

Members of the Los Angeles fire department, under direction of the Firemen's Relief Association, will act as distributing agents for Santa Claus on the day before Christmas by carrying baskets to needy families in different parts of the city. The relief association plans to be supported by the Fire Commission yesterday, and engine house No. 5, at Fourth street and Towne avenue, will be used as the gathering and distributing point, by authority of the commission.

The baskets provided by the firemen and others will be taken to the fire house and from there, under direction of Thomas A. Carmichael, president of the Firemen's Relief Association, the baskets will be taken out by the fire department motor supply truck, manned by members of the department who are off shift.

New Lighting Contracts.

At the request of City Electrician Manahan, the Council will be asked today to instruct the Board of Public Works regarding the contracts for lighting the Hollywood and Garvanza districts, where contracts with power companies expire at the end of the present month. In these districts the city proposes to acquire or build a distributing system immediately to

connect with the municipal generating plant, and the Council has already authorized proceedings before the Board of Public Works to acquire the plant and the Council has already authorized proceedings before the Board of Public Works to acquire the plant and the Council has already authorized proceedings before the Board of Public Works to acquire the plant.

All rules were suspended by the Council yesterday in rushing through an appropriation for the purchase of peanuts and popcorn, and a dinner for street lights for the interval between the expiration of present contracts and the installation of the municipal system.

For Municipal Peanuts.

All rules were suspended by the Council yesterday in rushing through an appropriation for the purchase of peanuts and popcorn, and a dinner for street lights for the interval between the expiration of present contracts and the installation of the municipal system.

On recommendation of the Board of Public Works and the City Engineer today the Council will consider petitions from Mrs. Raymond, in charge of the municipal engineering work at the municipal harbor, asking better maintenance of roadways in the fortification at San Pedro. The City Engineer says the interruption of traffic complained of have been unavoidable and the chief trouble is at present lies at the crossing of Twenty-sixth street and Pacific avenue, where the Pacific Electric Company has been requested to lower its trolleys.

Luncheon for Visitor.

Councilman Topham, as the representative of England in the City Council, will be host at a luncheon to be given at the Sierra Madre Club at 10 o'clock Monday in honor of Lord Aberdeen. The Mayor and the members of the Council have been invited, with the exception of Councilwoman Lindsay, who will certainly not be present, while the men attend the state fair.

Stenographers Wanted.

Another examination for men stenographers will be held by the City Civil Service Commission December 15, as only four men passed the last examination held by the board. There are several vacancies at present. These jobs pay \$75 to \$100 a month, and the city will waive the usual requirement of one year's residence. An examination for cashiers in the City Tax Collector's office will be held December 17 and an examination for chief nurse in the health department will be held December 29.

Bakery Goods!

—Home-Made Bread, 10c.—Lemon Pie 30c.—Whole Wheat Bread, 10c.—Custard Pie, 30c.—Delicious (Kranz Kuchen) Coffee Cake, 25c. ea.—Ring Coffee Cake, 10c. each.—Vine-Rolled 10c. dozen.—Fruit-Filled Bismarks, 20c. dozen.—Lemon Cakes, large assortment, 35c.—French Apple Cakes, 10c. cut.—Jelly Roll, 10c.—Cookies, large assortment, 10c. dozen.—(Hamburger's—Main and Fourth Streets—Today)

Established 1881

BROADWAY EIGHTH AND HILL STREETS

SUNSET, BDWY. 1168—HOME 10063

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revising the license ordinance, and members of the committee propose to have the new ordinance ready for submission early next year.

The committee is considering seriously the proposition of increasing the license fees for billboards from 1 cent a square foot to 16 cents a square foot, and this one change would increase the city's annual revenue from billboard taxes from \$6500 a year to about \$18,000 a year.

The proposed vehicle license tax approved by the voters at the last municipal election will bring in about \$320,000 a year, according to the estimates of the Efficiency Commission, and City Attorney Stephens has informed the Council that the city has a right to impose this wheel tax upon all vehicles excepting those of the public utility corporations, which are taxed under the State Constitution.

The plans of the Finance Committee include the imposition of small taxes on various lines of business, such as groceries and markets, which require inspection, and although the aim will be to make the taxes as small as in no instance will they be burdensome, the aggregate revenue will approximate \$1,000,000 a year.

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The proposed vehicle license tax approved by the voters at the

Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the Courthouse.

LOCKS DOOR TO KEEP WIFE OUT.

SHE SAYS HER LABORS OF LOVE WERE IN VAIN.

Husband Wouldn't Even Allow Her to Go to His Working, and Declared He Did Not Wish to Have Her Perform any Labors for Him, is the Charge She Makes.

Showing traces of her early beauty and speaking in a low, sweet voice unbroken so far by reason of her falling hearing, Mrs. Adelaide Cannady of Glendale related enough of her story of domestic unhappiness to convince Judge Monroe yesterday that for her to succeed she must file a new suit charging desertion when the proper time had arrived.

Mrs. Cannady testified on her cross-examination when her husband, Wilbur Cannady, admitted, through his attorney, that he had no corroborative evidence of his allegations. He was consequently denied a decree of divorce the cross-complaint heard. The judge showed that October 12, 1914, Mrs. Cannady had locked her door against her wife. For one day they occupied the house. Mrs. Cannady ate no meals there. The position of the door was such that she could see her husband, but he would not see her, and she locked her door to keep her from coming in.

Notwithstanding this rebuff, Mrs. Cannady said she found another key to her husband's room and took care of his clothes. She kept the key hidden under the mattress in her room, but one day it was missing. Mr. Cannady told her, she said, he did not want her to do such a thing. After she filed suit she said he washed a dozen pieces of his attire and hung them in the closet, and she saw the amusement of the neighbors who were looking on.

The deposition of Mrs. Cannady's father, shown yesterday, Judge Monroe told Attorney Georgia P. Bullock, "and I would suggest that you bring a new suit, charging desertion."

Mrs. Cannady's father agreed to the dismissal of the cross-complaint.

ALL OVER AUTO.

LEADS TO A TANGLE.

Mrs. Mary E. Hay's reply to the injunction suit against her by W. C. Sutherland, growing out of the lease of her premises on South Bonnie Brae street, is an action to set aside the judgment in her favor. She claims that she was deceived in signing the lease, and that she was not aware of the fact that she was leasing the premises to Sutherland. She claims that she was deceived by Sutherland's agent, and that she was not aware of the fact that she was leasing the premises to Sutherland.

While she was taking out a party of friends the auto went over an embankment, landing 200 feet below. One man in the party was killed. Mrs. Hay says the accident was caused by defects in the machine. The automobile company promised to make good, she claims, and on this promise she gave the concern her note for \$148.92, the balance due on the car. It was agreed, she says, that she could have all the time she desired on the note if she did not bring suit against the company on the date of limitation. It was responsible for the accident.

The complaint states that the note was allowed to run until suit was followed by the statute of limitation. Then the claim was assigned to Mr. Sutherland, who brought suit. She agreed with him to pay \$178.76 by November 10. The court says she was induced to give him a deed to her South Bonnie Brae property, which she valued at \$15,000, to secure payment. The deed was to be returned to her when the amount was paid. November 27 Mr. Sutherland filed an injunction suit against her and Dr. J. T. Randall, to whom she had leased the premises.

ALL FOURS AGAIN.

EVEN MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A reconciliation which brought husband and wife together, not to speak of the mother-in-law, was learned yesterday when the separate maintenance suit brought by Mrs. Grace Sabal against Anthony Sabal, a contractor, in which sensational allegations were made, was dismissed. The suit had been set for trial on the 14th inst. About \$10,000 worth of property was tied up pending the trial of the suit, and Mrs. Sabal is prominent in church work. She married Mr. Sabal July 16, 1912. They separated June 22 last. In her separate suit she alleged that Mr. Sabal instituted a system of cruel treatment toward her. Among other things, she says he told her shortly after their marriage that her picture was in the rogues' gallery. She also charged him with "sneaking" about the house in order to overhear conversations with her mother. He would hide in cupboards, she said, and peep through keyholes to spy on her.

MUST BE GOOD.

OR GO TO PRISON.

If he carries out the terms of his probation, J. T. Valpey, who pleaded guilty to the charge of contributing to the delinquency of Miss Mariel D. Copping and was given a suspended sentence of one year by Judge Myers yesterday, will be a walking epitome of the Golden Rule.

When he appeared before Judge Myers, yesterday, the court laid down these terms:

Report once a week in person or by mail to Probation Officer Timmons.

The written report of Mr. Timmons must be received before he can leave the city.

If he goes to another State, he must file a bond of \$500 guaranteeing his return, if wanted.

The laws of California and other States must be obeyed.

He must lead an honest, upright, industrious and sober life.

A copy of the court's rules must be carried and consulted frequently.

JUNKMAN LOSSES.

WIFE GETS DIVORCE.

The junk trust dropped in the Alpert divorce suit tried by Judge Shink yesterday. The Alpert brothers are in the junk business. David Alpert and his wife Sarah clashed after many years of happy married life, she said, when her niece, developed into a buxom girl. Mrs. Alpert complained that her husband played cards, danced and laughed with the girl, and he did not know I was in the house. Finally Mr. Alpert left his home.

The junk trust figured when Attorney Gerech asked Mr. Alpert if the wife had not seen a junk skivvies.

Mr. Alpert admitted it had. Hence, Mr. Gerech argued, the junk business must be booming.

Mr. Alpert said there was no money in it because the junk trust paid them

only 16 cents a pound for metal. He said they had to make quick turns in order to realize a profit. With reference to the niece Mr. Alpert said she treated her like a relative. His wife was jealous. She returned that he caused her to be jealous. The court gave Mrs. Alpert the decree, the custody of their son, Rudolph, 12½ a month for his support, \$2000 on deposit in the bank as her share of the community property and as she had the home place in her name, her husband was released from making any further payments on the home. Attorney Nicholson fought the case hard.

LOVES HUSBAND.

BLAMES PROPERITY.

"Prosperity is the ruin of some men," commented Mrs. Ida H. Love yesterday after she had won a decree of divorce from A. L. Love, horse dealer, on the ground of desertion. Mrs. Love is said to be in Kansas. Mrs. Love's husband was former Lieutenant-Gov. Millard of this State.

The Loves were married September 21, 1912. She claimed that she practically financed him in his business. Yesterday's decree came after each had filed suits for divorce and been denied. Mrs. Love filed the third suit. Testimony was taken, but the evidence showed it had been prematurely brought. When it was called for, Mrs. Love was on the stand only a brief time.

Attorney Shue stated that Mrs. Love had been paid alimony, but when it was reduced to \$10 a week, she discontinued payments. The court allowed no alimony.

WIPES SLATE.

CLEARNS WHITTIER TRUSTEES.

Whittier virtually cheered last night when word was received that the accusation against the Board of Trustees of that city charging the trustees with awarding contracts in excess of \$200 without calling for bids, had been dismissed by Judge Jackson after a hearing. The accusation was filed by W. V. Anderson, who asked that the officers and members of the board be ousted from office.

The court held that while there was a violation of the law, the trustees who are elderly men, and in some cases, but that they did the best they could. They all testified that they had acted in good faith to save the district money. Mr. Anderson alleged that a \$1200 contract was let without competitive bidding for the construction of a cement wall at the athletic field. The trustees were represented by Ralph Graham.

BONDS STILL HOLD.

IN THE MOVIES AND OUT.

Because corroboration was lacking, Judge Monroe yesterday denied the divorce suit of Mrs. Lillian E. Leonard, who alleged desertion. Under an agreement, Robert J. Leonard of the Universal Film Company, who had acted in good faith, was granted. The court commented on this agreement to the effect that she said it did not hold.

Mrs. Leonard was on the stage when she met Mr. Leonard. She gave up her profession to become his wife September 17, 1914. They separated stayed out at night, and when the break-up occurred, he told her he was not coming back. The court allowed her \$50 a week for maintenance.

LIKE AN OWL.

SHE'S OUT LATE.

It developed in the trial of the divorce suit of Edwin F. Zacher against Marie Zacher yesterday that the latter had gone to Vernon without her husband. In granting a decree to Mr. Zacher, who is a former University of Southern California athlete, the court held that while it isn't polite for a husband to slap his wife's face—which she alleged—what else could a woman expect under the circumstances.

The wedding of the young couple was the result of a house party at Balboa, August 2, 1911. They stole away and went to Santa Ana, September 16, 1914. Mr. Zacher testified that when he returned from work he found nobody home. He and his wife had a quarrel the previous evening because she stayed out late at night and went for riding.

HAPPY AGAIN.

GETS BACK CHILDREN.

Joseph McCormick, an oil man, was broken-hearted when some time ago upon returning from Imperial Valley, he found his house dark, and his wife and children nowhere to be seen. After a frantic search the children, a boy and a girl, were located at the Home of the Guardian Angel, where Mrs. McCormick is alleged to have hidden them.

SEALING VERDICT.

Working models of the pumping engine which D. W. Herlihy bought from the Luitwiler Pumping Engine Company and installed at Victorville, were exhibited in Judge Taft's court during the trial of the action yesterday. The company sued to recover \$1500, the balance owing on the engine. Mr. Herlihy claimed the engine was not satisfactory after he installed it. The company contended that if it had been properly installed it would have answered the specifications. On this point the case went to the jury. Herlihy demanding his \$2400 back. The verdict was sealed.

REFUSES RELEASE.

Following the slaying of Police Detective Brown, Peter Ferrara, 14 years old, was taken into custody by the police. Attorney Bongiorno sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and yesterday Peter was in the Juvenile Court for a hearing. Inasmuch as he is charged with having associated with disreputable persons and with being implicated in the slaying of the detective, Judge Reed stated he would hear both matters at the same time on a date to be fixed. Peter was returned to Juvenile Hall.

CASE SETTLED.

When the \$20,000 damage suit of Susie Abrahamson was called on, it was settled.

wits against the Los Angeles Railway was called in Judge Wilbur's court yesterday, the attorneys informed the court it had been settled. The amount was approximately under \$1000. The suit was based on the alleged negligence of the corporation. The car was alleged to have started when the plaintiff attempted to get on it at Sixth and Spring streets February 2, last, throwing her to the ground.

PROBATION FOR CHINESE.

Local Rhen, Chinese hair dresser convicted of burglary, was sentenced to two years in San Quentin by Judge Houser yesterday.

INCORPORATIONS.

J. G. Bennett, Fire and Rubber Company, incorporators, J. G. Bennett, Francis L. Bennett and M. V. Hutchins, capital stock \$5000, subscribed \$1000; Conchella Mutual Water Company, incorporators, J. A. Webb, J. Thompson Webb, C. A. Bonds, Louis Bonds, Phil D. Herbert, H. P. Hibbard and W. F. Palmer, no capital stock; Dr. Kedian, Dental, Inc., incorporators, William H. Kedian, Francis P. Ano and Sarah Kedian, capital stock \$5000, subscribed \$5000; Mitchell Fruit Farm, incorporators, J. L. Seaton, J. D. Hatcher and Mary Hamlin, capital stock \$25,000, subscribed \$2.

At the City Hall.

MORE REVENUE FROM LICENSES.

NEW ORDINANCE MAY SHOW A BIG INCREASE.

Efficiency Commission Presents Detailed Schedule for Changes to Council Finance Committee for Consideration in Preparing Regulations for Local Business.

Additional information and data on the question of municipal license fees furnished members of the Council Finance Committee yesterday by the Efficiency Commission indicates changes which may be made in the new general license ordinance which will increase the city's revenues from miscellaneous licenses \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 a year. This data will be considered by the Finance Committee Monday in connection with its plans for

winning her suit. Mrs. Lenora Everett, who claimed wages as nurse, cook and housekeeper in the home of her sister, Mrs. Edith Kenton, now deceased, and brought suit against the administrator of the estate for a balance of \$248, was awarded judgment by Judge Hewitt yesterday. The court held that as she had suffered from the death of her sister, who was ill, and had given up a position to wait on her, she was entitled to the wages.

DAMAGE SUIT.

M. J. Hulvill filed suit against the Salt Lake Railroad yesterday asking \$20,400 damages for the death of his wife, Myrtle E. Hulvill, who was a passenger in a jitney bus in Long Beach August 2 last, when a train ran into it. The suit is also brought against J. H. Hoyt, owner, and H. S. Mundy, driver of the jitney. Three persons were killed in the accident.

ASKS FOR RECEIVER.

Three months ago Francis Ford sold the Photo Players Weekly to J. Fredrick Ryan. Yesterday Ryan filed suit asking for the appointment of a receiver and an accounting, claiming that nothing had been paid on the purchase and unpaid bills have accumulated, although it is alleged

GIVEN PROBATION.

Henry Shaffer, who with John Duncan and two other young men was arrested on October 18 on the charge of stealing the automobile of T. J. Brinker, entered a plea of guilty. Judge Houser yesterday asked for probation. This was granted on the condition that Shaffer, who investigated the previous record of the prisoner and found it good. The plea of Shaffer will assist materially in the prosecution of Ralph Duncan, recently released on bail, and will also lend strength to the case against Harry Duncan, accused of the murder of Police Sergeant Toole.

TEST CASE.

Shirley Cline brought suit against County Auditor Lewis yesterday in mandamus proceedings to compel him to pay a salary of \$5000 a year, under the ordinance passed by the Supervisors in June, 1913, and amended in August, 1914. The ordinance provides for an increase from \$4000 to \$5000, to be effective January 1, 1915. The County Auditor refused to draw the warrant for the increased salary on the ground that the county charter provides that the compensation of county officers cannot be increased or diminished during their term of office.

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Bakery Goods!

Home-Made Bread, 10c—Lemon Pie 25c—Whole Wheat Bread, 10c—Cakes 20c—Delicious (Kranz Kuchen) Coffee Cake, 10c each—Rings Coffee Cake, 10c each—Vienna Rolls, 10c dozen—Lemon Cakes, 10c dozen—Lemon Cakes, large assortment, 35c—French Apple Cake, 10c cut—Cakes, large assortment, 10c dozen—(Hamburger's—Main and Fourth Floors—Today)

Established 1881

BROADWAY EIGHTH AND HILL STREETS

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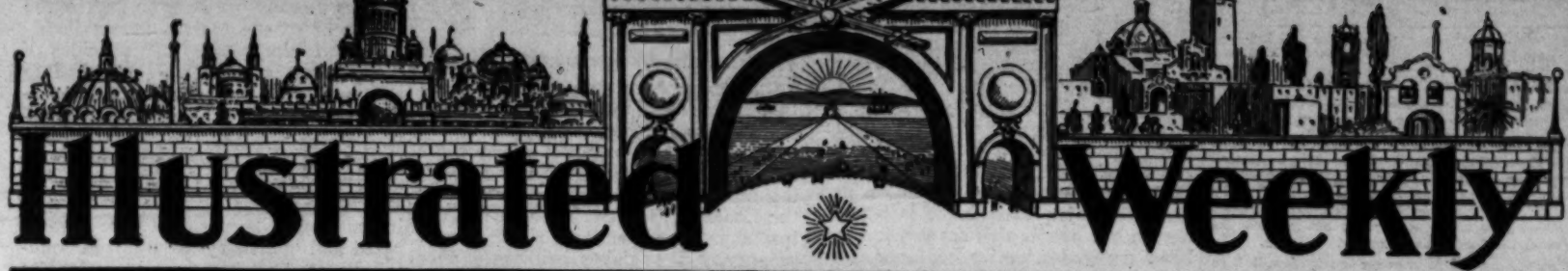
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Los Angeles Times



TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST 1781-1915

Mt. San Antonio Seen from Camp Camp [No Joke] Near Lordsburg.



GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS

Now is the time to make a first planting of Giant Spencer Sweet Peas. By planting them now you will have a successional crop of bloom following the time when the winter sorts go out of flower. The varieties we offer are amongst the very best in cultivation today, and may be absolutely relied upon to give you blooms of mammoth proportions with the unique waved and frilled appearance characteristic of this class.

NOVELTIES IN GIANT SPENCER SWEET PEAS

We desire to call our customers' special attention to the magnificent novelties offered below. They are representative of the highest improvement yet attained in sweet peas. The colors are not only novel, but beautiful as well. The individual flowers are of giant size and in nearly every instance are borne four to the stem.

The seed offered has been saved exclusively from selected types at our Montebello nurseries. It is hand-picked and may be relied upon not only to germinate well, but to produce an abundance of bloom of the highest quality.

If you want something different, something better, try a few packages of some of these latest novelties.

Agricola.

One of the handsomest of the lighter colored section of sweet peas. Flowers exceedingly large and beautifully frilled. Color white, overlaid with soft lilac. A gem for cut purposes.

Afterglow.

A new color in sweet peas, the flowers bearing a peculiar shade of reddish mauve with violet wings. Edna Unwin.

An exceedingly large flowered orange scarlet. Very effective as a cut bloom under artificial light. This variety does not burn or discolor when subjected to direct sunlight. One of the best of its shade.

Edith Taylor.

A magnificent shade of pale salmon rose. A flower of remarkable size and substance of the most ultra-refined Spencer form of bloom. The flowers are borne on exceedingly long stems. Extra fine.

Hercules.

An enormous flower, light pink, self-colored bloom. By all odds the best introduction to date of its particular shade.

Lady Evelyn Eyre.

A lovely shade of pale pink slightly flushed with salmon. Blooms of enormous size, beautifully frilled and ruffled. We have only a limited stock of this seed to offer this year. If you desire to try it we would suggest that you order early. It is a variety of superlative beauty.

Royal Purple.

Pure rich purple. Flowers of magnificent size and a pure even tone of color. The best in its class.

Rosabelle.

A pure shade of rich rose. Flowers not only large and produced freely on long stems, but it is also a vigorous grower and most profuse bloomer. Blooms are beautifully waved and crimped and absolutely perfect in form.

Wedgewood.

A lovely shade of light blue, with flowers well waved in both standard and wings. They are borne uniformly four to the stem. Unquestionably the best light blue sweet pea raised to date. It was greatly admired at our trial grounds last spring.

Margaret Atlee.

One of the most striking novelties ever introduced in sweet peas. The blooms in most instances are duplex and of exceedingly large size. The color is a superb shade of salmon pink and rose on a cream-colored ground.

Constance Hinton.

Without question the finest of all white sweet peas. Enormous in size, ideal in form and perfect in color.

Illuminator.

A glorious addition to the newer colors in sweet peas. It might be best described as a glowing cerise salmon. The blooms are uniformly of large size and well placed on long, stout stems. The vines bloom in great profusion.

We are putting up all of the above varieties in quarter ounce packages.

Price of any of the foregoing novelties, each, per packet, 25c.

STANDARD VARIETIES

America Spencer. Handsome variegated variety. Three to four flowers to the stem. Color, ivory white, striped and pencilled with bright crimson. Per packet, 15c.

Florence Nightingale Spencer. Soft lavender bloom. Flowers heavily waved and undulated. Per packet, 15c.

Gladys Unwin Spencer. A lovely shade of deep pink with crinkled and waved standards. Per packet, 15c.

Gaiety Spencer. White, heavily blotched and flaked with crimson. One of the best fancy sweet peas. Per packet, 15c.

Elfrida Pearson Spencer. A magnificent English novelty. Enormous size flowers, usually four to the stem. Color, a lovely shade of soft pink. Per packet, 15c.

Geo. Herbert Spencer. A glorious shade of deep carmine toned with rose. Magnificent under artificial light. Per packet, 15c.

Helen Lewis Spencer. A striking shade of deep orange-rose. A gem in color. Per packet, 15c.

King Edward Spencer. A superb crimson scarlet with mammoth size blooms. Per packet, 15c.

Mrs. A. Ireland Spencer. Bright rose pink with bluish shadings. Wings large and broadly expanded. Per packet, 15c.

Mrs. Hugh Dickens Spencer. Gigantic pink flowers shaded with apricot. Per packet, 15c.

Marie Corelli Spencer. Cherry red and rosy crimson, beautifully displayed in its giant waved flowers. Per packet, 15c.

Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes. Beautiful pale pink blooms of exquisite tone. Flowers large and well waved. Per packet, 15c.

Mrs. Houtsahn. Buff flushed and suffused with delicate pink. Extra large. Per packet, 15c.

Miriam Beaver Spencer. It has been impossible to fix the color of this magnificent variety. The flowers occur in various shades of pink, salmon, rose, orange-pink, etc. Flowers enormous in size and beautifully frilled. Per packet, 15c.

Nubian. A dark maroon self-colored bloom. Somewhat similar in general appearance to Othello, but with larger flowers. Per packet, 15c.

Othello Spencer. Dark, glossy maroon of an intense shade. Standards and wings beautifully crimped. Per packet, 15c.

Ruby. As its name implies, a rich ruby bloom. An unusual and distinct shade in sweet peas. Per packet, 15c.

Starling Hunt Spencer. Rich orange salmon. Equal to Elfrida Pearson in size. Nothing finer in existence. Per packet, 15c.

Vermilion Brilliant. One of the prettiest of scarlet Spencer peas. The flowers are of perfect form, the standards well waved and fluted. The color is uniform throughout the bloom. The best of its shade. Per packet, 15c.

White Spencer (extra selected stock.) The best white sweet pea generally grown. Snowy white in color and prettily waved. Per packet, 15c.

SPECIAL OFFER. One package of each of the above twenty varieties for \$2.50.

One package of any ten of the above for \$1.25.

Mixed Giant Spencer Sweet Peas, a choice mixture of the above varieties, per packet, 15c.

Special Offer.

One package of each of the above novelties for \$2.50.

One package of any six of the above novelties for \$1.25.

Extra special offer, the two collections for \$4.50.

These two collections comprising thirty-two varieties if bought separately, would cost \$6.00.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT

When in need of cut flowers, floral or funeral designs, bouquets or wedding decorations, bear in mind that we have one of the most fully equipped and extensive floral departments of any concern on the Coast. Service prompt and prices strictly reasonable.

Howard & Smith

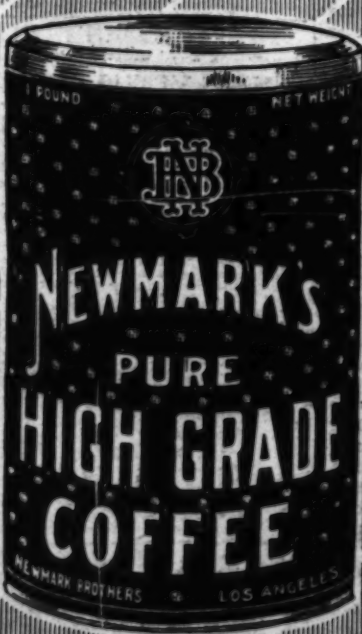
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NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO

MAIN 1745-10957



THE HOME FAVORITE FOR TWENTY YEARS



RICH AROMATIC DELICIOUS AND IT NEVER VARIES

Steel Cut - Chaffless

For Every Holiday Ben Hur Coffee

For every occasion—the Sunday dinner, the evening function—the morning meal—the afternoon at home—the luncheon—the gathering of relatives and friends on a holiday—Ben Hur Steel-Cut Coffee meets the most exacting requirements.

It is chaffless, dustless, uniformly roasted and blended, and has the greatest cup quality.

It satisfies.

Joannes Bros. Company
Importers, Roasters, Manufacturers.



The California State Bldg.
Sketches at the San Diego Exposition

THE German army in one of its branches operating against the Russian army and the rest of the world. The German army in one of its branches operating against the Russian army and the rest of the world. The German army in one of its branches operating against the Russian army and the rest of the world.

One of the Los Angeles traffic officers is a young man of such high caliber that he has already passed an examination to practice law in California. He is now studying Spanish. He writes a lesson on a card that he can use in the palm of his hand and he is now studying Spanish. He writes a lesson on a card that he can use in the palm of his hand and he is now studying Spanish.

which the goods might possibly reach the enemy. It is a matter of simple justice that the warring peoples should fight out the battle between themselves, leaving neutral nations at peace with them and the rest of the world. entirely out of all reach of war and its effects.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. LOS ANGELES TIMES. A Twice-Told Tale. The German army in one of its branches operating against the Russian army and the rest of the world. The German army in one of its branches operating against the Russian army and the rest of the world. The German army in one of its branches operating against the Russian army and the rest of the world.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY (THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

19th Year—New Series. Single Copies, by mail or at Volume VIII, No. 22. (News Agencies, 10 Cents.)

Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1902; Jan. 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1915.

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliations, it is an independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, explanation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

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To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

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Average Week-end Output, exceeding 103,000.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

PROBABLY no other city of anything like its size boasts so many excellent young attorneys as does Los Angeles. Not all of them will remain in their profession, but what they know of the law will never be in their way when they enter other business pursuits. The world is a jury and wants the facts. The individual is the judge, who passes upon points of law.

THE drama may be dead but the people of Los Angeles are not. When "On Trial" came to the Mason that theater was crowded to the overflow at every performance. Give this city something good and it is always appreciated.

ANNA HELD has realized her life's great ambition. She has a house of her own, and, wonder of wonders, the house has a piazza. Of course, this is in Los Angeles where dreams come true.

COMES now the flaming poinsettia with its scarlet passion for beauty and may its velvet loveliness lure a million visitors from the lands that are mantled with snow!

THIS is the time of the year when the big farm tractors are seen in the field. It takes high power to treat with the magnitude of California enterprise.

THE San Gabriel Valley is having a big boom in residence building. For softness of climate and beauty of scenery, that location is an annual delight.

THAT sea gull who insists on living at Elysian Park may be a fine judge of flowers and of scenery, but what on earth does he do for fish?

American Farmers' Turn.

THE American farmers are surely having their innings in this good year of grace 1915. We use the year of grace deliberately, for by the grace of Providence the crops of America are almost, if not entirely, without exception the largest ever garnered since the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts and the Cavaliers on the shores of the Old Dominion. Nor is this a new blessing which Providence is bestowing on our people this season, for they have enjoyed a series of large crops during an unusual period of years. There has not been a failure of crops in the United States of a severe kind in the present century. That is surely an unusual record for any country.

Two years ago the crops of the United States made a new record for that time, but this year's crop eclipses that record and makes a higher one, so far as the value of the crops is concerned, by about half a billion dollars. Some of the crops are below the record in volume, but on account of the good prices prevailing the farmers will obtain a good deal more for their crops, taking the whole series in one view. These crops make a record not only for America but for the world. No country under the sun ever produced such a volume of fruits of the earth as are gathered in from the soils of the United States, and no farmers ever were paid so much money for a crop as is poured into the coffers of the American agriculturists this season.

The corn crop of America this year runs to more than 3,000,000,000 bushels, which is about 34,000,000 bushels below the highest record, but is calculated to bring almost \$2,000,000,000 into the pockets of the growers. This exceeds the former biggest crop, that of 1914, by about \$190,000,000. The wheat crop of America this year is the largest ever known in any country, running to above 1,000,000,000 bushels, estimated to be about one-fourth of the world's crop for the current year. At ruling prices it will be worth \$932,888,999, or \$54,000,000 above the former high record of 1914. These are of course the monarchs in the cereal crops of the country.

Among the lesser cereal crops the harvest will give of oats more than 1,500,000,000 bushels, or 100,000,000 bushels above the highest record, that of 1912. Its value is put at more than half a billion dollars, which is \$33,000,000 more than the record crop of 1914. The value of the barley crop is put at \$118,000,000, the rye crop at nearly \$38,000,000, buckwheat nearly \$13,000,000.

These are followed by other crops, potatoes running just short of a value of \$220,000,000, sweet potatoes just short of \$42,500,000, hay running above \$177,000,000, cotton over \$600,000,000, tobacco more than \$100,000,000, flax seed over \$30,000,000, apples \$164,000,000, peaches \$60,600,000, pears \$9,275,000.

In addition to this there is a carry-over stock of corn from the former season, amounting to more than 96,000,000 bushels.

When it comes to the yield per acre the American farmer should be ashamed of himself if it were not for the conditions that prevail in the country. The yield of corn is only a little over twenty-eight bushels to the acre, of wheat less than seventeen bushels, oats not quite thirty-eight, barley thirty-two, potatoes ninety-six, cotton 168 pounds. Of course the conditions explain it all. In countries like Belgium and Saxony, where, according to Goldsmith's, "Deserted Village," "Every acre maintains its man," intensive cultivation is a necessity to prevent the population from starving. Such cultivation is possible where wages run so low, but impossible and impracticable in America, where wages are so high.

There is a whole mine of salt, much more than a grain, in this condition,

for as our population grows, with more intense cultivation we shall still have plenty for all our people.

Watchman, What of the Night?

WE have been passing through a somewhat long and dark night of depression in our industries in America. Long ago the dawn came and now the sun of prosperity is shining in the apex of the sky throughout the East. It is only the dawn in California yet, but the rays of the sun of prosperity are rising brilliantly over the State. In the East and the West it is the manufacturing industries that have brought about the changed industrial conditions, aided of course by the prosperity that is blessing the farmers of the whole country. Here in California the dawn of prosperity is coming through the farmer's gate rather than through that of the manufacturer or the merchant.

The war has to do mainly with the prosperity of the country east of the mountains, and so it has here, too. They are buying ammunition from eastern factories for European use, and here they are buying the products of the soil for use in the trenches of the allied belligerents. The demand for California products has raised the price of all of them, and the grower is getting the advantage of it. The cultivator of the soil in California is a much more intelligent man and a much better business man than the average wheat grower of the Middle West. He is a diligent reader of good newspapers and keeps in touch with conditions of the market all over the world. He has been particularly full of foresight this season, and has held most of his crops until the rise of price came, so that he gets most of the benefit. The British government has taken one-half of our prune crop, paying good prices for it and putting a large sum of money into circulation among the prune growers. Now it is buying beans by the ton and paying good prices for these, too. Twenty years ago or thereabouts the producers of prunes were not getting much if any above a cent a pound for their crop. They were sold at retail at from 3 to 5 cents a pound. The jobbing prices of prunes in Los Angeles these current days are 5½ cents a pound for the smallest, running up to as high as 15 cents for the best. A box of 20-30's retails for a dollar or a dollar and a quarter. There is some difference here, and the farmers are getting the difference. Beans are worth 4 cents to 6½ cents in a jobbing way. This is not a record price for beans in California, but they are good prices and mean wealth to the farmer who produces them.

California soils and suns are a blessing to more people than Californians. They furnish many fruits that heretofore had to be bought in foreign countries, brought here at great expense, draining the country of its funds. At the same time the consumer gets these luxuries of former days now as common articles, almost as necessities, at much lower prices than when they were foreign-grown. Raisins, figs and dates, almonds and walnuts, prunes, apricots, and many other fruits, could not be had in America at all by the ordinary citizen were it not for the blessings of California soils.

Neutral Rights.

THERE are many striking features in the gigantic war that has torn Europe from one end to the other now for nearly a year and a half. These features are all exceedingly interesting to every intelligent human being. But to us there is no feature in the war more interesting than the neglect of rights of neutrals practiced by the belligerents. These bulldogs of war have manifested an utter contempt for everything neutral in both hemispheres. There is going to be a reckoning

for this, and an exceedingly interesting one, in time to come. This reckoning has already been begun, led by the President of the United States in his diplomatic dealings with both sides of the gigantic war. They have had to take notice of the protests and representations made; but no belligerent nation has really accorded the subject the attention it deserves or compliance with the demands of the President. When the war is over the violation of international laws heretofore recognized and upheld by all civilized countries must be taken up and a definite settlement reached.

We use the word "must" deliberately. The United States does not stand alone in this, and if need be we shall be backed by every country in both Americas, from the Canadian border to Cape Horn. Canada, of course, will stand with the home government. Let us see how this alliance of the Americas would act in a demand upon other nations for recognition of the rights of neutrals in cases of future wars. For this purpose let us assume that Canada would be at least in sympathy with the rest of the continent.

Through a point midway in the continent at its broadest part, about the boundary line between the United States and Canada, draw a great circle of the earth from pole to pole, the semicircle representing the longitudinal line around the hemisphere. Where this line crosses the equator draw from that point a line along the equator reaching 90 degrees westward in the Pacific Ocean and 90 degrees eastward into the Atlantic Ocean. Through these points draw two other semicircles from pole to pole, and we have defined upon the surface of the earth accurately the Western Hemisphere. The countries in this hemisphere, with the exception of a few foreign colonies, are all republics, a form of government in which the people's voice determines the action of the governors. They are all peaceable people, as compared with Europeans, and are becoming more and more devotees and advocates of peace as the years roll by. They would make a powerful combination, sufficient to compel the attention of all Europe combined, and would be able to enforce their views upon any single nation in Europe, or upon any two combined.

The freedom of the seas for carrying on peaceful commerce between the nations at peace, and those at war, too, in non-contraband goods, is the great bone of contention in this discussion for neutral rights. These rights have been shamefully violated by each side of the war now tearing Europe to pieces. The contempt of our rights has gone so far as to involve the lives of our citizens, and as for the goods of non-combatants they have been treated as the national prey of the war bulldogs engaged in tearing each other to pieces. The flagrancy of this policy is manifest by the open confession of both sides in the conflict that they are violating international laws heretofore recognized and upheld by all civilized nations. The only plea put forward is that of necessity, involving the crushing of the enemy forces by all means fair or foul. They claim their national existence is at stake, and that they cannot stop to consider too nicely any question involving the winning of the conflict.

That may be all right as between the belligerents, who no doubt put into practice the age-worn proverb, "All is fair in love and war." But a peaceful nation like the United States, and like our neighbors, the other American republics, can not and will not consent to have any such view prevail, upsetting their rights, destroying the lives of their citizens, confiscating their merchandise and forbidding peaceable trading in any commodity between any belligerents in the conflicts, or between any neighboring neutral nations from

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and, when my servant returned, I bade him carry forth the package, and secure it across my saddle-bow, just as I had been wont to travel heretofore. Even though it was yet dark, we rode forth on our way.

"Next day I noticed that my servant kept watching me in a furtive manner, and I congratulated myself on the precaution I had taken, and inwardly resolved to be more than ever on my guard, not to be caught unawares. But, alas! I was still weak, and exhausted nature overcame vigilance, so that one night I slept soundly. I remember nothing of what took place. But when I came to myself some woodcutters were bathing my head. They said I had been beaten and wounded, and had bled profusely. I tried to stand up, but was seized with a great faintness, and would have fallen had not my succourers steadied me. With tender care I was carried to Punderpur, happily not far distant, where I was yet once again kindly bidden to the home of strangers.

"A munshi named Khyraz was the name of my new benefactor. He was most wishful that I should hunt down my faithless servant, who, I need not say, after leaving me for dead, had disappeared with my horse and the package which was supposed to contain the precious harp. However, as I had still the instrument in safe keeping, and as I did not want the story of its being in my possession to get noised abroad, for this would have robbed me of the pleasure of surprising our king of kings with the production of the coveted prize, I let the rascal go, for the time being at all events. But his day will come, the son of a pig, who betrayed the master whose salt he had eaten for years. May the tombs of his ancestors be defiled!

"Of course the news that had brought me to Punderpur was false. So far from Akbar being in the vicinity, I now learned that he had gone on a journey to Gwalior, and would not be back to Fathpur-Sikri for several months. Therefore, I took the opportunity of paying a business visit to Benares, resting content in my mind that the harp could be in no safer place than in its snug hiding at the home of Bajji Lal, where no robbers would ever dream of prying.

"However, I was just on the eve of retracing my steps to this village when Chunda Das came to Punderpur in quest of me. We met at the house of Munshi Khyraz, and there I learned of the disaster to my friends here, and the terrible doom that was contemplated for them. Imagine my dismay, too, when I discovered that their house was to be burned. My beautiful harp! It would be destroyed! So we hurried back, sparing neither ourselves nor our beasts.

"When I saw the tongues of flame actually curling about the home of Bajji Lal, I became oblivious of aught else save the rescue of the priceless harp from destruction. Through the blinding smoke I groped my way to my old sleeping-room. I nearly succumbed three or four times before I managed to tear down the tent-cloth. Then, by the flicker of the flames, I could see the harp reposing in its hiding place in all its gleaming beauty. I had no time to feel surprised that its silken covering had been blown aside, and indeed was at that very moment fluttering in a current of air.

"Just as my hand reached forth to seize the precious instrument I was startled by a subdued plaintive cry. For an instant I paused and wondered. Then I discovered that the wind was blowing through a crevice in the wall just behind the harp, and that it was the breeze rushing through the opening that was causing the strings to vibrate and give forth their weird complaining.

"And this, good people, is the explanation of the unrestful spirit. When the wind blew strong, the cries were louder and insistent; when the blast came gently, the sobbing was low and wailing."

"I am distressed that so simple a thing could have caused such trouble. But, in reparation, I will undertake to build for Bajji Lal and his wife a new home. I hereby give to their good friend, Chunda Das, an undertaking to that effect—he passed a

paper to me as he spoke—whereby I make myself liable for all moneys expended. And to Devaka I give this chain, which I hope she will always wear in remembrance of her good deed in nursing Sheikh Ahmed back to health."

"And, throwing a long gold chain about the neck of Devaka, the Sheikh bowed to the company, and, with salaams of farewell, passed through the throng toward his escort waiting for him all ready mounted at a little distance. Soon there was a clatter of hoofs, and they were riding away across the plain. I had noticed that Sheikh Ahmed's saddle-bow was a bulky package, undoubtedly the precious harp in its wrappings.

"That was all there was to be said, and after a while the crowd began to disperse. On every hand there was loud acclaim for the Sheikh and his noble generosity, and Devaka's gold chain, which she now held timidly in her hand, was the object of many admiring glances, and drew for her general words of congratulation.

"At last all had gone their several ways, leaving Bajji Lal and his wife, Bimjee and myself alone beneath the pipul tree. A first look into each other's eyes showed that we were all of the same mind. In their excitement of the moment the unthinking throng had approved; but for us there was nothing but bitter disappointment.

"It was Bajji Lal who first voiced his feelings.

"'Chunda Das,' he said slowly, 'Sheikh Ahmed has promised to recompense me for my losses; he has given a costly present to my wife. We want neither his gifts nor his promises. They are as dust to us. The little we did for him was not done for gold. Yet we took him into our home, and fought death for him, and won. He left a valuable treasure under our roof without consulting or trusting us. When this act of his brought disaster on our head, it was no thought for Devaka or for me that brought him back in hot haste. It was the possible loss of the harp that occupied all his thoughts. What do we want with that selfish man's gift? Chunda Das, give me the paper which binds him to the promise to restore my home, that I may tear it into fragments and scatter it to the winds. Devaka, my wife—and his voice fell to a tone of great gentleness—'hand that necklet to Chunda Das, that he may restore it to the giver.'

"Devaka, who, as I have said, had already removed the chain of gold from her neck, looked at it perhaps a little lingeringly, let it slip through her fingers caressingly, then, with a sigh, placed it in my hand and turned away. But her sigh, I knew, was less for the surrender of the gift than for the unworthiness that had prompted its bestowal.

"Her husband contemplated her compassionately.

"'You have not many trinkets, little wife,' he said, 'but this one would not remind us so much of good deeds done as of base ingratitude. I have no home to take you to at present, but Bimjee wants us to stay with him until I can build you another.'

"He stretched forth his hand to Devaka, and, leading her away, departed. Bimjee, after a salute to me, followed his bidden guests at a little distance. For myself, I remained a while to ponder all these happenings.

"To say that I was disappointed in Sheikh Ahmed was not adequately expressing my feelings. From the first I had been attracted to the man by his handsome figure, distinguished bearing and pleasant smile. During our intimacy of four days on the road I had admired the brilliancy of his conversation, and had taken great delight in his entertaining recitals of adventure in many far lands. From one like him I had certainly never expected this display of callous selfishness. But such is life. We have to keep ourselves prepared for many disillusionments. And, as I remarked at the outset of my narrative, an experience of this kind teaches that, if in judging our fellow-men we are to be chary of condemnation, it behooves us also to be discreet in commendation."

And so ended the Bombay trader's story.

After an interval of silence, the voice of the Rajput chief spoke up:

"What became of Bajji Lal and Devaka?" "Oh, replied the merchant, "from that day their happiness returned and continued. For the villagers were ashamed to have doubted them, so all contributed to the building and furnishing of their home, and would take no denial. Good fortune seemed to settle on their roof-tree. Little Devaka is now the mother of a fine boy, and she wears a chain of gold around her neck, one given to her by the women of the village when they heard that she had scorned the proffered gift of Sheikh Ahmed, and understood the reason why."

"And the Sheikh and his wonderful harp?" questioned the Afghan soldier. "Did the costly toy reach its destination?"

"The harp is in the treasury of our Sovereign Akbar. Sheikh Ahmed started back for Poona with the lac of rupees he had promised in the name of the Padishah and half a lac more for his own recompense. But he and his company were attacked by a swarm of Mahrattas, and perished to a man."

"And the treacherous servant?" "About him I know nothing. My tale is told."

[Copyright, 1915, by Edmund Mitchell.]

Earth's Vast Forests.
MILLIONS OF SQUARE MILES COVERED WITH TREES.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

There is a vast and continuous tract of forest lying north of the St. Lawrence River, in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, extending northward to the Hudson Bay and Labrador, a region measuring about 1700 miles in length from east to west, and 1000 miles in width north and south.

By some authorities it is held that a much larger continuous area of timber lands exists in the State of Washington and northward through British Columbia and Alaska. But this contention is limited to North America, for, it has been pointed out, there lies a forest in the valley of the Amazon, embracing much of Northern Brazil, Eastern Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia and Guiana, a region at least 2100 miles in length by 1300 in breadth.

Then, too, there must be considered the forest area of Central Africa, in the valley of the Nile to the northeast and those of the Zambesi to the south. According to reliable estimates, Central Africa contains a forest region not less than 3000 miles in length from north to south, and of vast, although not fully known, width from east to west.

The question which continent possesses the greatest forest has been placed in another light by an explorer who is competent to speak of still another great forest region of the globe. This authority has painted a vivid picture of the vast pine, larch and cedar forests of Siberia.

Siberia, from the plain of the Obi River on the west to the valley of the Indigirka on the east, embracing the great plains or river valleys of the Yenisei, Olenek, Lena and Yana rivers, is one great timber belt, averaging more than 1000 miles in breadth from north to south, being fully 1700 miles wide in the Yenisei district, and having a length from east to west of not less than 3000 miles.

Unlike equatorial forests, the trees of the Siberian taigas are mainly conifers, comprising pines of several varieties, firs and larches. In the Yenisei, Lena and Olenek regions there are thousands of square miles where no human being has ever been seen. The long-stemmed conifers rise to a height of 150 feet or more and they stand so closely together that walking among them is extremely difficult.

The dense, lofty tops exclude the pale Arctic sunshine, and the straight pale trunks, all looking exactly alike, so bewildering the eye in the obscurity that all sense of direction is soon lost. Even the most experienced trappers of sable dare not venture in the dense taigas without taking

the precaution of "blazing" the trees constantly with hatchets as they walk forward. If lost there the hunter rarely finds his way out, but perishes miserably from starvation or cold. The natives avoid the taigas and have a name for them which signifies "places where the mind is lost."

Beneficent Interference.

[Washington Star:] "Yep," said Mr. Growcher; "nothing was made in vain. Everything that earth produces may serve some useful purpose, if you can only find out what it is. There is a whole lot to think about in that story of the mouse who gnawed the net for the captured lion."

"Mebbe there is," replied his wife, "but I'm willing to bet that that was the only kind and considerate mouse known to the entire animal kingdom."

"You are wrong. Have you forgotten that Welsh rabbit party we attended last night?"

"Yes. But there wasn't any Welsh rabbit."

"And as a result we are all comfortable and happy today instead of being miserable and dyspeptic. And we owe it all to the fact that a few kind-hearted mice sneaked around during the afternoon and ate up the cheese."

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times of November 30, 1915.]
THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., southwest; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer, highest, 78 deg.; lowest, 56 deg. Forecast: Fair.



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REMOVAL NOTICE

Owing to my increase of patronage I find it necessary to get larger quarters, so that you will find me now in

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C. C. LOGAN, M.D.

The Tempest.

By Eugene Brown.

Tell your folks we have no expectation
That there ever will be annexation.
While we have a dollar in our pocket
I will live and die an Eagle Rocker.
—(Songs We Have Heard.)

EVERY now and then they take a vote in Eagle Rock. Often the campaign is on the question of annexation to the wide-spread municipality of Los Angeles. A ballot on that proposition is almost as ravenous and terrifying as a wet and dry election in Watts. Eagle Rock occupies a key position. It is a beautiful and desirable valley by itself, yet it is the connecting link between Glendale and Pasadena. Southeast is Highland Park and southwest Glassell Park, both of which are now part and parcel of the greater city. If Eagle Rock joins the big town it is the entering wedge which would ultimately land South Pasadena and Glendale in the same company. So there is always talk of annexation of some kind and when a new family moves to town or there is nothing new on the screen at the movies the ennobled inhabitants gather at the clubhouse and take a vote on joining the big city.

Families and firms are divided on the merits of the movement and even if a man pretends to be deaf and dumb somebody will bob up from behind a hedge and hold vivacious converse with him in the sign language.

If they are not campaigning on annexation they are voting on school bonds or to fill some vacancy in the board. Two elections in three days is the best they could do to wind up this month. Last month was not quite as good as that but next may be better yet. Under a Progressive formula of government elections can be held most any old time and the Eagle Rockers appear to take full advantage of their opportunities. The judges had to work hard counting the votes for Saturday's annexation election in order to be ready to hand out ballots on the proposition to issue \$65,000 of new bonds for school extensions. Dwellers in the valley hope soon to have this election business so systematized that a visit to the polls will be a part of the daily schedule. The virtuous and upright citizen will have a programme something like this:

7 a.m.—Peruna; 7:30, Prunes; 8, Prayers; 8:30, Polls.

After this he will be prepared for the serious business of the day.

The annexation campaign which wound up at the polls Saturday was exceptionally peppy and all the old and a few new arguments were dragged into service. The town was very much split up about it. The only newspaper in the little valley stood like a Sentinel upon the battlements for the established order. On a platform of "Safety First" the publication upheld the present organization without throwing rocks at the other side. The annexationists wanted a mouthpiece, however, and so the Professor started one. He called it the Torpedo and it was sure some explosive. The editor of it didn't feel the responsibility of the senior print and so whenever he saw a head he took a shot at it. He called it a sporting extra and he ran a lost and found column that rasped the hide of every prominent champion of the existing city administration. He located a Moses and the Old Man by the "C." He had shafts, quips and innuendoes that kept folks sitting up for hours after curfew. Some of the arrows stung but most of the victims grinned and bore it.

The Professor is interested in the Bank and that institution was divided. The cashier was active for the old order and so the Professor Torpedoed a few shots at him. The assistant cashier was on the fence—which is no place for a lady, and so she quickly climbed down and joined the anti-annexationists, which left the Professor in a helpless minority. And so it was all through the town. Partners disagreed and even husbands and wives went to the polls to work and vote on opposite sides. The old guard was charged with being in the employment or control of the Street Car Company, the Water Company or some other interest with its fangs at the throat of the community. The annexationists were declared to be under the direction of the Los Angeles aqueduct board or some other malign influence from the big city.

It was terrible.

The water question filed a big share of

the argument. Men talked wisely of water, who had not been exposed to it for weeks. One side declared that in the dry season there wasn't enough water in the valley to float a chip and that what there was had to be pumped from a cow pasture. The other side said that it was vastly superior to what they would get from Los Angeles, and to prove that there was plenty of it the fattest citizen of the community threw up his bathroom window and took a shower every morning in the presence of an admiring public.

Huge demijohns of the Los Angeles and Eagle Rock waters were placed in the drug store so that voters could sample them side by side. Some fiend in human form surreptitiously emptied a flask of Hollands in the Los Angeles container and it was hard to pull old Heskiah Beasley away from it when he discovered the fact. It did not discolor the stuff, but it imparted a tang that was exhilarating. Beasley declared that if Los Angeles furnished water like that it ought to have a population greater than New York.

The plot was discovered through an analysis made by the official chemist of the anti-annexationists and an exposure was made in a special edition of the Sentinel, which bore no name, but, as the antithesis of the Torpedo, was popularly known as the Whale. The Torpedo and the Whale chased one another around for a day or two and further contributed to the excitement of the campaign.

The questions of taxation, sewer building, cost and excellence of schools, cheaper street car service and street improvements were also threshed over. Public meetings were held nightly on both sides. The town feared a joint debate lest it result in a riot, but they had a few small ones anyhow. Some of the old mauls were held in line by the anti-annexationists by the argument that if they joined the big city there would be nothing to prevent some graceless person from coming among them and establishing a pool hall or other hell hole. The arguments on both sides were mainly junk, but they answered their purpose. They kept the town stirred up and they held the voters clinched.

When the polls opened Saturday the eager citizens were already there in goodly numbers and they kept coming all day. Buzz wagons were kept busy and the speed limit was disregarded. Some of the listeners had kept their opinions to themselves and so it was difficult to tell at any particular time exactly how the battle was going. When the whistle blew it was found that an exceptionally heavy vote had been thrown into the box and the count took some time although there was but one issue on the ballot.

The vote was 299 for annexation and 393 against.

Then the anti-annexationists went out and made the welkin ring for a few times, after which they expressed their further enthusiasm in a bonfire or two.

The annexationists bore their defeat with Spartan firmness. They are getting quite used to it. The Professor went smilingly back to his desk at the college and the publication of the Torpedo is suspended—until the next campaign.

The school bond election is the card today.

Kris'mus.

(Tommy's Version.)

"Kris'mus is comin' soon, they say;
An', gee, I wish 'twuz here,
It's jest th' finest holiday
We hev in all th' year.
Fo'th July ustur be th' best,
But since they've made it "sane"
Us fellers hev to take a rest
Till Kris'mus time hex came.

Uv course, Thanksgiving's purty good,
W'en you count on th' feed,
But nuthin's lastin' ez it should—
Excep' th' pain uv greed.
There's other holidays, I know,
But, shucks, what good are they?
At Kris'mus time you hev some show—
If you are good each day.

They say ol' Santy's sold his deer.
An' bought a auto car;
An' in these times it would appear
Th' fastest thing, by far;
I'd think he'd want a aryplane
To reach them chimblis high,
But as fer me, it's all th' same—
Frum now, I'm good as pie."

CALVIN E. ALLYN.

which the goods might possibly reach the enemy. It is a matter of simple justice that the warring peoples should fight out the battle between themselves, leaving neutral nations at peace with them and the rest of the world entirely out of all reach of war and its effects.

A Twice-Told Tale.

THE German army in one of its main branches operating against the Russians around Dvinsk has been checked by the nature of the fortress, which is no fortress at all but a heap of sand.

In reporting this, one of the officers says: "Had it been of rock, experts declare it would have been knocked to pieces long ago, but an artillery bombardment is of little avail against a sand fortress. It was captured fifteen times between September 15 and October 26, and still is not in the German's possession. It has been reduced in size one-half without affecting the strength of the remainder. Every rod of land is covered with permanent trenches, roofed securely against shrapnel and shell fragments, and connected with so-called fox-holes, small shelters where the garrisons are secure against the heaviest shells. Exploding projectiles are smothered in the sand trenches skillfully laid out so that they are mutually outflanking. An apparently successful attack often means the destruction of the assailants by the flanking fire of machine guns. One company thus lost fifty-one dead on October 23."

This report is interesting on more than one account. The Germans have been successful from the time they attacked Liege and battered its immense fortresses of rock and metal with their great howitzers. They have been successful in most of the battles because of their possession of heavy artillery and the skill with which they have used these immense engines of war. The Russian army has been much less prepared than the German, yet here they have overcome the very features of war which have made the German army so successful in the conflict by a very simple device.

The report is interesting, too, from the fact that America a hundred years ago resorted to the same tactics in fighting the English with an army drilled in a superior manner and using superior artillery. Every American schoolboy for a hundred years has been thrilled by the story of Gen. Jackson with his forts of cotton bales by which he won the battle of New Orleans. Here we led the way in this kind of defense, and now find the world coming back to this method so successfully used by the American backwoodsmen a hundred years ago.

It is interesting again, particularly so at this time, to Americans in pointing out the fact that we can protect ourselves from attack at much less expense than if it were necessary to build forts like these at Liege, Namur and other places in Belgium. In fact nearly all the fortresses in Europe are of that solid nature, which has been proved ineffective against modern artillery.

Gen. Jackson's fort of cotton bales showed that the more lead the enemy pumped into it the stronger it became. Every ball added to the cotton bales offered greater resistance to the next ball that fell around the American trenches.

This is one of the advantages of a peaceful country. We can always benefit by the costly experience of warlike nations. We have so benefited in the past in the building of our fleets and the arming of our soldiers. The present war in Europe is affording a valuable school where Americans are learning without any cost to ourselves how to resist attack on the part of the warlike nations if it ever should come. Come it will, as sure as "eggs is eggs," and we had better be

ready to repel the attack whenever it comes. Army experts say it will take ten years to get our defense ready. We had better be at it, for ten years mean much in the present condition of the world.

One of the Los Angeles traffic officers is a young man of such high ambition that he has already passed an examination to practice law in California and is now studying Spanish. He writes a lesson on a card that he can conceal in the palm of his hand and when he has a moment of leisure he refreshes his memory by glancing at the card. You can't keep a good traffic officer down, and it takes all kinds of people to make a police force. Besides, has not the department a journalist for a chief?

How blessed it would be if all the world could anticipate a Christmas as happy as the one Los Angeles will enjoy! Here in the sun, garlanded with roses and close to the whisper of the sea, our city awaits with peace and joy the great feast. Prosperity abounds, there is little sickness in the land, and more than half a million hearts are lifted in good will. The gladness of Los Angeles is a living psalm.

Every now and then cotton as king has itself recrowned in the Imperial Valley. King Cotton's latest conquest is ten thousand acres of wonderful land adjacent to Calipatria, the city born of magic. Every condition in that vicinity is favorable to cotton production, and the investors are planting their fields in gold.

You would think that Los Angeles people could get enough motion-picture entertainment within the regular hours, yet one theater with a very sensational film has been compelled to keep open from 9 o'clock a.m. Saturday until 7 o'clock Sunday morning. This manager is certainly willing to oblige.

A visitor from the East went to see a model home in Pasadena and immediately discovered that he wanted to own it so much that he was willing to pay more than \$100,000 for it. You see, the house was not only right but it was in the right State and the right portion of the State.

The Southern Pacific built itself a fine new depot in Los Angeles, and now the Santa Fe is to occupy splendid offices in a fine building to be erected by a local business man. The railroads are welcome to go as far as they like in this direction.

It is said that the idea of the bungalow as representative of California has been so instilled in the minds of easterners that they won't believe a motion picture was made in this State if it shows any other kind of a dwelling.

Mt. Washington receives more visitors at this season than at any other time during the year. It is studded with holly bushes that are heavy with berries. Young America does its Christmas shopping early.

Redondo Beach threatens to be exceedingly prosperous and happy with the realization of its long dream of a big pleasure pier. Amusements do not make a beach city, but they are a tremendously helpful factor.

His Very Last.

Miss Wheat, the new teacher, was hearing the history lesson. Turning to one of the scholars, she said:

"James, what was Washington's farewell address?"

The new boy arose with promptitude that promised well for his answer.

"Heaven, ma'am," he said.—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

The Spirit Wall

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE.)

nurse him when he was sick. Not often do we find such men; not often do we see the rich incommencing themselves for the poor."

"Emulating his example, I urged my lagging beast to a final effort. In a brief minute we were on the outskirts of the crowd, where, perforce, we had to dismount. The Sheikh led the way as, afoot, we passed through the throng.

"When we got within clear view of the house, I saw that the faggots had been placed all around it, and that these were already alight, giving forth the smoke we had seen from a distance. I looked about me in dread. Where were Bajji Lal and Devaka? I questioned a man who was blocking my way. He turned around and, to my joy, I recognized Bimjee, the barber. He gazed at me sadly, and, without expressing surprise at seeing me, pointed to the flat roof.

"There, beyond the low parapet, tied to a stake, was poor little Devaka. Her face was covered by her sari, and whether she were living or dead it was impossible to tell.

"And her husband?" I asked, trembling. "Not yet dead?"

"No. But when the sun is at its highest point, which will be in a few minutes now, he will be dispatched with a sword and his body flung into the fire. See! they are already pouring oil on the faggots, so that the haunted house may be quickly consumed. It will soon be all over with our poor friends."

"Not so, not so," I cried, "for Sheikh Ahmed has come back. See, there he is hastening to rescue his humble friends. He has not rested day or night since he heard of the disaster that had befallen them."

"The crowd had parted before the Sheikh, and through the rift I now beheld Bajji Lal, standing with his hands tied behind him at a little distance from his burning home. But, to my surprise, Sheikh Ahmed darted past him.

"Ah!" exclaimed the barber, noticing my disconcerted look, "he thinks that Devaka is in greater peril, and leaves you to rescue her husband."

"I looked at the curling smoke and shuddered. Assuredly there was no time to be lost if the woman was to be saved.

"You are right, Bimjee," I cried. "We'll look after Bajji Lal. Come along."

"And I gained my friend's side none too soon, for already a sword was pointed at his breast. Leaping on the man who held it, I thrust the weapon aside.

"The patel, standing by, turned on me with a ferocious look.

"How dare you hinder justice, Chunda Das?" he demanded. "This is by decree of the panchayat."

"Your promise bound the village council as well as yourself," I retorted. "It is but ten days since I departed on my quest for Sheikh Ahmed, and you assured me faithfully that for two weeks, at least, nothing would be done to this man and his wife."

"More cattle have died," he answered, sullenly.

"The crowd were pressing round us, with angry gestures and threatening looks, like wild beasts baulked of their prey.

"Pull his beard!" "Knock off his turban!" and such like impertinences were hurled at me. But, taking no heed of these, I again addressed the patel, raising my voice so that all around might hear:

"You gave me fourteen days to find the stranger whom you say was murdered, and ahead of time I have returned and brought him with me. And Bajji Lal, whom this very minute you were about to murder—aye, murder—is an innocent man, and his wife a malignant woman."

"And such is human nature, that they who a short time before had been so keen to see Bajji Lal done to death, were now loud in their acclamations at his escape.

"But the patel looked at me with lowering brow.

"Fine words, Chunda Das, but I do not see the Sheikh."

"The crowd hushed their outburst, and faces again looked serious.

"Oh, yes," cried some one, "let us see him. Where is Sheikh Ahmed?"

"Where, indeed, but in the burning house, endeavoring to save your other victim!" I made answer, turning around and pointing with uplifted arm to Devaka, who

now was standing with hand held out beseechingly to the throng, her face uncovered, full of entreaty.

"And even as we gazed the flames burst through the roof beneath her feet, and the clouds of smoke almost hid her from view.

"There was no sign of Sheikh Ahmed, and I was greatly perturbed. What had happened to him? Why did he not appear on the roof? From their countenance I could see that the spectators were still unconvinced of the presence of the man.

"Bajji Lal, up to this time, had remained passive, his head bowed as if in helpless acknowledgement of the power of destiny. But, at my call, he cast his eyes upward with the others, and, beholding the form of his wife through the eddying smoke wreaths, he broke out in loud and passionate appeal.

"Chunda Das, friends, neighbors, do not let her burn. She is innocent of any crime. Do not let her perish. Chunda Das, cut my bonds, that I may save her or die with her."

"I was about to sever the thongs that confined his wrists and ankles, when the patel laid a detaining hand on my shoulder.

"Not so fast, not so fast, if you please. We have not yet seen Sheikh Ahmed, and Bajji Lal is still condemned to die."

"I flashed an indignant look at the relentless man, but a cry of 'there he is,' broke from the mob. And, sure enough, through the clouds of smoke could be seen the figure of the rescuer, crouching low as he cautiously crept along the roof, with a hand on the parapet to guide his movements. With bated breath we watched as he neared the fainting woman, and then, rising to his full height, tore at the ropes which bound her to the stake.

"At last he had released her, and gathered her senseless form in his arms. But a billow of black smoke blotted out the grim scene. A moment of tense silence and sickening uncertainty. Then a great shout from the throng, a shout of pent-up joy and relief, when the hero with his burden came staggering out through the flame-framed doorway of the building.

"I rushed forward with the rest, and received Devaka in my arms. She had swooned. I gazed at her rescuer in admiration, his face blackened, his clothes torn. But could I believe my eyes? The brave man who had sunk to the ground in a heap was not Sheikh Ahmed, but Bimjee, the village barber!

"But at that very instant the Sheikh appeared through the clouds of smoke rolling from the doorway. He tottered forward, bearing in his arms a large bundle wrapped in a cotton quilt.

"Neighbors vied with each other in offers of help. Bajji Lal and Devaka were taken to one house. Sheikh Ahmed and myself went to another. The barber had recovered, and had quietly departed for his own home.

"Next day I sent round word that all the villagers were to come to the usual place of public gathering, the widespread pipul tree. No second bidding was required; the open space was soon crowded, right to the edge of the tank and to the walls of the temple.

"When all were assembled, with Sheikh Ahmed, Bajji Lal and Devaka, also Bimjee the barber, standing by me, I faced the throng.

"Good people," I said, "our worthy friends, Bajji Lal and his wife, have been publicly disgraced. They are now to be publicly reinstated as honored members of the community. Sheikh Ahmed will explain the sobbing and wailing that used to distress them just as much as it mystified you all, and eventually caused suspicion of an abominable crime. Listen to the story Sheikh Ahmed has to tell."

"As I stepped back a pace, the Sheikh came forward. His handsome countenance beamed good will to all, and a murmur of friendly greeting bore testimony to his popularity. In soft, melodious voice, he addressed the eager expectant crowd.

"I am indeed heartily grieved that through any fault of mine my kind host and his wife Devaka should have suffered so severely. I may now inform you that when I tarried in your midst some time ago I was on my way to the court of Akbar on an important mission. I was, as you know, accompanied by a servant. I had in my possession a most valuable harp, encrusted with diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. It had formerly belonged to the Maharanee of Kholtan, and had been looted from her palace during the last war. Our

Emperor, the Padishah, had long been desirous of possessing it, for the fame of the instrument, its beauty and value, was widespread. By a fortunate chance I became acquainted with the man who was hiding it in the city of Poona. I promised in the name of my lord and master, the mighty Akbar, a lac of rupees, and undertook to carry the instrument safely to the Emperor at Fathpur-Sikri. On account of its extreme value we decided to conceal it in a rough packing, and, with a view to avoid attracting attention, that I should be attended on the road by no more than one body servant, a man who had been long in my employment, and in whom I placed implicit confidence.

"Well, all went right until just as we neared this village I fell sick—as I now believe through the agency of my faithless attendant, who would have poisoned me so that he might possess himself of the precious harp. Fortunately I was succored by our good friend, Bajji Lal, and nursed back to health by him and his devoted wife Devaka. I had sent my servant on to Punderpur, there to await a summons when I again felt well enough to travel. But one night he returned of his own accord, bringing the news that the Padishah himself was approaching Punderpur, and now would be the time for me to complete my mission.

"But there was something in the fellow's time my suspicions were not vague, yet sufficient to prompt me to caution. Without discovering my inmost thoughts, I acquiesced in his proposal, and, disregarding the entreaties of my kind hosts, prepared to take the road without an hour's delay.

"But first I had to dispose of the jewelled harp in a place of safety, for I had made up my mind not to carry it any longer with me. At Punderpur it would be possible to get an escort of Akbar's cavalry, and then I could return with them for the treasure. So, meanwhile, I had to find some sure hiding-place, this in preference to burdening anyone here with my secret.

"The walls of my room in Bajji Lal's house were covered with a thick tent-cloth. While my servant was feeding the horses, I loosened one edge of this, and, to my joy, found the space between the inner and outer coverings sufficient to take the harp. I stripped off the bulky wrappings in which the harp had been carried up to this time, leaving only a swathing of fine silk. Then I carefully bestowed the instrument in its place of hiding, tying it securely to a beam high up toward the ceiling, and finally I restored the tent-cloth exactly as I had found it. Thereafter I stuffed a few billets of wood into the empty casing of the harp,

THE WONDERFUL MISSION OF THE INTERNAL BATH

By C. G. PERCIVAL, M. D.

DO YOU know that over three hundred thousand Americans are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that ninety-five per cent. of human illness is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of today neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaltered—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Prof. Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy the length of our lives would be increased to probably one hundred and fifty years.

You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its perniciously enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet, clean and pure, as Nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times:

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestine has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vi-

talinity resulting from such poisoning is favorable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared to be in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You, undoubtedly know from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly biliousness and many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known.

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

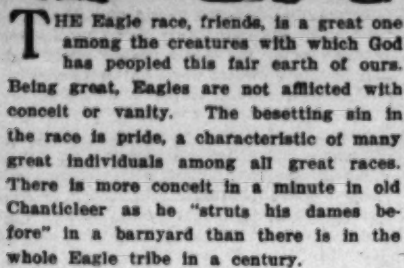
There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J. B. L. Cascade," and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are today using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., 134 West 65th Street, New York City, and mention having read this in The Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

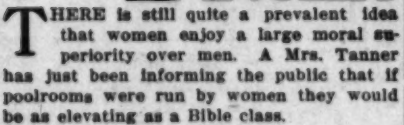
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.



Your Eagle, friends, is true to his race. He would be ashamed of himself and "hide his diminished head" in a sand bank or a bag if he ever permitted vanity or conceit to get hold of his soul. He leaves vanity to the peacock. But he is proud. No Eagle ever gets the swelled head, and if your Eagle is afflicted with megacephalus it would be on account of three cognate thoughts that often swell his heart with pride. The basic thought is that he is an American Eagle, and is exceedingly proud of that distinction. Secondly, he is proud of being a California Eagle, and particularly happy in having his home in the sunny Southland of California, and above all in having it in the metropolis of this sunny Southland, Los Angeles, the ever-advancing city.

Here is a combination, friends, if you will only think upon it, forming a climax as high as the heavens. America is the greatest country the sun shines down upon in his diurnal course around the world. California is easily, taking everything into consideration, the greatest State in the American Union. Southern California is the crowning glory of this Golden State, and Los Angeles is the heart of the Southland.

There is much in America to be proud of, many things connected with California.



Something of the same sort of argument was used when women first invaded the stage. Just prior to Pepys's time, all the female parts were taken by men, until some idealist managed to convince the public that women would inject a higher standard of morality into the drama, and elevate the profession.

The profession certainly managed to rise in social status to some extent, but as to morality—well, of course, we don't know how low the moral standards were before, but if the fair actresses really raised the standard, they were very unostentatious about it.

It is the same with politics. We were given to understand that corruption would cease when women got the vote, which was doubtless one of the chief reasons for the long opposition. The country rather dreads reform politics, so much unpleasantness can be committed in their name.

But have no fear, brother. Women are quite pleasantly human, notwithstanding their claims to moral superiority. They have proved themselves highly adaptable.

to make the heart swell with pride, and nearly every feature of Southern California is pride-engendering, and who can think of Los Angeles without feeling his heart swell almost to bursting with satisfaction at her greatness and her many glories?

Do you know, of all the things connected with this city which the Eagle thinks is properly productive of pride, its educational institutions must stand first. Therefore when the other day the Eagle on his aerial above the granite tower heard the typesetting machines ticking away on the story of two new universities to be established in his beloved Los Angeles he came mighty near being afflicted with the disease of the swelled head.

Why are institutions of learning so desirable, and why "should the spirit of mortal be proud" of the possession of these institutions? Because "knowledge is power." That is one of your adages, old saws or proverbs which has been rubbed into your minds and become crystallized in thought for many generations. And it is so true.

What makes man the head of all creation? His knowledge. That and nothing more. The most crude savage on the face of the earth is greater than the most powerful beast that walks on four legs through his native forest because the savage has more knowledge than the beast. As you rise in the scale of humanity through successive degrees of civilization you will find knowledge lies at the foundations of each degree. You are, dearly beloved, about the weakest and puniest physically of all the great races the Creator has put into this world. But He has given you a brain capable of acquiring vast intelligence, and this knowledge makes you the kings of creation.

You have learned the nature of material things and learned to make everything on earth your servant. The water of the rivers that run down into the sea does your bidding. The consuming fires that every other animal on earth runs from in fear work for you as obediently as a slave. The seas with all their immensity, with all the power of their storm-tossed waves, are subject to your bidding. There is a certain something in the animal creation known as instinct which is a low form of intelligence that has inherited a certain power in the lowest orders of creation. But it is so weak and puny compared with the power in the brain of man that it is not called knowledge but is distinguished

by the man of instinct. So the other races of beings have been arrested in development. They come to just about such a state of being, and there they stop. Eagles were just as powerful and had just as much knowledge generations ago as the ablest of the tribe have today. You, through your brain power, have invented movable types and printing presses, and hand down from generation to generation all the acquired knowledge of your race. So your development is not arrested, but goes on increasing mightily from one generation to another, and lifts you up and makes you akin to the divinities that people the heavens.

The poor beasts are born, live and die. Disease besets them and they have no means of defending themselves from it or from premature death. Epidemics break out among the beasts and go on from one age to another, never being counteracted. Your knowledge is so powerful that in a way it overcomes death, defies that dread terror, and puts him to flight. A few generations ago the yellow fever was prevalent in many parts of the world, and used to sweep away thousands and tens of thousands of human beings in a few weeks. Your knowledge multiplied, and now there is no such thing as yellow fever in the world. The harbor of Havana and that at Vera Cruz used to be so infested with this disease that a ship clearing from any place in the world could not get a crew of sailors if it was known she was going to one of these infested ports. The buzzards, those natural scavengers of the world, used to be so thick in the streets of these cities that men could scarcely walk through them and were forbidden to injure them because they were useful as scavengers. Today you may stand upon any commanding point around either of these tropical cities and not behold a buzzard except here and there one far away. Your knowledge has given you mastery over this as over other dread diseases.

The great war that is now sweeping over Europe caused an epidemic of typhoid fever in Serbia which about a year ago threatened to wipe your nation off of the face of the earth. You sent a little band of American physicians there with a knowledge concerning this disease so profound that in a few weeks they wiped the disease out and saved that hardy nation from extinction.

Knowledge has annihilated time and

space for you. Your knowledge of the properties of electricity has enabled you to talk across continents and to span seas with audible words. This is a wonderful thing when it is done by telegraphy, but still more when it is done by the telephone carrying the voice along a copper wire, but now it is a miracle when without any intervening medium except the air you cannot only flash words from key to key to be written out at one end of the line, but you can actually talk with audible words from San Francisco to New York, and if you can do that you can do so from New York to London.

Oh, yes, knowledge is power. It echoes in the voice of the great cannon that bombard the trenches in the war zones of Europe, in the shells that burst over the warring armies, and the people that have the greatest knowledge of the properties of matter and who can build the biggest cannon and make shells the fastest are the most powerful people among the nations. Knowledge is powerful in the arts of peace as well as in those of war. It takes a fleece from the sheep's back, cards, spins and weaves it into a warm garment that defies the frost of arctic regions. It picks the cotton from the bolls on the plant and does the same with it. It takes the commonest weeds and manufactures them into dyes that color your garments so beautifully and then it makes the females of your race radiant in their gorgeous apparel.

...America is the most highly civilized nation in the world, its people are the most intelligent and therefore the most powerful. But note one thing, beloved. Knowledge is power, but it is not wisdom. Knowledge is power, if it has wisdom behind it to guide it. Otherwise it is as useless as the wind that blows over the plain without a windmill to catch its power, or as the water that runs down to the sea without a wheel to convert it into electricity. You Americans have more knowledge than any other people, and have more power than any other nation in the world if you have only wisdom to apply your knowledge and so make it a real power for your own defense.

Yours,

The Eagle
REG. MARK 

Their methods are a little more finished, that's all.

So perhaps if we don't let women run pool-rooms, it won't be for fear of excessive reform. It will be because, deep down in our hearts we are old-fashioned enough to agree with Pope that "Every woman is at heart a rake," and consider they must be protected against themselves, notwithstanding their superior moral sense.

No Punishment.

COSMO HAMILTON, in speaking of dogs, says that they instinctively know that women never punish. Ahem!

Well, it all depends. If the dog, or the child, or the man, has sinned against somebody else, the average woman is certainly capable of being generously forgiving.

But—well, I recently visited a reform school for delinquent girls, with a couple of noble matrons in charge. No punishment, did they say? Well, if those girls are being restored to society by loving kindness and generous forgiveness, God defend us from tyranny. Precious few members of the community have any idea of the persuasive methods used to keep those girls in order. The head matron, who prides herself on having been in that work for many years, has a face like a hatchet. I was filled with a long list of stories of insubordination, of endeavors to run away, of deceit in trying to circumvent the rules—and all the time I was marveling that any human soul could ever endure a day under such conditions, could ever hold up its head again after a dose of that reform treatment; that truly the power of human endurance is vast.

There was no such thing as forgiveness in that institution. He would be a brave dog who would bank on a remission of sins from that hatchet-faced matron.

Well, those matrons have to deal with the worst class of girls, you will say. Very well, what about the highest rung of society? How often do you see a social queen forgive a social faux pas? On the contrary, the sweet social queen regards it as her bounden

duty to administer the cruellest of social snubs, of public "cuts," subtle, diabolically brutal, and will brag pleasantly of her victories to an amused circle of admirers for days afterward.

And what of the punishments administered to their erring offspring by conscientious mamas? Many a small, helpless child would a tale unfold. Locked in cupboards for hours, taunted with coarse sarcasm, slapped viciously, threatened with violence until their small souls shrivel with terror, upbraided spitefully before their little friends, promised pleasures withheld for trifling misdemeanors—but Cosmo Hamilton assures us that dogs instinctively know that women never punish. It certainly takes the instinct of a dog to discover anything as wonderful as that.

Writing on Europe.

A MERICANS have often been indignant because Europeans in general and Englishmen in particular had a little way of coming over here for a few weeks' visit and then writing a book on us, assuming a great many things about us that were not so.

But we have certainly got even since the war broke out. Our scribes have rushed over there in scores and flooded the papers with profound assertions as to the character and habits of the warring nations after a few days' stay, coloring the characters of whole nations with one experience with one man, probably a custom's officer, and summing up their political and moral ideas on small individual incidents. Needless to say, when such articles find their way back to the countries described, they are pretty mad about it. And that sort of thing has not tended to make us really popular.

One scribe opined that England was obviously a decaying nation because there were no skyscrapers—never knowing, dear soul, that three tiers of underground railways in London, make skyscrapers an unsafe proposition, never knowing that during the last ten years many of the main thoroughfares of London have been entirely re-

bulky, old-fashioned narrow streets widened at terrific cost and wonderful enterprise in the face of 300-year leases, strictly entailed peerage property and the like.

Well, that's all right. England deserved that. Her Arnold Bennetts and her Elinor Glyns and what not, have been doing just that thing to us for decades. But is it any wonder that nations fail to understand each other and credit each other with weird ideals? There was one man who spent a few days in New York, during which he happened to strike two left-handed cab drivers. So he assured the world that all New York cab-drivers drove with the left hand.

The®Clubable Man.

A SOPHISTICATED widow, airing her views in a New York paper, declares that the good fellow, the clubbable man, makes the very worst kind of husband. The type of man who is loved by men, chiefly for his genial faults, is a terror to live with, says this lady, who is credited with considerable experience.

Such a man is quite incapable of self-study and self-criticism, he knows the men like him and he can't think why his wife doesn't. The man who is popular with men, says this lady, never gets on, either in business or anything else. He takes pride in being a good spender and he cultivates the art of generously spending to the detriment of the art of making. The wife of such a man is forever anxious about financial matters, usually neglected, invariably unhappy. And the men are always so sorry for him, being tied to such a fussy wife.

[Everybody's:] Farmer Brown, while his crew of threshers were "washing up" one morning, noticed among them a Swede who was not engaged in the use of water, soap and towel.

"Well, Harris," said the farmer, "aren't you going to wash this morning?"

"No," returned the Swede; "it don't make me dirty to sleep."

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

"Home, Sweet Home" - For Wife and Mother. For Daughter and Maid.

HOME ECONOMY.

When Buying the Steak.

[James J. Hill in New York Tribune:] "A good tenderloin steak may run in price today from 22 to 40 cents a pound; a round steak may be purchased for from 12 to 20 cents a pound. Now, which is the greater economy in handling the home pocketbook—to purchase the round steak or to take the high-priced tenderloin? The wife who has one of those cheap pieces of meat to cook, or if she has the servant to direct how it shall be cooked, has it within her power to make the high-priced tenderloin an economy.

Dishes from the Remnants.

"She serves it first as a broiled steak. With the remnants left, including the bone and fat, there are yet eleven different ways in which she can make palatable additional meals for her family, and not have them feel that there is a monotony in their food. When she reaches the final rag end of that high-priced tenderloin she still has a fertilizer for her garden, and the steak has really cost her not more than 7 cents a pound.

"It is all in knowing how to do it, and in this knowledge or the lack of it lies the fact that the mother is either making or losing money for the home. The housewives of foreign countries have learned this lesson far better than American women."

FOR AUTOMOBILE LUNCH.

Pastry Ready for Filling.

[Dallas News:] After cutting thin rounds of the dough, cover each one with a second thin layer of dough cut like a ring. This is easily done by using the same cutter for both and removing the inner portion of one with a smaller round cutter. Bake until thoroughly browned, as these do not call for the softness of the usual tea biscuit, but should be more like bits of pastry.

These cases are invaluable for outdoor meals and they may be filled with anything available and used for the salad or sweet course, according to what is served within them. For an automobile luncheon, where no regular table is set, they offer a practical method of passing individual portions. By cutting the dough with a larger cutter, thus providing a more generous receptacle, and filling the shell with a hearty mixture of well-seasoned fowl, meat or hard-boiled eggs, in combination with lettuce or celery, the main part of the outdoor luncheon can be easily and daintily served.

Do Not Carry Silver.

In place of silver, use the ordinary wooden-handled kitchen cutlery, which can be bought at from 30 cents a dozen up. Very often when good silver is taken on a picnic the possessor of some old family spoons will arrive home and find that she is minus one or two. The three-pronged kitchen forks will be of just the same service as silver ones, and if one should be lost by any chance no great harm will be done.

ABOUT LAMPS.

Tall Floor Lamp.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press:] The tall floor lamp, which stands on the floor instead of the table, is in favor just now. Such a lamp can be moved about at will, set by a piano, behind a reading chair, beside a tea table or a desk, and when the room is to be cleared for dancing it can readily be put out of the way.

A great advantage of these lamps is their adaptability to electricity, gas or oil. They are, of course, most convenient when lighted by electricity, and the cord and socket attachment may be adjusted to all sockets about the room. Still, an oil lamp may be used with good effect.

Gas lamps, in order to furnish the best results, must have mantles, and thus must be handled carefully when they are moved, nor can they be moved any considerable distance from the gas extensions. In some ways oil is even better than electricity or gas, since an oil lamp may be moved to any part of the room without any tube or wire attached.

The standards are from three feet six inches to four feet high.

Diffused Lights.

Add immensely to the attractiveness of your home by diffusing the lights instead of focusing them on one point. Eye strain will be relieved and shadows and outlines will be softened, especially when amber lights are used. The new, indirect lighting fixtures are replacing old-fashioned ones, making the lighting problem more artistic and less expensive.

Much the same effect may be produced with less expense by frosted bulbs and globes, gelatine films and glass diffusing plates. There are various types of this indirect lighting suitable for all rooms, from the kitchen to the parlor, and it is to be recommended as a blessing to the busy eyes and the tense nerves of today.

CARE OF BABY.

Easy to Disfigure Nose.

[New York American:] The pleasant little nursing game of "knock at the door; lift up the latch," if frequently played for the amusement of the baby girl, may give her a snub nose that will impair her good looks when she has grown to young womanhood.

On the other hand, a tendency to a "snub" or to over-wide nostrils may be corrected by gentle pressure with the fingers for a minute or so at a time half a dozen times a day. The same means may be used with a young child to modify a tendency of the nose to turn to right or left.

Bones and Cartilage Soft.

It is as if the little one's face were made of so much papier mache. The structures of which it is composed, even the bones, are soft, and they are in process of growth. To a great extent, the shape they will assume can be modified for better, as well as for worse, while the growing is in progress—most easily, of course, in its very early stages.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

Avoid the Word "Servant."

[New York Sun:] After all, the main trouble in obtaining good domestic employees is due largely to the stigma attached to the position as a menial. The word "menial" came from "moenia," within the walls, and became a term of opprobrium through the years in which domestic service has evolved through slavery and other bad conditions. With the growing recognition of the dignity and responsibility of all pertaining to the work of the household will come a new nomenclature. In place of "servant" in the homes of persons of moderate means there will be the co-operative housekeeper and the trained maid, who will have the same status as the graduate nurse.

When the Maid Serves Tea.

When the maid serves afternoon tea she should wear a smart black dress of pongee, poplin or mohair. The lines must be simple, but the frock must be perfectly fitted. A bib apron of dotted swiss trimmed with a narrow lace and made in princess fashion is worn over the frock. The costume is completed by a frilly cap, wide cuffs and a collar to correspond with the apron.

IN THE LIBRARY.

The Wall Decorations

[Baltimore American:] In planning for remodeling or decorating it is well to remember that vertical lines on a wall increase the apparent height of the ceiling, while, on the other hand, horizontal lines on the wall bring the ceiling down. When the ceiling is too high striped wall papers and all vertical lines are to be avoided.

A Good Library Paste.

A paste that will keep a long time is made by dissolving one ounce of alum in a quart of water. When cold add enough flour to make the consistency of cream. Then stir in a teaspoonful of powdered rosin. Boil to a proper consistency, stirring constantly. It will keep for months, and when dry can be softened with water.

RENOVATING FABRICS.

Dark Blue Serge.

[Contributors New York Press:] To renovate navy blue serge, put two handfuls of bran into a basin; pour over it boiling water and let cool. Brush the garment free from dust, dip a piece of rough serge into the bran water and rub well over the article; roll up for an hour. Then press the article on the wrong side with a hot iron.

To Wash Satin.

Few people seem to realize how well satin washes. I have washed satin in the following manner and, when dry, it has looked equal to new: Make a good lather of soap and warm water; wash the article in this, then rinse in clear, cold water and iron when dry on the wrong side of the material.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Chicago Record-Herald:] To protect any fabric from moths, bugs or roaches use the following solution. One-half ounce corrosive sublimate, one-half ounce gum camphor, 5 cents' worth of sassafras and one pint turpentine.

When drawing threads for hemstitching, wet a small brush, rub it over a cake of soap until a lather is produced, then scrub the threads which you wish to draw. They will pull easily without breaking.

Wiping the surface with a soft flannel or piece of silk keeps down objectionable shine of the nose. If this does not help, try bathing the nose with hot water in which powdered borax has been dissolved, a teaspoonful to each pint.

Aluminumware can be polished with a mixture of borax and ammonia and water applied to the article with a soft cloth. Rinse well through several waters.

A very good filling for layer cake is made by mixing a pound of finely-minced shelled almonds with two eggs, a cupful of confectioner's sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla.

Try rubbing the scorched marks on linen with half a raw onion, then wash in the usual way, and if the scorch is not a very bad one the linen will be white again.

KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

Cook Book Cover.

[New York Tribune:] Covering the cook books with paraffin paper will keep them in good condition and at the same time allow the lettering on the back and sides to show. Besides looking neat, the books will be so well protected that they will last longer.

A Culinary Trick.

The trick which will save the sauce should be pulled off just before the strained flour is poured in. The flour should be mixed with cold milk instead of water, whenever it is possible, and then the solution is strained. When the hot milk on the stove is almost ready to boil a few tablespoonfuls of the hot milk should be taken out mixed in with the cold milk and flour until the mixture in the bowl is warm; then, when the milk boils, the warm flour and milk can be poured into the pot of hot milk, stirring constantly, and it will be found that the resulting cream sauce is smooth and quite clear of lumps.

Unless this mixture of cold and warm is done the flour will form in clots the minute it is poured into the hot milk, making the sauce impossibly lumpy.

MAKING OVER CLOTHES.

Adapting the Old Skirt.

[New York Evening Telegram:] Though the difficulty of adapting old skirts to new fashions is by no means a small one, there are certain features of the new fashions which are distinctly helpful. The popularity of the hip yoke, the vogue of flounces, and the reappearance of the sleeveless pinafore style of dress are all points which can be counted to the good. If a skirt can be matched, or a certain material found that will combine well with the stuff of the old frock, the skirt may be given a moderately full, deep flounce, falling from the base of

the hips. Or, if preferred, it may have two or three flounces instead of the one deep flounce. For the narrower flounces, any of the dull silks or velvets can be used, either in the same colors as the skirt or in a prettily contrasting color. Where the deep flounce is preferred, it should be of the same material as the old skirt, or of plain silk or velvet in the same or a darker shade.

HEARTSEASE.

Practical Preparedness.

[New York Evening Telegram:] A bank account is the ammunition needed by every worker in the battle for a livelihood. And this kind of preparedness can have no opponents. Those who are at the front of the fight for a living must have further supplies to depend on than just those on their persons at present. There must be a source of supply to be drawn on in case of need.

Workers, you should prepare yourselves toward the time of need. Whatever may be the national policy, preparedness should be your personal policy. "Safety first" must be your motto, and there is no safety in living from week to week, just waiting from one day to another. Your only safety lies in having some money put by for that rainy day, which may come at any time.

Be Still and Know.

The grandeur of strength is in silence,
In the power of quiet and will;
To turn from life's turmoil and worry;
To know, and to work, and "be still."
—[S. Gertrude Cooley.]

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thing when it is done by telegraph, but
with audible words. This is a wonderful
properties of electricity has enabled you
space for you. Your knowledge of the

LOS ANGELES TIMES

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

Over Western Sea.

A WEEK ago there was inaugurated between Los Angeles Harbor and Honolulu a new steamship service. The initial vessel was the Great Northern, which went out of the harbor last Saturday with a cargo in her hold valued at \$3,000,000, consisting of 500 tons of costly freight from this section. She is to sail on a triangular route from Los Angeles Harbor to Honolulu, then from there to San Francisco and back to Los Angeles.

This is a new departure, and one of prime importance to the three cities concerned and to all the back country around them. Heretofore merchants have had to depend upon an occasional service of some tramp steamer chartered to ply between Los Angeles and the island possessions in mid-ocean. The steamer is not only large, but very rapid, her schedule being four and a half days from here to the islands. There will be a sailing on the line every twenty days. She is a passenger carrier as well as a freighter, and on her outbound trip stops over a day at Hilo to give the passengers an opportunity to visit the big, active volcano Kilauea.

It was fit and proper that on this initial trip representatives of big commercial bodies on the Pacific Coast should be among the passengers. They are going to make the acquaintance of merchants in the islands. The service means a saving of 500 miles in distance and more than a day in time.

Another proper observance is the intrusting of a message of greeting on the part of that great commercial body, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, to one of the leading merchants of the city and one of the leading members of the Chamber of Commerce to be delivered to the Hawaiian Promotion Committee, which seems to bear to Honolulu the same relation that the great Chamber of Commerce does to Los Angeles.

The United States made no mistake when it acquired the Hawaiian Islands, situated as they are almost midway in the Pacific, and, as the letter of greeting of the Chamber of Commerce said, at the "cross roads" of that great ocean. It gives the country a pou sto for not only mercantile business, but for war purposes, if there ever should be any trouble between us and any other nation interested in checking the growth of our commerce on the Pacific Ocean.

The population of the islands is only about 250,000, but the annual imports from the United States are valued at \$25,000,000. Included in these, one-fifth of them represent foodstuffs, mostly produced and made here.

Hidalgos of America.

MANY things here in the Southwest have a distinctly Spanish flavor, a natural result of the Spanish colonization done by the missionaries from Spain in this section of the country. Every schoolboy who studies American history knows the word Hidalgo because of the treaty made between this country and Mexico known as the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. But few Americans probably know the real meaning of hidalgo. It means the "son of somebody," and is equivalent to the English expression, "a man who had a grandfather." It is intended to represent a man of distinguished family, consequently supposed to be a man of refinement of manners at least.

The Americas are joined together in a way never known before in these days in which we live. The Americas were here before Columbus came, and the races that inhabited the continents were noble in many ways. They had achieved a very considerable degree of civilization of a peculiar kind which makes the history of these races all the more interesting to the rest of the world. One of the incidents of this closer communication between the Americas is the formation of a new order known as the Hidalgos of America. The purpose of the society, in addition to that of drawing the Americas of the two continents more closely together in their relations, is to make a closer study than heretofore known of these ancient civilizations. Incidentally it will surely gather together many relics of these races, mostly now departed from the face of the earth.

This is new work in America, and important. You can go to any large city in Europe and study in detail every civilization ever wrought out by humanity in any part of the world in any age of human history. The Aztecs and other races of the Americas had an architecture of their own, had

learned to make cotton and other fabrics, they had a written language very much like the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and many examples of their civilization still remain scattered throughout all parts of both the continents. These, of course, are rapidly passing away, and many of them are being lost forever. They are well worth collecting and preserving for the light they throw upon the life of the races that preceded us on these great continents, and they will serve to draw tourists' attention to the cities where collections are placed.

Good News for Lemon Growers.

REPORTS are being received here in Southern California emanating from New York, but embracing in their scope all the cities of the Atlantic Coast, to the effect that the whole United States will be obliged to depend upon California for lemons this season to an extent never known before. This was foreseen and forecast in this department of The Times Illustrated Weekly and commented upon several times heretofore. The difficulty of navigating in the Mediterranean is reported to have resulted in the cancellation of sailing dates for many Italian vessels. In the last week in November the market at New York was entirely cleared of foreign lemons. There were only about 9000 boxes afloat a week before the report was dated, compared with 50,000 boxes at even date a year ago and 130,000 boxes in the same week two years ago.

Every Little Helps.

COLORADO, strictly speaking, is not in the Great Southwest. This phrase, so often used on the Pacific Coast, is supposed to embrace that district of the country inclosed between lines with Denver, Colo., as the apex, one running west to the Pacific Coast and the other southwest to the ocean. Of course, this gives us an intimate interest in everything connected with Colorado, and therefore all readers of this page will take interest in the report from Denver of a big spurt in silver mining. It will be recalled that twenty years ago, when Mr. Bryan and 16 to 1 were both famous, Colorado forsook her allegiance to the Republican party and cast an overwhelming majority for Bryan's scheme. It was not unnatural that this should be so, for the failure of the proposition to coin silver for the owners' account was represented as sure to close all the silver mines in the country, indeed in the world, and that would have brought ruin upon Colorado. It was an entirely mistaken view, as, in spite of the failure of the proposition, silver mining has been more active in the twenty years since than in the twenty before. Now the report is that they are opening up abandoned silver mines in Colorado, working over old dumps and waste material. This will make Colorado more prosperous in proportion to the extent of the movement, and this means more business for all parts of the country, in which, of course, Los Angeles and the Great Southwest must share the benefit.

He Did not Live in Vain.

THE other day there passed away at San Geronimo Pass a pioneer fruit grower of that section of the Great Southwest. His name was Thomas J. Mellen. He came to the pass nearly forty years ago, in 1878, about the time he reached his majority, for he was only 68 years old. Beaumont at that date did not exist, and the whole country around was little better than a barren mountain pass with little promise. The pioneer had an imagination which revealed to him wonderful possibilities. He began planting orchards and vineyards and demonstrated the possibility of that country as a fruit-growing district. It is now one of the most important among all the districts in Southern California, so renowned for fruit growing. Beaumont apples are known all over the country for their flavor and excellence in every way, and anybody who has ever seen a Beaumont apple orchard in the fall when the crop hangs ripe upon the trees has seen a sight scarcely to be paralleled on the face of the earth. Away back at the time of the exposition at Chicago, Pioneer Mellen's prunes won in competition against the world's best.

To Entertain Visitors.

HOW rapidly the Great Southwest is developing into the playground of America! Life in this section of the world is always one blessed thing after another. The

next notable event on the card will be the Los Angeles Prosperity Indoor Carnival, to begin about the middle of December and to last probably all winter. It will not all be indoors, for there has arrived already a great celebrity from Europe named Cameron. He arrived from Australia, where he has been giving exhibitions of his wonderful skill. He will slide twice a day, suspended only by his teeth, from the tower on The Times Building on First and Broadway to the Boston Store Building, where the carnival will be held, near Third and Broadway. His night slide will be illuminated with fireworks. It will be very spectacular. Another great feature for this show is the "trip to the moon," a spectacle which has been shown at Coney Island all summer. It is described as a scenic illusion both instructive and entertaining.

Come Out Here, Girl.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY, November 25, Miss Clara Pause of the University of Illinois came to Chicago to astonish the residents of the Windy City by taking a long swim in the lake. The beach was covered with ice and her bathing suit covered with an ulster. The ice on the sand did not terrify Miss Pause, who waded out and was soon swimming freely in Lake Michigan. The temperature of the air and the water was the same, 63 deg. The telegram bearing the report says: "On her return journey she walked past numerous sun porches on which sat women and men as in summer. With one exception, it was the warmest Thanksgiving on record for twenty years." This would be a chilly day so far as the temperature of the water is concerned anywhere on the Pacific Coast from San Francisco to Panama. The temperature of the water in the Pacific Ocean does not vary five degrees between the Fourth of July and January 1. It is no unusual thing on our coast to see swimmers indulge freely in a plunge any day in the whole year.

Practically Accomplished Fact.

A CONTRACT has been let and work will begin at once on the construction of the Security National Bank building on the east side of Spring street adjoining the Security Savings Bank Building, on the corner of Spring and Fifth streets. This, together with the big Kerckhoff Building on Los Angeles street at Sixth, has been under contemplation for many months, but delayed in execution on account of the depressed conditions in business circles throughout the whole country. The beginning of work on the two great structures marks very definitely the improved conditions in business here. It will be a classic structure with granite face and will cost about \$300,000.

Such a Thanksgiving Day!

IT WAS typical Southern California weather in Los Angeles, and indeed throughout all California, on Thanksgiving Day, November 25. The day would have been hailed anywhere else as perfect in May or June. The great population of Los Angeles had every reason to be thankful, and thousands of them crowded the churches more than once during the day to express their gratitude for the many blessings that had been showered upon them during the year. Many of these temples were crowded with devout congregations far more numerous than are to be found in them on Sunday.

Beans for Europe.

THE Times several days ago announced that orders had been received here for 40,000 bags of California beans to feed the English army engaged in the European struggle. Of course, so large an initial order probably to be followed by others from time to time, could not have any other effect than to raise the prices of the beans on the spot. It is estimated that the advance in price will put \$1,500,000 extra money in the pockets of the California bean growers.

Wise in Their Generation.

THAT the San Diego exposition is to be continued all next year is now apparently an assured fact. Many of the exhibits are to be brought from San Francisco to be shown at San Diego throughout the whole of 1916. The president of the institution, on his return recently from San Francisco, announced an absolute assurance of a fine display from Canada. But more than this, splendid exhibits from Italy, Switzerland



Saturday, December 4, 1915.

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Russia, The Netherlands and other countries are in prospect. This is good news for San Diego, for all California and for all America, but perhaps those most interested should be the people in the countries whence these exhibits come. So far as human eyes can see 'nto the future, they will be safe in San Diego, but Providence alone is prescient enough to see what might happen to them in their own native lairs.

A Notable Event.

THE other day the Automobile Club of Southern California made a trip along the great State highway now complete between Los Angeles and San Diego. This highway represents an investment of \$1,250,000. It is a concrete and asphalt road. In the first place, it is as good a road as the world can boast of. In the second place, it passes through a section of country unparalleled on the globe. For both variety and abundance of the crops of the earth and for the value of them, there is no similar stretch of country on the globe that can match this strip between the two southern cities. It is the garden spot of the world. It must be confessed that Orange county is the heart of this prolific section. Nor is it crops alone that make the road notable. It traverses a country of scenic beauty, as thrilling as the Riviera and as grand in spots as anything in the world.

Another Big Plunge.

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO. is a great exporting firm composed of Scotch capitalists whose head office is at San Francisco, with branches in Portland, Or., and Los Angeles. They have been engaged in the shipping trade between this country and Europe for a generation or more. Now the firm is going into farming and has made a big plunge into Imperial Valley property. Adjacent to Calipatria they have bought a solid tract of 10,000 acres, said to represent an investment of \$1,000,000. It is also announced that they will spend \$300,000 in improvements on their property.

The purpose of this large investment seems to be primarily the cultivation of cotton. The valley is famous for its cotton, producing every known variety in the most admirable manner and yielding immense crops. England has been the leading country of the world in cotton manufacture for many years and is often at her wits' end for a supply of raw material. This British company sees a good deal of opportunity in producing this fiber in the Imperial Valley and doubtless their product will all go to England.

Los Angeles in the Swim.

FOR many months things looked black to merchants, manufacturers and business men generally, particularly the bankers as they scanned the reports of bank clearings week by week. Every week the deficit column was as long as a man's arm, and every city in the country was in that deplorable list. For weeks past there has been a change in this, and now nearly every city is on the increase list. Our own Los Angeles, God bless her! in spite of her many attractions was one of these that lingered longest on the minus side of the column. Now for three or four weeks past Los Angeles has been on the right side, and increasingly so. She has not got to her full measure of prosperity yet, for a week ago her clearings were only a little more than \$17,000,000 for the week, whereas in flush times they run from about \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000. It should be borne in mind, too, that the comparison is of this year with last year, the most depressed period the country has gone through for many months. If the comparison is made with 1912 there is another story to tell.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Half a life is no better than a whole one. Many a large idea originates in a small head.

One may be as good as the next—in a barber shop.

It sometimes happens that a man is married to his boss.

But it doesn't take a blunt person long to come to the point.

It's enough to make a wife frown if her husband "smiles" too often.

And many a woman prides herself on her ability to understand things without giving them a thought.—[Washington Star.]

Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

An "Ever-ready" Hypo.

THE abuse of the hypodermic needle, particularly by "dope" takers, has brought all forms of hypodermic medication into unmerited disrepute among persons ignorant of its wonderful advantages. In point of fact, the "needle" is now employed for administering scores of different remedies, aside from its well-known use in administering narcotics. Many of these remedies are inert when administered in any other way. And in emergency cases, where immediate effects are essential, the hypodermic is absolutely indispensable.

The use of the hypodermic is so simple that any intelligent person may use it if properly instructed. But preparing the dose to be used, and keeping the syringe and needle sterile, are annoying details that are sometimes slighted in the hurry of an emergency. Recently, however, a type of individual dose of syringe, always ready for use, has been perfected, which is a boon to hypodermic users.

This "syringe" is a miniature collapsible tube, precisely like the tubes containing vaseline or tooth paste. In place of the screw cap, however, there is a protruding hypodermic needle of the regulation type. The tube itself is about an inch long and contains in solution a single dose of the drug to be administered, while the needle is protected from injury by a removable cap. This cap is removed when the dose is to be given, the needle inserted under the skin and the contents of the tube squeezed through it.

The advantages of this ever-ready hypo are manifest. In cases of collapse where a stimulant must be administered instantly, or to relieve a violent attack of asthma, or to administer an antidote, one of these little hypodermics may prove a veritable life-saver. It is always ready for use, contains the proper dose accurately measured, is sterile—and may be carried in the corner of a vest pocket.

Detection and Control of Typhoid.

The detection, prevention and treatment of typhoid fever is a triumph of modern science. Typhoid fever, even in its milder form, is always a menace to life, and unfortunately this type is the one most difficult to detect. The following paragraph from a government report gives concisely the modern method of detecting and combating this disease:

"Three years ago the field men of the Geological Survey as well as some of the office force, took advantage of the offer of the War Department to supply official anti-typhoid serum, and practically the entire force of men were inoculated. Two cases of typhoid among the topographic engineers indicate the great effectiveness of this inoculation. In both these cases the men simply felt 'off feed' for a couple or three days and refused to go on the sick list; in fact, typhoid would not have been suspected in either case except that in one of them somebody suggested the possibility, and an exhaustive hospital examination, blood test, etc., showed that the engineer had a theoretically well-developed case of typhoid, the practical results of which, however failed to incapacitate him for duty, so that he did not even go to bed for one day."

Dangerous Children's Diseases.

Anyone who doubts that such apparently trivial ailments as measles and whooping-cough are serious diseases will find food for thought in the following excerpt from the California State Journal of Medicine:

"During 1914," says the Journal, "there were 8852 cases of measles reported to the California State Board of Health, with 150 deaths, and during the same year 2595 cases of whooping-cough were reported, with 305 deaths. The tragedy does not lie in deaths alone, however, for the complications that often follow are what give these diseases their deadly character. Some health authorities say that tuberculosis follows measles and whooping-cough more often than any other of the communicable diseases. However this may be the wise parent exercises every precaution to protect the child from these diseases until as late a period in childhood as may be possible.

"The control of these diseases is largely in the hands of parents. Every case should be isolated as soon as recognized. To admit knowingly a child suffering from either of these diseases to the schools and picture

shows or to any public gathering is a direct offense against all public health regulations."

It is very generally believed that measles is far more dangerous than whooping-cough. But the fact that one child in every eight died of whooping-cough, whereas only about one in fifty succumbed to measles, shows the fallacy of this conception.

Sterilizing Cloth by Ironing.

It is a useful thing to know that cloth, particularly the thin strips of cotton and linen used as bandages, may be sterilized thoroughly by the simple process of ironing. It is well known that most disease germs are killed by a few seconds' contact with high temperatures. Boiling, for example, will kill all germs in a few minutes, and in this process the temperature is usually only 212 deg. Fahr. A somewhat higher temperature is required if the heat is to be applied in a dry form; but very few germs can resist a temperature of 300 deg. of dry heat, and it has been demonstrated by experiment that the ordinary flat iron as used by the housewife is usually something over 300 deg. Fahr. If this iron is applied to a strip of linen or cotton, even during the momentary process of ironing, it kills all germs, so that the piece of cloth may be used as a sterilized dressing.

"It is necessary before sterilizing each piece to pass the hot iron afresh over the linen covering of the ironing board," says a writer in "The Nurse." "The iron may be considered as sufficiently hot when, on bringing it within a few centimeters of the cheek, a heat too powerful to be borne is felt. In ironing, it is necessary to touch the linen, therefore aseptic hands are required, and, in addition, it is a good plan to paint the tips of the fingers with tincture of iodine. The blue mark caused on the linen thereby is of no consequence in this case. The sine qua non is that the linen should be carefully moistened before ironing. Finally, the linen is ironed surface by surface and fold by fold. It is important never to touch the linen, save at the corners, and always to run the iron over the place that has been touched.

"If the material is not to be used immediately it should be placed in a sterile container as soon as possible."

Massage as Hair Restorer.

The number of remedies that have been tried as hair restorers at one time or another must easily number into the hundreds, and this fact alone is evidence enough of their inefficiency. When the hair follicles have been actually destroyed, as is the case in baldness, there is nothing that will restore them. But in the stage of approaching baldness, where a large proportion of the hair follicles still exist, although the growth of hair may be considerably thinned, there are certain remedies that will stimulate these follicles to produce a new growth of hair. Probably the best and most effective of these remedies is vigorous massage of the scalp. The following method of applying this massage is given in a recent issue of "The Nurse":

Support the patient's head with one hand on the forehead. Make deep, firm, vibrating pressure with the finger tips, but not sliding them over its surface. Avoid allowing the nails to come in contact with the scalp. Either the right or left hand, as convenient, may be used for support and the other for giving the massage, covering various localities of the scalp. This movement is given to promote circulation.

Support the head as in the first movement. With the heel of the other hand make deep pressure over the entire scalp. In this movement the heel of the hand is placed against the scalp with firm pressure, and by making a rotary movement the surface of the scalp is moved against the skull in as large a circle as can be made without sliding the hand over the surface. This movement is given both to loosen the scalp and to promote circulation.

Massage of the scalp by this method is effective in restoring health to the hair, in excessive dandruff, and in any condition in which malnutrition of the scalp is present.

Contagiousness of Cancer.

There seems to be an impression, amounting to a fixed belief among a large number of people, that cancer is contagious—that a

person may "catch" the disease by contact with a cancer sufferer. This is a mistake. Cancer is not contagious and, so far as is known, is not conveyed from one person to another.

This misconception about the contagiousness of cancer brings a great amount of suffering to many of the cancer victims, all of whom are already sorely enough stricken. Frequently, if they have no homes of their own, they find it difficult to find suitable places to live, or persons to minister to their suffering, owing to the popular dread of the disease. So that the afflicted person must not only bear the tortures of his malady, but is often denied the humane consideration which is given universally to persons suffering from less loathsome diseases. Yet this lack of consideration is usually due to the misconception about the contagiousness of malignant growths.

Bacteria in Ice Cream.

For some time after the discovery that diseases are caused by bacteria it was believed that most of these organisms were killed by freezing and that those that were not actually killed were prevented from multiplying by freezing temperatures. But later investigations have shown that some harmful bacteria not only live, but thrive, even in such frozen foods as ice cream.

It is pretty clearly established, for example, that the bacillus which causes typhoid fever is sometimes found in ice cream, and many typhoid epidemics have been traced to this source of infection. Ice cream which contains gelatin seems to be exceptionally well adapted to nourishing this bacillus, which survives for twelve to forty days in cream kept continuously at several degrees below the freezing point.

A series of experiments recently completed prove this beyond question, as the following paragraph from the exhaustive report shows: "Ice cream was made in the usual manner, except that to the quart one level tablespoonful of gelatin was added, and 40,000 typhoid bacilli per cubic centimeter of ice cream were introduced. The ice cream was kept continuously at a temperature of about 4 deg. below zero centigrade. After twenty-four hours the total number of bacilli per quart was 660,000. The ice cream remained quite hard for about ten days and then softened, became separated into layers, was semi-fluid and stringy. Typhoid bacilli were isolated twenty-five days after inoculation and the total bacterial count on that day was 5,600,000."

War's Help to Women.

It is generally conceded that war, despite its horrors and demoralization of the gen-

eral population, is nevertheless helpful to certain bodies of men. But heretofore women have not shared in these beneficent effects, however meager. The European war, however, has created an unprecedented demand for women's services, particularly the services of women physicians.

"The present war," says the New York Medical Journal, editorially "in draining the belligerent countries of their male population has naturally thrown unwonted responsibilities on women. In various callings, positions from which women had previously been rigorously excluded, or to which they have been admitted only under protest, are now being thrown open and women are eagerly invited to enter. In the medical profession especially the demands of the military service have produced a deficiency in the supply of civilian practitioners which can be remedied only by utilizing the services of women physicians.

"In London a large hospital sent an application to the secretary of the London School of Medicine for Women: 'Send us any women at any salary.' . . . In Germany, according to press reports, in spite of the absence of the customary American, Russian, English and Swiss women students, the enrollment of women medical students has risen from 874 to 1150, and the entry of German women in the medical course has been greatly facilitated by a recent measure recognizing the diplomas of girls' schools as adequate entrance credentials throughout the empire.

"While at the close of the war men will tend to displace women physicians again to a greater or less extent, it may be taken for granted that the old order will never be re-established in its entirety. If there are fields of medical work for which women are entirely unfitted the fact will have to be demonstrated and they will be replaced as speedily as possible; but if there are posts which a competent woman may fill as well as a competent man (it is said, by the way, that even in the organization and administration of Red Cross units women have done excellent service) it will be impossible for conservatism any longer to deny all opportunity to women."

[Pittsburgh Post:] "How is Dr. Wombat as a physician?"

"Best ever. When you get exhausted over bridge he prescribes dancing as a rest cure."

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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Color Schemes.
THE ENGLISH ARE EXPERTS IN THEIR DEVELOPMENT HERE THAT EVERY COLOR SCHEME, LESS IN CALIFORNIA THAN ELSEWHERE, FOR THE REASON THAT WE DEEM IT NECESSARY TO CONTROL THE COLOR SCHEMES.

Plant Roses Now.
In severe climates roses and perennials are planted in the fall. In California it is best to plant roses and things in like manner in the fall. They will then bloom in the spring.

Planting Food in Treating Com-
pound fractures due to gunshot wounds. Luckily for us we do not depend on im-

Dahlias Not Dainty.
In California we have some showy desert shrubs named Dahlias. In honor of a man and his in texture, resembling travelling in Europe for surgical dressing in pink many colors, but that now being gathered in this country, the more comes in score of species native to the American.

Jose Maria, Known as "El Jorobado."

By Maria de Galeana.

ON THE MARCH.

THE hunch on his back, from which he derived the nickname of "El Jorobado," hurt as he stumbled through the arid path of the desert region. Dust blinded his eyes to the beauties of the cacti that were commencing to open waxen, perfumed blossoms among the rocks that were everywhere. The thirsty flora were anticipating the scant rains and doing their best to beautify the wilderness. But "El Jorobado" saw not the delicate flowers neither did he feel their thorns; his feet were hardened to a hoof-like toughness that made them impervious to cactus thorns; his eyes were red and bloodshot with the dust of the many days' march; his bent back bent more under the heavy burden of the form of his small half-brother that, inert in sleep, hung in a piece of an old sarape half way down to "El Jorobado's" toughened feet, the ends of the sarape being tied in a hard knot that he alternately wore under his chin or up on his forehead as he shifted it back and forth to ease the weight of the sleeping child on his neck or on the frontal part of his shabby head.

The misshapen form, the unkempt head, the dirty body bent under its heavy load, the air of hopeless stolidity with which he bore his burden as he struggled to keep up with the others on the march, his total uncouthness and repulsiveness, would have seemed to mark him as one of the desert's own—one with its hideous fauna that crept slyly on pale bellies or squatted on bent legs hoarding their deadly venom behind forked tongues.

"El Jorobado" had much in common with these desert horrors. In a tough leathern bag which he carried under his ragged scrap of a poncho, hung from his neck by a thin strip of rawhide and warming his stomach by its solidity rather than by its animal heat, always reposed his pet rattlesnake. He fed it once a month, or whenever he arrived at a convenient place about the time he judged it needed a dead mouse or bird. He set a snare of cords of litle for the mice if he chanced to be where there were any or killed a bird with his sling. Walking along with head bent down always under the load of some one of his half brothers or sisters that formed his mother's brood he frequently stumbled on rattlers and other venomous reptiles; he could not resist the temptation to gently put his hand down and watch them stop and allow themselves to be taken in his hands when they saw he meant them no harm. He would have kept them all had it been possible, but since that might not be he solaced himself with seeing that no harm came to the pet that he carried in the leathern bag slung to his neck. Since his half brothers' and sisters' father killed the last one he had, he took unusual precautions with its successor.

"El Jorobado's" mother, a child slung to her back and one carried on her breast under the double folds of first a strip of manta and then her faded blue rebozo which she wore after the fashion of oriental women, to temper the heat of the tropical sun, was a soldadera, and, forming one of that numerous troop of roving women that go to make up the commissary of the army, followed her prisoner-soldier man wherever fate—in the form of well-dressed, trained officers—ordained. Sometimes they traveled in box cars, herded in like cattle, women and children in a heterogeneous mass. At others, they squatted or knelt on the flat cars and many times shared the space with chickens, pigs, turkeys and goats. They carried their household articles along, for these consisted only of two or three potatoes to spread out on the ground to sleep on wherever night overtook them, and a metate on which to grind corn for tortillas, together with some ollas and cazuelas for dishes. Sometimes one metate would serve for two or three soldaderas and this was hardship indeed, for any woman who deserves the name aspires to own her own metate; it is the family hearthstone and all but kitchen in one, significant of home and food. Beside it all other comforts pale; without it no place is home. It is the unrecognized family altar around which the various members gather, and contributes more to the cementing of the lax family ties than any other visible external object, among the people to whom it

has come as their inheritance of centuries, the peon class.

"El Jorobado's" mother had borne many children since she married his step-father. His own father had been a negligible quantity so far as "El Jorobado" was concerned. "El Jorobado," in spite of his forbidding aspect, was possessed of that peculiar acumen with which Nature endows her most unfortunate; he early learned not to ask about a father. About the time that he commenced to notice that a father was the usual appendage of other families and administered family beatings he also comprehended that that parent had been omitted in the scheme of his existence. He had no cause to regret this inasmuch as his mother made up the lack of a male parent in so far as lay within her ability, in regard to the beatings. She drank, and in one of her debauches in some way injured the back of the already ill child who was henceforth known as "El Jorobado"—The Hunchback.

Then "El Jorobado's" mother married—truly—his stepfather, and left off the drink as her numerous brood was born into the world, and, the greater part of them, buried. In her wandering life she could not care for them. They were born with disease-tainted bodies and easily fell prey to the febre—fever, or dysentery; or just, in lieu of anything else to die of, they succumbed—in the judgment of the other soldaderas, to a dolor—a pain. There was no attempt to explain or cure the cause of the pain; it was just a clear case of the pain itself killing the individual. A plain pine coffin hastily thrust into a shallow wayside grave was the most that could be accorded these stray waifs of Fate; many times they were wrapped in a torn tule mat or old huangoche or piece of sarape. Their resting places for the long sleep were watered by copious weepings, for the peon women, when not perverted by drink or marihuana, are affectionate mothers and long for their dead children.

But the march, ever the march, caused them to forget.

Sometimes they stopped long in white and tinted cities. Then, their men in the barracks, the soldaderas lived in near-by shacks and prepared and carried to them their food. Then the women gossiped and carried on neighborly intercourse while they washed the corn for the nixtamal and happily ground the masa for the tortillas, kneeling on the ground over the cherished metate; or daintily patted the finely-ground masa into round, thin tortillas and baked them on the clay or sheet iron comal over wood or charcoal fires in rude brasiers.

Their dark-eyed broods of children sprawled in the dirt and played and fought and took no thought for the morrow, content if the day brought forth sufficient to still the gnawings inside them caused by hunger and if they might roll up wherever dusk found them in any old piece of a cobijita or old carpet from some refuse pile and sleep till early dawn.

The mothers industriously mended and washed the old family rags and kept the little bodies partly covered; they nearly always could beg enough cast-off old shoes from more well-to-do children to cover the back part of the small feet, even if all the toes stared brazenly forth. On the march they usually wore guaraches.

Wherever Nature munificently furnished them with sufficient water for a wetting, there they all bathed and the family washing was hung on greasewood or any other handy bushes to dry while dark little cupids sported among the rocks or decorously squatted under a piece of sheet or handy garment until wind and sun completed the process. When there was time, heads were diligently searched for vermin and cunning little brushes made of swine's bristles brushed tangled locks to a semblance of smoothness which was completed by a generous smearing of lard.

"El Jorobado" gasped noiselessly with lack of breath and the effort he made to conceal his fatigue. His mother trotted, Indian fashion, at his side, bearing her double burden and breathing audibly. Heat and thirst consumed them, and the smaller children's complainings were stilled in fitful slumber from which they aroused to occasionally murmur "agua;" and there was no water to place to their parched lips.

In other places, on other journeys, they

had hungered and thirsted, but not for long. When water had become scarce there had been an occasional desert fruit to wet their mouths, thorny, spiny, forbidding to look and touch, but containing within forbidding exteriors food and drink. And tubers of mountain and desert plants furnished welcome nourishment when rations ran short.

But now their journey lay along long deserted trails, down steep barrancas where streams were dried at the bottoms or were lost in underground channels. Their guaraches were worn through and the exposed soles of their toughened feet trod on burning sands and heated surfaces of flat and jagged rocks.

The soldiers stumbled and swayed under the load of their kits and commenced to fall by the path now clearly being traced by scores of feet. Generous proddings from their superior officers induced them to take a new lease on life and resume the march, since to remain behind meant death.

The officers themselves were but little, if any, better off than the soldiers and the women and children. Their mounts were exhausted and already many had been abandoned and their riders were sharing the luck of the common soldiers.

"El Jorobado" had a secret. Unwelcomed into a hard world, beaten during his infancy and early childhood by his mother and afterward by his stepfather, his mother—as other children came into their lives and some of them slipped into the shadow world—turned to him for consolation and comfort and "El Jorobado" worshiped her with the gratitude of an outcast for her, to him, unexplainable tenderness, and devoted to her all the loyalty of the heroic soul that dwelt within his misshapen body.

For that reason "El Jorobado" aided his mother in bearing the triple burden of small brothers and sisters, and, stifling his own complainings, watched his mother's face as he stumbled and regained his position at her side time and again. His stepfather was one of those who most often was falling out of the ranks and being prodded into renewed activity. His blasphemous oaths rent the tense air and beat on their eardrums shrilly. He and his mother struggled on, inattentive to all but their own sufferings and the moans of the children burdening their necks and foreheads. The stepfather's shrieks rose and fell as he stumbled and plodded on to the coaxing of prods. He remembered his family somewhere in the line of marchers. Why had they not long ago become victims of the heat and cursed thirst? He had been a marihuana fiend, among others of his vices, and the marihuana hunger was upon him in all its maddening tortures.

When in barracks he had preyed on the deadly fear in which he held her subject to oblige "El Jorobado's" mother to pass the forbidden herb in to him. The uncontrollable longing mingled with the thirst that consumed him and his rage grew into a fury as he wondered how "El Jorobado" still lived while he thirsted and was prodded, and why the woman and her breed were allowed to live while he suffered.

Under the influence of marihuana he would not be fighting these invisible forces of heat and thirst; he would strike out, as a man at visible foes. Where were "El Jorobado" and the woman? He scarcely remembered now the children. Suddenly he remembered something as a luminous flame; he had seen "El Jorobado" place a small flask in the cursed leathern bag that always hung at his neck. Well he knew that in that bag dwelt "El Jorobado's" curious pet. But his mind reverted also to the fact that only a few days before he had seen "El Jorobado" feed the rattlesnake and that now it would be torpid and sluggish, digesting its meal; or at least that is the way he half reasoned, in his insane cunning.

That flask! What might it contain? Something for time of need, he would wager. Whose need could be greater than his own and by what right was it withheld from him? Clearly, craft would stand him in good stead now. He stumbled and fell behind others in line behind him. His step, at the same time, became more firm and he no longer fell out by the wayside. The officer, tired with prodding him into line, allowed him to drop behind since he did not seem disposed longer to fall out.

"El Jorobado" and his mother stumbled

side by side. When would they reach water? "El Jorobado" felt of the leathern bottle that hung on his breast, for the hundredth time; it bulged, since their last watering place, with an unusual protuberance; perhaps another snake, his mother had thought when she noticed it; she did not question him.

Panting, parching, "El Jorobado" drew forth carefully the cause of the protuberance in his bag and thrust it within his tattered garment. He would draw near his mother and apply a few drops of the life-giving water to her lips and to those of each of the children as soon as they rounded yonder rock. He could do without; she and the children must be saved.

Behind them, thrusting himself in and out in the straggling line of marchers, each one intent on his own sufferings, crept nearer and nearer "El Jorobado's" stepfather, obsessed with one sole idea, to get possession of the noxious bag.

Their ear-drums throbbing with heat and thirst, neither "El Jorobado" nor his mother heard him as his bare feet shuffled in the loose dirt and over the bare rocks. He followed them thus unperceived for some distance, trying to formulate in his mind what the flask hidden in the bag might contain. That it was a liquid of some kind he was certain. It might be liquor or it might be water. Perhaps it had already been drunk! The thought maddened him again.

As they rounded the rock "El Jorobado" touched his mother's arm and nearly halted. His stepfather's opportunity had come.

"El Jorobado" lost consciousness from the blow and did not feel when the bag was torn from his neck. When he awoke his mother, forgetting her own pangs and those of her other offspring, was forcing a few drops of water from the flask between his clenched teeth. He broke from her feebly detaining arms to a sitting posture and, in turn, with endearing words, poured water between her parched lips and down the throats of her other children.

They regained their feet with an effort, and hastened after their straggling companions, struggling, slipping, catching at shrubs and bushes as they descended the steep declivity of a barranca in whose depths gleamed water.

"El Jorobado's" mother glanced shudderingly at a bulk on the other side of the rock. It was motionless. The rifled leathern bag lay near. A spotted body lay on its sinuous pale belly under the edge of the rock. Buzzards collected above.

"What struck me, mother?" questioned "El Jorobado" as they gained the bottom with their companions.

She covered her face with the fringe of her rebozo and shuddered as she answered, "It was the sun, my son. You were overcome with the heat and fell as if a blow had been dealt you, Josecito. Then I found the blessed water. May God be praised!"

It was the first time that "El Jorobado" had ever heard his mother utter a pious ejaculation. She rarely called him Jose Maria or Josecito. He was filled with awe and affection for her. His tiny, misshapen body glowed with the pride and affection of a youth for a beautiful mother. To him she was beautiful. He felt for the leathern belt and found the emptiness. His retentive memory recalled a forgotten shuffle behind him before he received the blow that his mother said had been the sun.

He looked up, far up, to the edge of the barranca. He saw the buzzards circling there and settling. He touched his mother's arm and she grasped his shrunken hand in hers. "Yes," he said, "May God be praised!"

A Broad Hint.

[Yonkers Statesman:] "Is that an eight-day clock?" asked the young man, as the timepiece struck the midnight hour.

"Well," replied the sweet young thing, with a yawn, "why don't you stay a little longer and find out?"

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "And what do you do at your Shakespeare club?"

"Oh, we discuss Shakespeare."

"Seems rather—"

"While we play bridge, of course," the other lady hurriedly explained.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.
publish a dry-farming experiment station there.

Brazil has set aside a number of forest reserves, and she is investigating the possibility of her lumber industry. She is cultivating trees for the reforestation of certain districts, and will plant trees with the relation of the forest to the water supply. Some of the public gardens are already distributing such trees to the various towns as shade trees. Several hundred thousand a year are being sent out.

Among the most important crops that are being investigated and experimented with here is cotton. The government has imported cotton experts from our southern States. It has sent them to investigate certain parts of its territories, and they report that Brazil has millions of acres suited to this plant. In order to stimulate the cultivation of cotton, the Agricultural Department is co-operating with the agricultural societies in a campaign of instruction. They are showing the planters how to improve the staple and quality of the cotton, and they have demonstration farms where the most advanced methods of cultivation are shown. They are employing traveling lecturers to advise with the growers, and are sending out bulletins giving the latest information upon cotton and cotton raising.

Cotton and Mineral Enterprises.

In the same connection the Brazil Railway Company has been experimenting in cotton. The manager of the company said to me:

"Our experiments have proven very satisfactory. We have imported American seed, and we find that it does far better than the native seed, the yield being larger than that of the United States. Brazil has a cotton area which is fully twice as large as that of Texas, and it will produce as good cotton as almost any part of the United States. We have no boll weevil, and are careful not to import seed from the boll weevil sections."

The government has under way a number of new projects to develop its mineral in-

dustries. These are in their infancy. Brazil is full of minerals, and much of it has never been prospected. It has vast deposits of iron, and also gold, copper and diamonds. I have already written of the iron. The government has given concessions for some of the ore fields to capitalists from England and the United States. There are railroads which go through, or very near, the richest deposits. The ore is of a fine quality, and it is known to exist in billions of tons. One block that was measured by the engineers is said to contain over 20,000,000 tons of ore. That ore carried 50 per cent. iron, and it is of such a character that it can be easily mined. These ores have been analyzed by experts of the Krupp works and of the United States Steel Corporation and are undoubtedly of great value. If coal could be discovered it would result in an enormous steel industry, but as it is now the ores will have to be shipped to other countries for smelting and manufacturing.

Bonuses for Manufacturers.

Brazil is ready to give concessions to manufacturing institutions. It has recently proposed to grant 4 per cent. on the capital invested in the establishment of the first five iron works in the republic, with an increase of 2 per cent. if Brazilian coal is used. Machinery of many kinds is now admitted free on application to the Federal government. This is so of all machines used in rubber factories; and the Congress has recently considered a bill giving a premium of \$15,000 to anyone who will invent a more economical process for curing rubber. Rio de Janeiro has granted to the first company establishing a flour mill exemption of all export taxes on wheat flour for ten years, and also sufficient land for building the mill and for raising of wheat on a large scale. In some parts of the State of Bahia they are giving premiums to tobacco planters, and in other places they give concessions for various kinds of manufacture.

The manufacturers of cotton have been greatly favored in the way of tariff and also in freedom from duty on the importa-

tion of certain kinds of machinery. As a result cotton spinning is about the most important of the industries. There are large factories at Rio and others in Sao Paulo and in other States. There are something like 1,000,000 spindles and 35,000 looms in operation, and the annual product amounts to 420,000,000 yards of cloth. The capital invested is more than \$60,000,000.

The government of Brazil is doing a great deal along the lines of health and sanitation. When I was in Rio de Janeiro fifteen years ago every foreigner was afraid of yellow fever, and the American residents took castor oil for every headache, for fear it might be the precursor of that dread disease. Today Rio is one of the healthy cities of the world. Its death rate has fallen to twenty per thousand and it has more old men than any other great city. In all France there are only 134 people who are more than 80 years old. The statistics show that this city has 178 inhabitants who have lived more than a century, and that, notwithstanding it has only one-thirty-eighth the population of France.

Health Cared for.

Rio de Janeiro is now under the best of sanitary conditions. The streets are almost painfully clean. They are swept every night and are sprinkled all day by sprinkling machines that are often run on the street car tracks. The war against disease began six or seven years ago. It was carried on by the government and was the outcome of our success at Panama. At that time all the houses were visited by medical inspectors under the superintendence of seventy-two doctors and a host of medical students. Every building was thoroughly disinfected, and 1,500,000 tanks and reservoirs were cleaned. All of the streams in and about the city were dredged and every pool of stagnant water was coated with coal oil.

For several years the annual expenditures for sanitation were more than \$3,000,000. In 1906 mosquito hordes to the number of 153,000 were destroyed, 600,000 cisterns disinfected and 44,000 reservoirs coated with

petroleum. Since then the health regulations have been strenuously enforced, and today every house in the capital is sanitary. The city has a brigade of 1500 mosquito killers, who visit the sewers and look out for stagnant water. They also disinfect the ships that come into the harbor. Every public school now has its colored pictures showing the life history of the mosquito and how to destroy it. The children are also given instructions as to the use of quinine.

At the same time the new sanitation has been introduced into the other parts of the republic. In Sao Paulo the death rate has fallen 50 per cent., and in Bahia, which was formerly very unhealthy, it is now only eighteen per thousand. They are even making Para, the famous yellow fever resort at the mouth of the Amazon, sanitary; and Santos, which was long known as "the white man's graveyard," is now one of the healthy cities of the republic.

A great part of this work has been done under Dr. Oswaldo Cruz, who stands here in Brazil as Dr. Gorgas does in the United States. Dr. Cruz got his training under Dr. Gorgas, and he compares favorably with him in ability and efficiency. It was to him that was given the charge of the cleaning up of Rio, the Federal government directing him to go ahead without regard to cost or to the protests of the public. He had almost absolute power. He could close up a man's house if the man would not conform to the sanitary regulations. In his work he showed great administrative ability. He offered to clean up Rio de Janeiro in two years, and he had it clean in nine months.

Dr. Oswaldo Cruz is at the head of what is said to be the most complete biological laboratory of the world. This is situated at Mangunhos, forty-five minutes from the capital. It can be reached by either rail or water. It is noted for its researches regarding the plague and other diseases. It makes almost every kind of serum known, and it has among its officials a number of specialists, both Brazilian and foreigners.

[Copyright, 1915, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

In Search of Romance. By Bob Foote.

IN SAN GABRIEL.

"S"ATAN finds mischief still for idle hands to do" is very popular philosophy, and little account is taken of the good which the white angel sometimes accomplishes with idle hands and even idle feet. If the procrastination of a contractor had not delayed the opening of a new Los Angeles vaudeville theater one week, thereby giving Polly La Clare's Little Girls one day of idleness before they started out on a hastily-booked tour of a week to fill the time originally intended for Los Angeles, Maggie Murphree would still be doing the merry-merry with that interesting troupe of ponies masquerading as juveniles. She would be doing it under the name of Genevieve Lorraine, however, and as an encore to her own particular song she would be singing the old favorite, "Any Little Girl," rolling her blue eyes, the azure shade of which would be greatly assisted by a blue pencil.

For doing this Genevieve Lorraine would be receiving \$35 every Saturday night, and would be paying her own hotel bills. But in spite of the fact that this was \$15 more than she had been accustomed to as a squab in a burlesque house within at least two miles of the Great White Way, only the fact that squabs had gone out and pelicans had come in had driven the girl with the big blue eyes away from the charming vicinity of "Noo York" with a vaudeville troupe.

Psychologists may say it was because Maggie, alias Genevieve, possessed an inquiring nature that she forsook the drama as represented by a 10c-20c-30c three-a-day circuit. They would be, to a certain extent, correct. If Genevieve Lorraine had never played in that class of comic opera wherein a Spanish lover, a tenor from Pennsylvania, dressed in a costume from Mexico, sings heart throbs and makes love so convincingly and precipitately, she would never have been moved to wonder how the real article behaved under the influence of the naked little god.

Having thus diagnosed the whickness of the whyfore, let us proceed with the tale.

The "Little Girls" arrived in the city of the angels at 9 a.m. on Monday morning. Genevieve (she was very much Genevieve at the time) hunted up a \$3 per week room which she was to share with her chum, Frances Crittenden, who was born to the name of Smith and had Sarah forcibly prefixed to it at the age of 2 days. Then Genevieve, with the rest of the troupe, reported at the theater at 10 a.m. for rehearsal with the local orchestra.

A sorrowing manager informed the assembled little girls, with other acts gathered for the opening show, of the week's postponement and instructed them to return at 7 that evening, by which time he would have arranged a week's tour for them to fill time.

"Gosh, ain't it fierce?" exclaimed Genevieve, as she stood on the busy street before the uncompleted theater and watched the hurrying thousands rush by with a hustle reminiscent of New York.

"Oh, I don't know," replied the faithful Sarah Frances Crittenden Smith by her side. "A whole day off ain't so bad, unless the eagle-squeezer docks us our little five for it."

"I was referring to this town," answered Genevieve, seriously. "The nearest I ever came to a foreign tour was when we played in El Paso once, and then the greasers were fighting so hard in War-is-hell across the sand river that I couldn't go over. I thought when I hit Southern California I'd see something different, but here it is, busier than little old New York on Monday morning. I'd like to see a real Spaniard once."

"We can see a show this afternoon and maybe tonight, if we don't hit out too early," comforted Sarah Frances, not understanding the complaint and therefore ignoring it.

Without answering, Genevieve walked back to the little window of the box office and demanded:

"Say, is there any place around here where I can see something that I couldn't find in Baltimore or Detroit? I thought this was California. I want some unadulterated romance with a tamale flavor. Get me?"

"Try San Gabriel; get the car on Main street," replied he inside, making further conversation impossible by answering a telephone ring.

So while the rest of her troupe enjoyed the regular chorus, girl day off in looking at rival acts in other houses, Genevieve Lorraine gave expression to the temperamental she did not know she possessed by hunting for something different.

Genevieve (still Genevieve, you see) got off the car before the long white mission building of San Gabriel, with its quaint architecture, so different from anything she had ever known. For a moment the girl held her breath in the ecstasy of having at last found something foreign. Then the car moved on and disclosed to her gaze on the other side of the roadway a row of little buildings with post cards prominently displayed for sale, and soft drink signs everywhere. Beyond was a frame building bearing the words "Mission Theater."

"For the love of Mike; the movies and a bunch of coca joints! That kid sure gave me a bum steer," she exclaimed, almost aloud.

A man was painting before the mission, a large canvas being held on a rickety easel. The girl's acquaintance with art was largely limited to the posters billing Polly La Clare's Little Girls which were displayed in theater lobbies around the circuit. Nevertheless, the artist was the only inviting thing in the landscape; the big mission had lost its charm for the girl when she discovered no Spanish tenor lounging before it. She approached the painter, studied the canvas a long minute, and then remarked, with measured criticism:

"It must be all right; I can't make head or tail of it."

"Good for you, kid; that's a new one," exclaimed the artist. "Everybody comes over, looks and raves. If it is as good as you say I am going to knock off and go home."

"Which way to the real country?" asked Maggie, sternly quelling any inclination Genevieve felt to return to the city and join her sisters in theatrical pilgrimage. If Genevieve could not find a Spanish tenor

at least Maggie might find a bit of real country air such as she had known in her childhood.

"I defy any one to miss it; go whichever way you will," answered the artist. "But, say, kid, why the country for you?"

"This don't look good to me; I'll try the spinach fields a while," said Maggie, subduing Genevieve, who might have stayed to flirt with the painter.

For the first time since she could remember long skirts the girl became aware, as she walked, of something intangibly fascinating in the clear air after the close confinement of her life in theaters, hotels and railroad coaches. She wandered down a pepper-tree-bordered road, catching the fragrance of orange blossoms from nearby groves, and wondering how Broadway florists could ask so much for the blossoms.

The road rounded a curve and descended a bluff. From the top of the declivity a wonderful panorama of mountain and valley was to be seen. To a person accustomed only to fleeting glimpses of beautiful landscape from rushing train windows, the view was full of the peace which only a quiet outlook can give. Genevieve (or was it Maggie laboring under the surge of Irish beauty-loving blood?) stopped, drew in a deep breath, and exclaimed aloud:

"Beats any backdrop ever painted."

"It sure does," answered a voice close by, and from beneath the nearest pepper tree, where he had been lying at ease, arose Genevieve's Spanish tenor.

The soft olive skin, the big eyes and dark eyelashes, were guiltless of make-up; the cigarette between the indolent lips was more realistic than any that ever figured in "Carmen." But there the naturalism stopped. This romantic face appeared above a high white collar, and the costume below would never have caught even a fleeting glance on Broadway, which is high proof of its absolute correctness. The artistic part of Genevieve rebelled at the lack of harmony.

"What is a man like you doing in those glad rags?" she demanded, indignantly, her sudden hope of romance shattered.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT)

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Branton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

Color Schemes.

THE ENGLISH ARE EXPERTS IN THEIR DEVELOPMENT IN GARDENS.

LITTLE attention is paid to garden color schemes, less in California than elsewhere, for the reason that everything blooms so riotously here that we deem attempts at control quite unnecessary. The English are the great color artists of the garden and they have garden books upon this subject alone. Sometimes colors are used for effects not necessarily allied to harmony, as when yellow is used on points thrust forward to shorten the apparent distance and blue is used to deepen the recesses and make them appear farther in the distance.

Many of the good sized local gardens have long borders where color schemes could be wrought with annuals or perennials, or with both. Remember two points which may be called fundamentals: White is the one great neutralizer or harmonizer in flowers and gray performs a similar office in foliage. Borders in which white flowers and gray foliage heavily predominate may have any and all colors in harmony so long as they do not mix, but have between them a mere touch of white. Such a peace-maker is often more necessary between shades closely allied than in marked contrasts. Thus with two shades of pink the lighter appears washed and faded in close comparison with a deeper and therefore stronger hue. Even great masses of white relieved by an occasional touch of any color never appear monotonous.

If you have a long straight path stretching away from the house try this scheme, using much or little, or even none of white: Plant yellow first, as it shortens the apparent distance between it and the observer, then comes red, merging gradually into orange-red, to orange, to yellow again, and finish with blue but do not run into purple or any shades allied to blue. If the border still runs on, you may repeat, or work in spots of lilac, magenta, and purple, but use these next yellows or whites and better, in the writer's opinion, to leave magenta out altogether. A deep border or banking scheme is to use white in lowly plants in the foreground, higher plants of yellow next, then orange and orange-red to a vivid red in the background. The same scheme may also be used as herein noted for the run down the border.

Do not have each shade or color in little dabs or patches, nor try to use too many colors in a short stretch. Let the scheme make for simplicity and we shall unconsciously attain dignity, for the former compels an attendance of a small amount of the latter in all cases. Plant in zones, of irregular numbers; do not use a dozen or a hundred of each color, but first a dozen of one and then a hundred of another. Do not have the color zones terminate too abruptly, but aim to blend without mixing. Rather have the zones lap and also slightly merge than run together in a mixture of both colors dotted in together with first a plant of one, followed by a plant of the other, and so on. This so-called style is "hostile" and is not art. Do not have a different color scheme on each side of a path, but plant on both sides as you progress so that the path will appear to pass through each zone of color, also have each lot reach a greater distance along the path than it is across the other way so that colors "drift" along with the observer rather than have bands cross his pathway. And do not have many lines or outlines parallel with the path, but rather transversely or at variance yet running rather with the path than across it.

Dwarf Fruit Trees.

IN city gardens, where space is generally at a premium, it is well to use dwarf fruit trees. These are obtained by grafting on dwarf stocks with scions of standard sorts. Apples are placed on paradise stock, cherry on mahaleb, and pears on the quince. Nearly all reputable nurserymen will furnish you with these dwarf fruit trees and in small gardens there is

often insufficient space for fruit trees of larger growth. Apples and pears thrive only in heavy soils; in sandy loams they are generally failures.

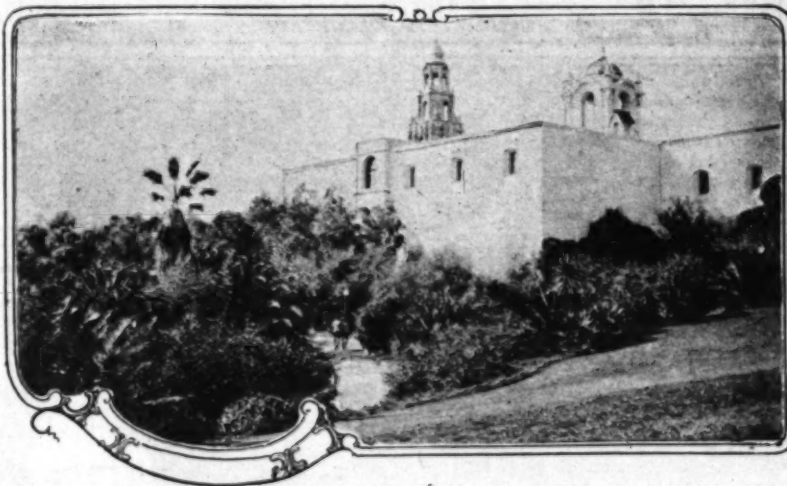
Dahlias Not Daleas.

IN California we have some showy desert shrubs named Dalea, in honor of a man named Dale. Please note that the a has the long sound. Many people, especially the English, will persist in calling Dahlias Daleas, though entirely wrong. The former were named for a Swedish botanist, Andrew Dahl and the a should have the broadest possible sound, almost like the a in dawn. Among the English the wrong pronunciation of this word is more common than the still more atrocious "tomawto" for tomato. What's the matter with po-taw-to? To return, we properly pronounce the names Dahlgren and Dalgetti, why not Dahlia.

dressings, especially good in treating compound fractures due to gunshot wounds. Luckily for us we do not depend on importations of this moss, as there are a score of species native to the Americas. As in this country, the moss comes in many colors, but that now being gathered in Europe for surgical dressings is pink and fine in texture, resembling ravellings from high-grade carpets. Hung in the sun it bleaches white as it dries, after which it is packed in bales and sent away to be sterilized. Its uses, as herein outlined, have never been considered in this country though we have an abundance equal in absorbent value to any found elsewhere.

Planting Precautions.

NOW that active planting has begun it is well to remember that soil preparation is often half the battle in the proper establishment of the plant in its



TREE AND SHRUB MASSING.

On the grounds of the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego may be found many fine examples of the massing of trees and shrubs for artistic (and therefore natural) effect. The problem in California, where we have so much material to choose from, is not so seriously one of what to use as what should be left out. Note in the illustration how our native fan palm is silhouetted against the sky, dominant over the lesser plants, and fairly shouting "California."

Shading Tree Trunks.

THE trunk of every fruit tree planted should be shaded the first year or until such time as the trunk will be shaded by the top during the hottest part of the day. Not alone fruit trees, but every tree with an exposed trunk should be so treated, for sun-scall often seriously retards growth and permanently damages the trunk, and the injury may come any or every month in the year. Gum diseases, a hide-bound condition of the bark, cracks and checks are often the result of sun-scall and borers and other pests often find their first refuge in these injured spots. A strip of burlap is all that is necessary for adequate protection.

Purple Cone-flower.

CHINACEA purpurea, commonly known as Purple Cone-flower, and often included under Rudbeckia, to which it is closely related, is one of the most distinctive of the composites flowering at this season of the year. It is a stately appearing plant of robust growth, attaining a height of three to four feet in good soil, and producing a succession of flowers for several weeks. These are about four inches in diameter, borne singly on stiff, stout stems and are exceedingly attractive. The ray florets are reddish purple, with a drooping tendency, while the large dark disc is tipped with orange. It is a sun loving plant and will flourish under dry conditions better than most perennials. Propagation is effected by seeds and division in spring.

Sphagnum Moss in War.

THE bog moss so much used by florists and nurserymen (species of sphagnum) has found a new use of late. At the front and in hospitals it is much in use in Europe as an absorbent surgical

new home. All soils should be worked deeply and holes dug much larger than needed for the reception of the roots. If soil is heavy or clay-like dig deeply, put some air-slacked lime in the bottom of the pit, put in some of the soil mixed with sand, gravel, leaves, straw, stable manure—any material that will aid in keeping the soil open, and on top of this plant your tree or shrub.

Mulch After Planting.

RICH or well rotted manure should not be used as mulch until shrubs have made new fibrous roots whose root hairs are capable of absorbing the food materials in solution which are rapidly formed in all fertile soils. Many shrubs are annually killed by excessive applications of stable manure as a mulch to soils already rich in essential food materials, especially those planted during the fall, whose inactive roots are incapable of absorption, and must remain in an urine-saturated soil until growth starts in the spring. These remarks on mulching apply also to trees which, in transplanting, often suffer injury to, or reduction of, the root system. The folly of applying rich manure to these will be obvious to many.

Plant Roses Now.

IN severe climates roses and perennials that are but half-hard are better if not planted until the cold weather of winter has passed. But in California it is best to plant roses and things in like class in the closing few weeks of the year for they will then bloom much better than if planted later. Our weather is sufficiently mild to allow roses to grow throughout winter and become well established with a good feeding system by spring. Then, with the first warm days they burst forth into a glorious period of blossoming.

Our Valuable Kelp.

INVESTIGATIONS seem to show that at present, considering the economic conditions on the Pacific Coast, kelp may be best prepared for the trade merely by drying and grinding. Even wet kelp, which contains 85 per cent. moisture, contains 2 1/2 per cent. of potash, where stable manure, alfalfa and cow-peas, all contain less than 1 per cent. Drying, however, increases the percentage of potash to 15.8 per cent. This commercial product also has 1.6 per cent of nitrogen and some phosphorus. On the retail market of the Pacific Coast the total value of a ton of kelp should be, according to estimates, \$22.94. [From U. S. Bulletin, No. 150.]

Roses for South Africa.

A FEW weeks ago we published a list of the best roses for parts of Australia with a climate similar to ours. Herewith are lists from "South African Gardening." All these sorts will do well here.

Twelve roses for house decoration: Etoile de France, Jonkheer J. L. Mock, Konigin Carola, Lady Hillingdon, Lady Roberts, Madame Edouard Herriot, Madame Jules Gravereaux, Madafne-Melaine Soupert, Pharisier, Safrano, White Maman Cochet, W. R. Smith.

Twelve roses for show purposes: Caroline Testout, Duchess of Sutherland, Frau Karl Druschki, Hugh Dickson, Jonkheer J. L. Mock, K. A. Victoria, Madame Jules Gravereaux, Maman Crochet, Mildred Grant, Mrs. John Laing, Souv. de Pierre Notting, White Maman Cochet.

A New Insecticide.

AS A RESULT of extensive tests during 1912, 1913 and 1914 with different insecticides, the landscape extension service of the College States Department of Agriculture have found that calcium arsenate, a new insecticide, gives very promising results in the control of certain insects that do damage by chewing on fruit trees. Among the chewing insects against which the arsenate of calcium proved effective, in laboratory and field tests conducted at Benton Harbor, Mich., are the codling moth, the fall webworm, the tent caterpillar, and the tussock moth. The details of the various experiments are published in Department Bulletin No. 278, "Miscellaneous Insecticide Investigations."

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Canada's Great Exhibit at the Exposition.

By a Special Contributor.

NATURAL RESOURCES.

THE Canadian government has every reason to be proud of the phenomenal success of Canada's participation at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco. But the world at large has already been apprised through Canada's achievements at previous international expositions for the last fifteen years, that as an exponent of the art of exhibiting nature's products in a practical, interesting and instructive manner, Canada has no peer.

It is now a matter of record and the unanimous verdict of millions of people who have visited the Canadian pavilion at San Francisco, that Canada has here surpassed herself.

It is evident from Canada's efforts that if Canada does anything at all she does it well. The Canadian government has set an example for other nations in the art and methods of exhibiting in order to obtain the most desirable results, i. e., to interest and instruct the visitors by means of an attractive display of her natural wealth and resources, and, thereby, not only provoking admiration and wonder, but also creating with every one an earnest desire to learn more of a country, which, like Canada, is only superficially known by many dwellers in the United States and other countries.

To carry out this work practically and successfully, the Canadian government has

appointed a permanent exhibition commissioner, and a staff of officers and employees, who have been continually engaged in exhibition work for the last fifteen years. The Commissioner-General is Col. William Hutchison, who is an expert in the art of combining the useful with the beautiful as an advertisement.

We shall not attempt in this short article to give a detailed description of the many features of interest in the Canadian pavilion. Briefly outlined, the exhibit is a display of the resources of the Dominion of Canada as a whole. In the words of a distinguished visitor, "the display represents general, rather than specific, conditions; community, rather than individual, products." So you see no cards exploiting any particular farm, factory or mine. It is not the products of Canadians you see; it is the products of Canada. It is not a county fair. It is a country affair, a national institution. It takes you from Vancouver to Halifax, but you do not stop at any one's place for a little personal inspection. You view the country, its topography, products, mineral, animal and vegetable, and methods, in a manner that is rarely afforded one when you consider the vast extent of the dominion. What a great impression this exhibit must make wherever shown, and surely it must be in no small measure responsible for Canada's steady progress and development.

No attempt is made to show the indus-

tries, arts and educational system of the country. The exhibit is exclusively one of the natural resources, or pertaining to the agricultural, horticultural, forestry, fish, game and mineral wealth of Canada.

To render attractive such an exhibit, which, from its nature, would be uninteresting to most of the visitors, grain, grasses and leaf decorations worked upon a ground of the colored satins adorn every part of the building. Huge panoramas, masterpieces of perspective landscape, blend happily with the real scenery, thereby giving a realistic idea of the nature and productive wealth of the country, while richly decorated cases, containing innumerable specimens of ore from over 1500 different mines and localities, testify eloquently its unlimited mineral resources.

Panels and easels, with statistics and descriptive reading matter about the area of Canada, its population, climate and resources, meet the visitors' eye at every step. Beautiful photographs, bromides and transparencies, depicting rural landscapes and beautiful lake, river, mountain and prairie scenery, are seen everywhere.

Miniature railway trains crossing the prairies, and steamships plying in the lakes and harbors, all in full operation, give an excellent idea of the great transportation facilities.

One of the best exhibits is the fruit display. The visitor has hardly entered the Canadian pavilion than the delicious aroma

of Canada's unexcelled apples invites him to seek this section, which is surely the most artistic layout of fresh and preserved fruit that has ever been seen at an exhibition. A realistic scenery of fruit gathering in peach and apple orchards serves as background to an area of over 2000 square feet of green sod lawn, over which is disposed an attractive area of large baskets and trays containing an infinite variety of the fruit of the country. "California has the trees that grow the rich-flavored sun-kist oranges. Canada has the frost and sun-kist trees that produce the rich-flavored apples," says the reading matter. And nothing could give a better idea of what Canada's climate can do.

We might write columns upon columns about the Canadian exhibit and still leave something unsaid. But it is noteworthy that on account of the wonderful impression it has created on the 18,000,000 of visitors who have come to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, the people of San Diego realizing that participation of Canada is one of the best guarantees of success for an international exposition, have made every effort to obtain and have secured her splendid exhibit for the international exposition in 1916.

Canada will exhibit in one of the main palaces exclusively at her disposal, and no doubt her collaboration will contribute to a large extent to the success of the exposition, and will secure for herself the benefits she so well deserves.

In Search of Romance

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN.)

"Why can't I throw the dog as well as you, kid? I reckon I know as much about back drops as you do," was the answer.

"Aw, rats, he uses slang, too." Great disgust was in Genevieve's voice. "I thought you was a Spanish tenor come true out of a comic opera. The duds wisened me up—but, oh! your language! What are you?"

"I'm a three-a-day singing violinist, and it sure is a sad life."

Romance fled but professional interest replaced him.

"What swing are you playing?" Genevieve asked.

"The same one you are. I saw you at rehearsal this morning, and I got a day off for the same reason you did."

Genevieve knew that not all mashers were outside the stage entrance door. A lover "in the profess" is much more troublesome than a Johnnie.

"Did you trail me out here?" she asked indignantly.

"Me? No; I never thought of it," was the disconcerting answer.

"What are you doing here, then?" inquired the unconvinced girl.

"I'll ask you the same thing," replied the man.

"Oh, I just came because I wanted to." "I believe you have a soul above your work, my dear." Sudden warmth suffused the Spaniard's voice. "You came because you wanted to. I believe you have a nature which is capable of responding to the higher things of life, if it only had the courage to reach out for them, even as mine is capable of so responding. Perhaps you have the courage more than I have. You came to the country for a holiday. Who ever before heard of a chorus girl doing that?"

Genevieve's eyes grew large in admiration. Here was a touch of real Spanish-tenor vehemence.

"Gee, you can use good language when you want to, can't you?" she said.

"Of course I can, my dear. Sit down and the spirit may move me to unfold the story of my life."

Genevieve took a comfortable seat on a convenient boulder, and said:

"Go ahead; untwist it."

But first her Spanish tenor must roll a cigarette and smoked it almost up, while he looked out across the valley.

"The pause is too long. Cut it short," Genevieve cautioned.

"You're a good little kid," her companion responded. "All joshing aside, you must be different from the usual broiler—to want to come out here in the country for a breathing spell."

"What did you come out for?" Genevieve asked, in a low voice, something in the silence of the countryside, the drowsy hum of bees and the occasional song of a bird touching her in a way which she could not comprehend but which made her entirely the little Irish girl, Maggie.

"To look at that," answered the fast-improving Spanish tenor, waving his hand toward the valley.

"Ever see it before?" asked Maggie. (We might as well call her that, for she has ceased to be the professional little girl, Genevieve.)

For answer her companion motioned toward a low, long building, which stood a little back from the road.

"I was born in that house," he said simply.

In a faint voice, surcharged with more emotion than Genevieve had ever seriously expected a Spanish tenor to inspire in her, Maggie said:

"It's awfully pretty."

"My grandfather owned half that valley," went on the man, "and I am doing three-a-day, sometimes where the sun is warm, the way it is here, but most of the time where the snow is deep and where none of my family have any business to be."

"How did it happen?" There was sympathy in the way Maggie said it.

"It happened because my father found one little piece of land that had not been squandered, and from part of the proceeds he gave me an education. To make a punk musician he spoiled a natural farmer."

"Did it pay?" asked Maggie. The voice of thousands of ambition-ridden people spoke out through the little Irish girl, who was at the moment thinking of sisters "without talent," whose lot she suddenly found herself envying.

"Did it pay?" repeated the Spaniard. He reached out and took the unprotesting hand of Maggie Murphey. "I was just asking myself that, kid. I was going further. I was asking 'Does it pay?'"

Maggie cast a speculative glance at the adobe house. It looked ill-kept, but the climbing rose bushes about it were aflame, and the big trees cast a deep, dark, pleasing shade over the white walls. It has been said that a woman can tell the minute she looks at a man whether she will marry him. Maggie had not known until her "Spanish tenor" had used "good language."

Shyly the girl asked:

"Who owns the house now?"

"I do," was the answer. "After my grandfather had lost everything else he tied this little house and ten acres of land up so none of his descendants could ever sell it. That's the only reason I've got it now."

"I saw a book in a store window once that said something about three acres and independence," suggested Maggie. "If you like this country why don't you stay here? Perhaps you're still stuck on the stage, though?"

"I hate it—the stage, I mean," was the violent reply. "As you came along I was thinking about not reporting tonight—never showing up again. I've got a whole week's salary in my pocket. I've got better than that. I've saved a little this last winter. I've got something else in my pocket, too; I've got the key to that house."

"Some folks is lucky," remarked Maggie.

"Don't you like this merry-merry, kid?" asked the man. He had been so intent on his own thoughts that he had failed to study his companion, as a man of the world like himself should have.

"What would I be doing wandering around in the country instead of looking at other shows, if I did?" demanded Maggie, with spirit. "I wasn't always a punk, and I never want to see Noo York or the road again."

"Kid, I don't know your name, but me for you. If you are game we will ditch the three-a-day stuff. We'll go over and see the priests at the mission and then we'll come back, unlock that door and turn farmers for the rest of our lives. Will you do it, kid?" In some way the man had again possessed himself of Maggie's hand during his speech.

Who shall say that the rapid love-making of Spanish tenors in the comic operas of Genevieve's experience was not based upon life? From within the arms of her so marvelously-discovered Spanish tenor, turned farmer, Maggie Murphey said:

"Of course I will. I've been having a fierce time the last half-hour making you see I wanted to."

The Poppies of Laurium.

Some years ago there was seen in a silver mine of Laurium a curious instance of the resuscitating power of light after many years. The silver mines of Laurium were abandoned more than 2000 years ago as unworkable, and were filled for the most part with the slag from the workings of the miners.

It was discovered, however, that this slag contained plenty of silver, which could easily be rendered available by up-to-date appliances. Accordingly it was removed to

the furnace, and, when next the mine was visited, a wonderful transformation was found to have taken place. Instead of a heap of rubbish, the mine has become a gorgeous flower garden. The entire space was covered with a brilliant show of poppies. This profuse vegetable life, it is asserted, belonged to the age in which the mines were worked. Twenty centuries old, therefore, were those poppy seeds; yet, when the removal of the slag allowed the light to fall upon them, they sprang into life and bloom under its influence.

E. T.

Ferdinand's Opinion of Himself.

[London Chronicle:] Czar Ferdinand's character as a ruler appears in the account given by Bismarck to Mr. Sidney Whitman of the interview which the Prince, as he then was, induced the ex-Chancellor to give him at Munich in 1892. Bismarck's advice to him was to be cautious—"play the dead (faire mort)." You have shown the world you can float; don't try to swim against the current. Let yourself be driven gently by the stream." Turning to Princess Bismarck, as if to apologize for occupying her husband's time, Ferdinand said, almost plaintively, "Durchlancht, ich regiere so gerne Princess." ("I am so fond of governing.") Mr. Whitman adds that in speaking of the interview afterward, Ferdinand said: "There are no real monarchs left nowadays. Such as they are, they are men without initiative, resource, or backbone. I am one of the few left of the true type of a ruler, for I am indeed a born actor."

Some Iowa Names.

[The Argonaut:] That Iowa is a farming State is reflected in the names of many of the streams that flow through it. First there is Farm Creek, so that Farmers' Creek is not out of place; then there is Chicken Creek, Duck Creek, Goose Creek, a number of Turkey Creeks, as well as Pigeon Creek. There are Fox, Haw and Rat creeks to devour the domestic animals, and some Crow creeks, while there is also Fly Creek and Mosquito Creek. Water creeks are present, likewise Hog Run and Mud Creek, so that Bacon Creek is not strange. It is fitting that with a Bee Creek and Bee branch there should be Honey Creek. There are a couple of Cherry creeks, Crabapple Creek and plenty of Plum creeks, and for the wild animals we have Bear, Beaver, Buck, Crane, Deer, Doe, Elk, Otter, Panther, Raccoon, Skunk and Wolf creeks. With a Keg Creek there is a Whisky Creek and a Whisky Run. Finally there is a Purgatory Creek.

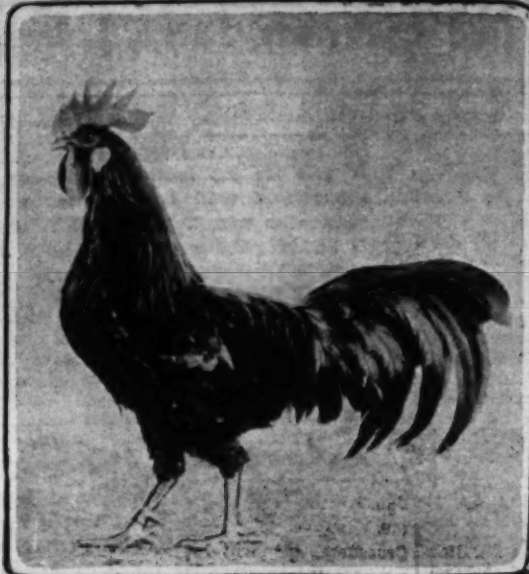
The Poultry Show of a Thousand Surprises.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

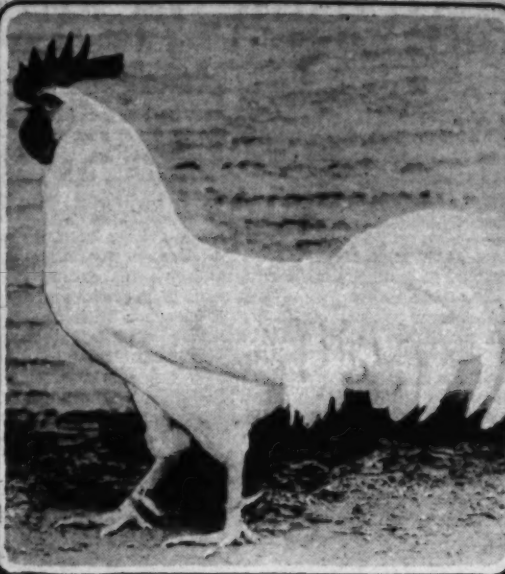
A BIRDSEYE VIEW.

Another tally for California, and birds all being superb specimens, good in type, color markings, fine bone and robust in condition. It is to be hoped that much of this fine stock will find a home in California, for certainly its introduction on the turkey ranches will do much to improve the California business. For verily the California business is not only the California business, but it is also the California business. The quality was of the best, the winning birds all being superb specimens, good in type, color markings, fine bone and robust in condition. It is to be hoped that much of this fine stock will find a home in California, for certainly its introduction on the turkey ranches will do much to improve the California business. For verily the California business is not only the California business, but it is also the California business.

The Great Poultry Show and Some Prize Winners.



First S.C. Brown Leghorn Cockerel.
Williams Bros. Fullerton, Cal.



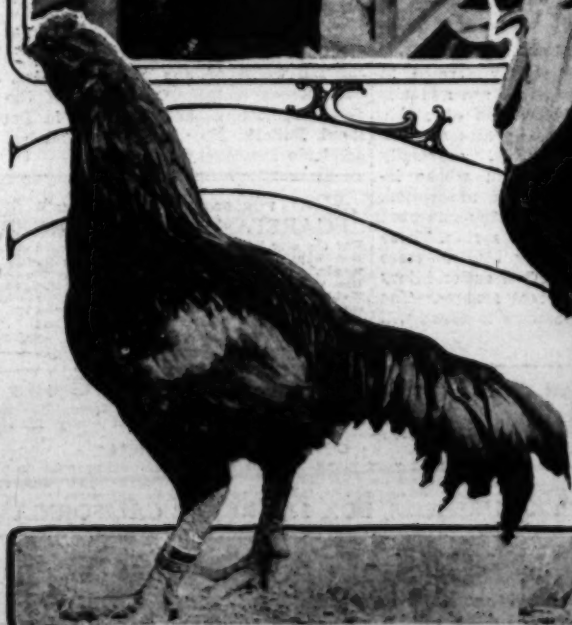
First S.C. White Leghorn Cock.
Mrs. E. B. Martin, Downey.



First Black Minorca Cockerel.
J. V. Mc Connell, Garden Grove.



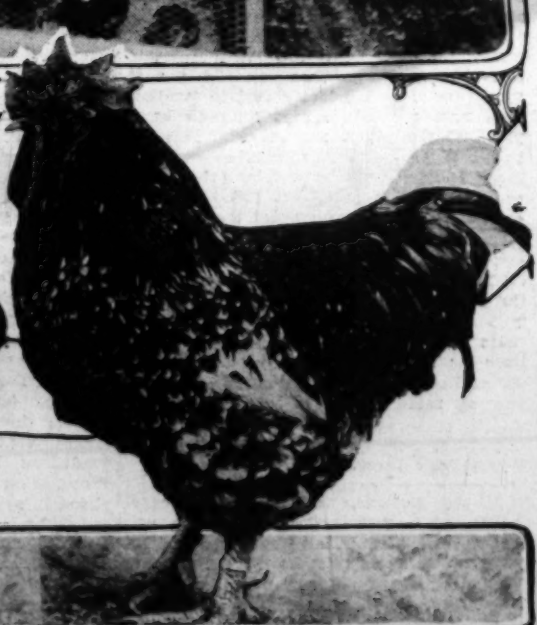
Interior View of the
Panama-Pacific International
Poultry Show San Francisco
Over 8000 Birds Cooped.



First Dark Cornish Cock.
Jno. D. Mercer, Los Angeles



First W.F. Black Spanish Cock.
Robt. A. Rowan, Los Angeles



First Speckled Sussex Cock.
C. H. Barker, Sawtelle.

Canada's Great Exhibit at the Exposition.

By a Special Contributor.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, December 4, 1915.

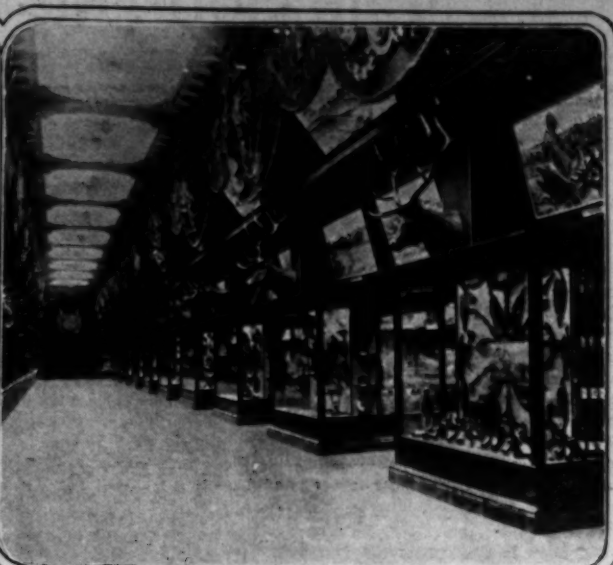
ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

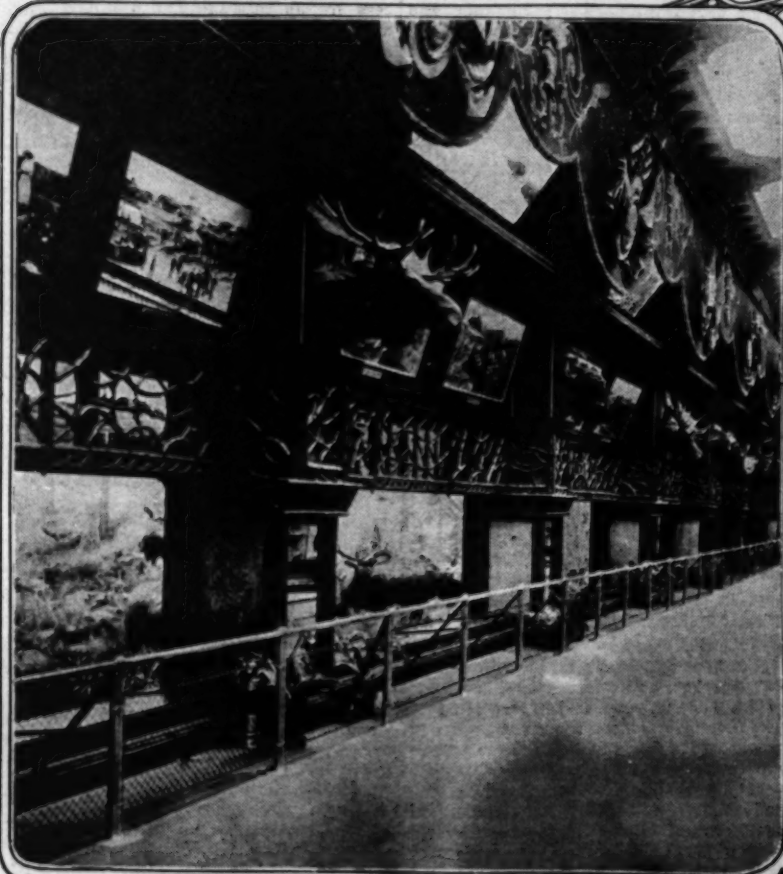
Glimpses of Canada's Resources Shown at San Francisco.



Canadian Pavilion.



Tobacco, birds, fish, and animal heads.



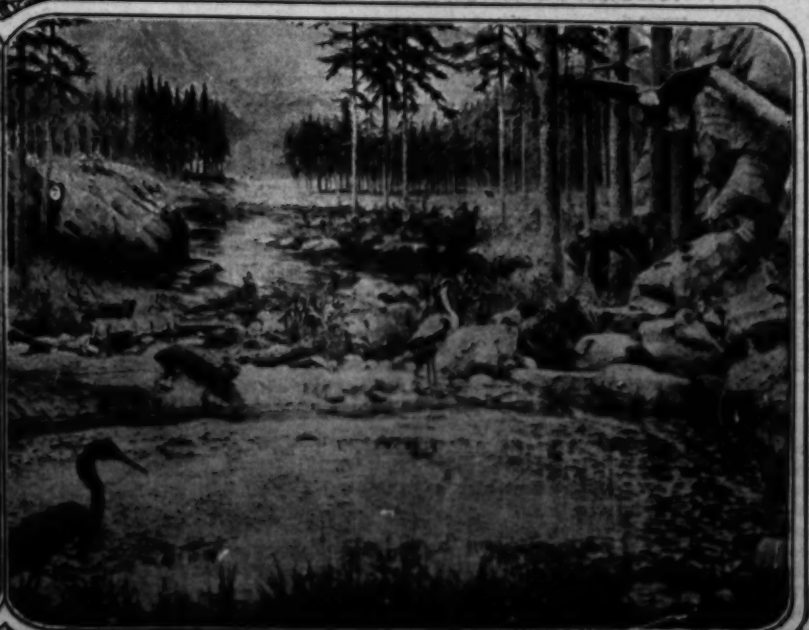
Head trophies.
Animal exhibit on the left.



Central court showing
part of mineral exhibit.



Pulpwood exhibit, live beavers and dams.



Trout stream

The Poultry Show of a Thousand Surprises.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg

A BIRDSEYE VIEW.

ANOTHER tally for California, and more especially that portion of it situated south of the Tehachapi Mountains. For verily the California business hen has won her spurs at the great Panama-Pacific International Poultry Show in very warm competition. This is evinced in the fact that in Brown and White Leghorns, in Black Minorcas, in Blue Andalusians and Black Spanish, in Dark Cornish Fowl, Sussex, Barred and White Rocks, her breeders have established their skill in breeding up-to-grade specimens to a degree beyond that attained by any other section. In the breeds mentioned Southern California-bred birds won 75 per cent. and over of all first prizes; in other cases 40 per cent. and up. Allowing that there were not quite 8000 birds entered, representing sixteen States and some of the provinces of Canada, the force of these facts at once becomes obvious. The weather during the show was ideal, and the attendance larger than that of any poultry exhibition in the history of the fancy, fully 150,000 people viewing the superb displays of fowl, pigeons, bantams, geese, turkeys, ducks and fancy birds. The building in which the event took place was admirably adapted to the purpose, being large, well lighted from the roof by innumerable skylights, while the ventilation assured pure air and good sanitary conditions. The cooping was perfect and the floor arrangement on a plan securing easy passage between the long rows of all-metal coops. The only criticism (and this really was a serious matter) was the distribution of birds in the same class and variety over various portions of the room. This was not only inimical to the best work of the judges, but an annoyance to the visitors. The complete entry in every class and of every variety should have been "bunched" or arranged in the particular alley assigned to it. For an international affair, the cooping, judging, placing the ribbons and the issuing of the catalogue indicating the winners might have been handled a little more expeditiously. To have the awards completely up only the third day of the show, and the official catalogue not out and in the hands of the public until the fifth day, was a disappointment to many exhibitors as well as to the spectators.

The Classes.

In so large an aggregation of thoroughbred fowl it will be impossible to give more than a cursory glance at the exhibits. All the classes were well filled, some of them the largest ever seen in the history of the fancy. Of individual varieties the R. I. Reds were numerically the strongest, representing also the widest geographical distribution. These were closely followed by the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes, the Orpingtons and Sussex. As usual the Mediterraneanans were strongly in evidence, the best strains in S. C. Brown Leghorns, White Leghorns, W. F. Black Spanish, S. C. White and Black Minorcas all coming from the yards in Southern California. The same is also true of the Blue Andalusians, the Dark Cornish, the Speckled Sussex and to a lesser degree of the White and Barred Rocks. In some of these breeds Southern California captured all the blue ribbons, and in other cases much the larger numbers. This is certainly a matter of more than passing moment and gives emphasis to the fact that the poultry industry is gaining a firm foothold south of the Tehachapi Mountains. All the winning birds were better in type, color of plumage, in good conditioning and vigor and "style" than their competitors from the Eastern States and Canada. Climatic conditions accounted for some of their fine qualities, but not all of them. Careful breeding and management, skillful handling in showroom preparation also had its influence. Indeed, in more than one case it was the factor that influenced the judge's decision. So pronounced has been the behavior of Southern California exhibits, and particularly in chickens, that there is being developed a good trade for our best breeding and exhibition specimens east of the Rocky Mountains.

Something should also be said for the display of turkeys, which consisted of about 250 individual specimens covering all varieties. For the most part, these birds came from other States than California.

The quality was of the best, the winning birds all being superb specimens, good in type, color markings, fine bone and robust physical condition. It is to be hoped that much of this fine stock will find a home in California, for certainly its introduction on the turkey ranches will do much to strengthen the present flocks and so place the business on a better footing.

The exhibits of water fowl, both commercial and ornamental, were a splendid tribute to this division of our constantly-growing live-stock industry. The showing of ducks and geese was superb, indicating what can be done with these birds under intelligent handling.

The display of pigeons and bantams must have gladdened the hearts of the lovers of fancy birds. Never have we seen staged so many specimens of the smaller breeds of our domesticated fowl, nor so many pigeons, at one exhibition. The total number in both divisions must have been near the 2000 mark. In addition to these there was also a large and representative display of pheasants in variety, of wild doves, quail, pigeons and other bird life not usually seen at a poultry exhibition.

The Attendance.

Being an integral part of the great exposition itself, it was to be expected that the attendance would be large. The building in which the event was staged is one of the largest on the grounds and peculiarly adapted for purposes of this kind. The lighting is almost wholly by means of skylights, which gives an even effect over the entire floor space. After allowing for the displays it was estimated that the alleys between the rows of coops would allow an average attendance of about 5000 people; these would change about every two hours. Thus about 25,000 people visited the show each day, or approximately 175,000 during the life of the exhibition. This is probably the largest attendance ever experienced at a function of this kind. To be sure, many of the visitors had no direct interest in poultry, nevertheless the educational value as an object lesson in the superior qualities of good fowl, and the economic significance of the industry to an enlightened agricultural practice, must have made an impression on the public mind that will redound to the uplift of the poultry industry not only in California, but throughout the Pacific Coast.

In so large a show it will not be possible to even approximately list all the winning birds and their owners; allowing for this, however, we cannot refrain from giving the handsome records made by the birds coming from the representative breeders and fanciers of Southern California, which are as follows:

Barred Rocks—A. D. Robinson, Point Loma; 1 cock, 1 hen, 2 pullet, 8 pen.

White Rocks—A. A. Bamford, Gardena; 1, 3 and 4 cock, 3 and 7 cockerel, 8 pullet.

Buff Rocks—Fred J. Morgan, Pasadena; 1 pen, 8 cock; D. N. Doyle, Pasadena, 6 hen.

R. I. Reds—V. R. Long, Covina, 3 cock; Fowler & Masterson, Duarte, 4 and 5 cock, 5 cockerel; C. A. Harnals, Santa Ana, 6 cock.

White Cochins—J. W. Blackman, Los Angeles, 1 hen, 1 cockerel, 1 pullet.

Black Cochins—J. W. Blackman, 1 cock, 1 hen, 2 cockerel, 1 pullet.

S. C. Buff Minorcas—William P. Williams, Los Angeles, 2 cock, 3 hen, 1 and 4 cockerel, 5 and 6 pullet, 2 and 3 hen; Lindgren Bros., Kingsburg, 1 and 3 cock, 1 and 2 hen, 2 and 3 cockerel, 1 and 2 pullet, 1 pen; H. E. Williams, Escondido, 3 and 4 pullet.

S. C. White Minorcas—James W. Strickland, Sierra Madre, 1 and 4 cock, 1 and 2 hen, 5 and 6 pullet; E. G. Ware, Garden Grove, 1 pen.

S. C. Black Minorcas—J. V. McConnell, Garden Grove, 1, 2, 4, 6 and 7 cock, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 8 hen, 1, 2, 4 and 5 cockerel, 1, 2 and 3 pullet, 2 pen.

S. C. Brown Leghorns—Williams Bros., Fullerton, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 cock, 1, 2, 3 and 7 cockerel, 2, 3 and 8 pullet, 1, 2, 3 and 5 hen, 1 and 2 pen.

S. C. White Leghorns—Mrs. E. B. Martin, Downey, 1, 2, 4 and 7 cock, 1, 2, 3 and 4 cockerel, 2 and 4 hen, 1 and 3 pullet, 1 and 2 pen.

W. F. Black Spanish—All awards to Robert A. Rowan, Los Angeles, excepting first pen.

Blue Andalusians—Mrs. V. Kate Hamilton, San Gabriel, 1, 2 and 4 cock, 2, 4 and 7 hen, 1 and 5 cockerel, 2, 6 and 7 pullet, 2 and 3 pen; J. R. Huddleston, Los Angeles, 5 and 6 cock, 3 and 5 hen, 2 cockerel, 3 and 5 pullet, 1 pen.

Partridge Orpingtons—All awards to Goodacre Bros., Compton.

Dark Cornish—J. D. Mercer, Los Angeles, 1 cock, 1 and 3 cockerel, 2 and 4 pullet, 1 pen.

Speckled Sussex—C. K. Barker, Sawtelle, 1 and 4 cock, 1, 6, 7 and 8 hen, 4 and 5 pullet, 3 pen.

Light Sussex—C. K. Barker, Sawtelle, 1, 2 and 4 cock; 1, 2, 3 and 4 hen, 1 and 2 pullet.

Silver Spangled Hamburgs—R. A. Rowan, Los Angeles, 1 and 4 cock, 4 hen, 1, 2, 4 and 5 cockerel, 3 pullet.

Silver Campines—Martling & Hauce, Glendale, 4 and 8 cock, 1, 2, 4, 5 and 7 cockerel, 3 pen.

Golden Campines—Charles H. Magee, Monrovia, 1 hen, 3 cockerel, 1 pullet, 5 and 7 pen.

Pit Games—T. Lowe, South Pasadena, 1 cock, 1, 2 and 3 cockerel.

White Muscovy Ducks—Caldwell Bros., Los Angeles, 3 old drake, 2 old duck, 3 young drake, 2 young duck.

Buff Ducks—Ferris Ranch, Pomona, 1 and 2 young drake, 1 and 2 young duck.

Bronze Turkeys—R. C. Whitworth, Hanford, 8 adult Tom, 1 yearling Tom, 1 and 2 cockerel, 1 and 2 pullet; Elliott-Brandt Rancho, Owensmouth, 3 adult Tom, 3 yearling Tom; Mrs. G. W. Halstead, Visalia, 4 adult Tom; J. W. Blackman, Los Angeles, 3 and 4 hen, 4 pullet.

Black Turkeys—Mrs. Bessie Hocking, Guasti, 2 adult Tom, 1 hen, 1 cockerel, 1 pullet.

Bourbon Red Turkeys—Mrs. Bessie Hocking, 1 adult Tom.

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The American Poultry Association.

The fortieth annual convention of this organization was held on the exposition grounds in San Francisco, November 15 to 18, 1915. In more respects than one it was a disappointment to many. In the first place the attendance was distressingly meager, due to some extent to the counter attractions of the fair itself, but principally to the International Poultry Show, in which many delegates were directly interested as exhibitors; second, the matters occupying the sessions were of minor interest to poultrymen, having to do principally with reports of officials and committees, some of which created more or less acrimonious discussion; and third, the California members were sadly in evidence by their absence, which is also more or less true of the membership west of the Rocky Mountains. All these elements were against large attendance during all of the sessions. The registration showed 270 delegates "on the ground," but at no single session were there more than 100 on the floor, and at times not more than half that number. Verily, poultry shows and world's fairs are counter attractions that most people cannot resist.

Matters of interest to poultrymen were the two books we have heard so much about during the past few years, viz., "Separate Breed Standards" and "The Egg and Meat Standard." The committees having these in preparation submitted the text for both, much of which was passed on, but finally referred back to the respective bodies for final revision, subject to the action of the 1916 convention. We submit that this is a slow process. These two books have now been in preparation for about four years, and really should by this time be available to the poultrymen all over the country. Some instructive and timely addresses were made by recognized authorities that should have been listened to by hundreds of poultrymen instead of only a few dozen.

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The A. P. A. of California.

The annual meeting of the State organization affiliated with the national body was held on November 19, in one of the assembly-rooms of the Inside Inn on the exposition grounds in San Francisco. The reports of officers and committees showed that the organization was in a healthy condition, with

a membership going over the 200 mark, with no liabilities and a handsome sum in the treasury. The mail election ballots gave the following choice of officers: L. C. Byce, president, Petaluma; vice-presidents, Robert J. Venn, Fresno, and A. A. Bamford, Gardena; secretary, Henry W. Kruckeberg, Los Angeles; treasurer, M. E. Dillingham, San Gabriel; Executive Committee, Charles R. Harker, San Jose; Ben. M. Woodhull, Stockton; A. D. Robinson, Point Loma; Joseph E. Davis, Los Angeles; and W. S. Russell, San Francisco.

Men Who Never Unveil.

There exists a wandering tribe of the Sahara, called the Touaregs, a strange people, supposed to have descended from the Crusaders, and distinguished by the wearing of veils, a custom that has occasioned much discussion.

The Touaregs guard their eyes against the glare of the desert by two veils, one rolled round the temples and falling down in front of the eyes, the other reaching from the nostrils to the edge of the clothing, covering the lower part of the face.

All manner of learned arguments have been brought forward to explain this custom, but hygiene is obviously the only motive. This is shown by the statement of the Touaregs themselves, and by the sobriquet, "mouths for flies," which they apply to all who do not wear veils.

It is said that the Touaregs never remove their veils, even at meal-times. Indeed, they are so much a part of their wearers that anyone deprived of such a covering is unrecognized by his friends and relatives.

E. T.



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Bu Kenseti Rossiter.

"Were you ever there?" I asked.

"Again Bullin laughed. I begged him, I implored him, not to attempt the trip, but it was useless. He had a map of the country which his friend, Devalux, the French explorer, had made twenty years earlier. It showed the water courses and the contour of the hills—back in the gold country. He left one morning as the sun was rising out of the sea. Malbo, my servant, saw him start, and this was unfortunate, but I exacted a promise from him not to communicate the knowledge to the tribesmen who dwell in the Upper Mangareu. Malbo quit me mysteriously about noon of the same day

"In the morning he ate breakfast, looked at his compass and shouldered his pack. The thing had gone—he hadn't heard it for two hours. Then presently, as he set off in the jungle, the sobbing began again. Bullin turned; he put down his pack, he searched the tree-tops, he got down on the ground and peered through the leaves, but he could see nothing. Finally he picked up his pack and went on, but all through the morning, at intervals, he heard the strange weird noise. The thing was dogging him."

"Yes, the Englishman eventually recovered, or else I couldn't have learned this story; but I didn't tell him the truth—he wouldn't have believed me."

Into this liberal scheme of inhuman affairs

Solomon's intermittent reading, mostly from papers and magazines the major had given him, had not been altogether in vain. Slowly, painfully, laboriously, he worked out

When the Chief's first raid was over, he proudly marched to police headquarters.

The Poetic Inspiration of Orpheus Homer.

By Charles Campbell Jones.

be an interested listener, and that's what you folks with hobbies like."

When the two were gone toward the chicken run, Sadie, with a satisfied glance at Oswald and Mamie Santley together in the corner, followed Mrs. Santley toward the kitchen. "I'd rather help you," she professed, pharisaically; "I just love it."

The supper was on the table when the men came back from outside. Throughout the meal Oswald missed no chance to compliment the food. "Anybody could afford to write poetry about beans like these, I guess. They make a poet out of an old maid mathematics teacher." Mamie was graciousness itself, and her eyes were shining.

After supper Sadie Porter insisted that she be permitted to help Mamie with the dishes. She took Mrs. Santley by the shoulder and forced her, protesting, into the front room with the men, closing the door carefully behind her. With a big checked apron over her dress she faced Mamie Santley. "Ted's a dandy fellow, ain't he, Mamie?"

Miss Santley was smiling and the shine was still in her eyes. You know she had come to an inevitable confession. "Nicer than I thought," she answered, slowly. After a moment's hesitation she went on: "I'm not anxious to advertise it, Sadie, but I don't mind telling you, because I'm sure you won't tell anybody you don't know. I'm going to quit the first of the month and be married the 17th following; then we're going to skip right out for the Coast to be gone about sixty days. We'll send you and Fred some post cards."

Sadie was surprised into inaction for an instant, then she threw her arms about her friend. "Oh, Mamie, I'm just tickled to

death. I was scared stiff you meant to take Orph Homer, and—"

Mamie interrupted, freeing herself gently. "Well, who said I wasn't? If you'd hear Orph and me scrapping over side trips, and expenses, and things, you'd think I'd better take him to look after him."

Miss Porter knew the cost of a trip to the Coast, and that for the regular-salaried Fred and herself there could be none. She knew, too, that Mamie could not have saved enough to make so lavish an expenditure practicable. "But you don't mean to tell me that Orph Homer has begun to sell his stuff to the magazines at last?" she blurted. "I can't believe it. I'm a great magazine reader, but I never saw his name signed to anything anywhere."

"Everything good doesn't have to be tagged with a name," returned the domestic stenographer, evenly. "You don't know much about present-day opportunity for the up-to-the-minute writer. But, maybe, he'll get a chance to explain for himself; he would have been here to supper, only he had to go over some catchy little verses he wrote about some mincemeat I made, so they'd get away in the last mail collection; and he may be here before you go. I hope so; I'd love to have him meet Mr. Oswald, and Mr. Oswald says he's sure he'd like Orph."

The giddy blonde had nothing adequate to offer. She hung up her apron in silence, and in silence the two moved toward the front room. As they opened the door, Mrs. Santley let Orpheus Homer in at the front. Sadie laid her hand on her companion's arm and held her while she looked the new arrival over interestedly. He had undoubtedly lost the uneasy, seedy look that characterized him when she last saw him,

six months past. He was sleek, well fed, and well dressed. From his round, amicable face to his neat shoes he spelled prosperous success, and the variable Sadie gave him her sincere admiration. She whispered, with envy in her voice, "Girlie, how'd you ever do it?"

"Why," elucidated Miss Santley, "it's simple as can be. Orph writes those poems, just as I told you; then he strikes out all reference to me, works in the names of the company or the brand, and sells them to the advertising departments of the big houses that put up canned products. They all think he's a regular genius, and if first-class work in any field counts, I guess he is. We've got more than enough in the bank to make a big first payment on the house we're going to look at, and to furnish it from cellar to attic—cash, too; no dollar a week for the rest of your natural life for us."

Miss Porter gasped and clutched the arm she held. "Oh, dearie, do you think he can keep up the pace?"

"He can if he don't die from overfeeding," Mamie Santley assured her. "There's lots of products being advertised now, with more to come, and his capacity seems to be unlimited. I'll have all my time after I quit, too; and if I can't do a whole lot better than I've ever yet done I'll feel that my cooking education has been utterly lost on me."

They entered the room; Orpheus turned slowly to greet them, and the giddy blonde got a glimpse of the contour of his front elevation.

"Huh!" she ended, emphatically, "I just hope you're right, Mamie. But, anyhow, it don't seem to have been lost on Orph Homer."

A Spider's Adventures.

STRANGE PET OF AN OFFICER IN THE ENGLISH ARMY.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

An English military officer has told of a spider of his acquaintance that went through several battles and proceeded on a long journey by sea and land, and all without any mischance.

It appeared that the first time this spider came into public notice was just before the fight at Atbara in Upper Egypt. It had quartered itself in the ventilator of the helmet of the officer. It was an energetic and busy little spider, but always returned to its quarters in the helmet, where the good-natured officer left it unmolested. When he went into the Atbara fight, it was still in his helmet. Many men were killed in this engagement, but the officer and his spider came through it unhurt.

The fighting at an end, the British officer packed various articles to be sent home, and among them the helmet referred to. Inside was the spider. Not until his effects had been dispatched, did the officer remember the spider. It was then, of course, too late. The officer regretted that he had sent his little friend on such a long voyage without stocking the larder.

When the officer reached London it was, he says, with considerable compunction that he opened the helmet box, fully expecting to see the dead body of the spider. Instead, however, he was rejoiced to find his friend alive and vigorous—and not even lonely, since, upon the voyage the occupants of the helmet had increased in number, and now two young spiders shared the strange retreat.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Urner.

A RESTAURANT ROW.

"BOILED spring turkey," suggested Warren, genially. "How does that strike you?"

"Where is it?" Helen was hastily scanning the roasts on the elaborate menu.

"Under the specials."

"Oh, won't that be too heavy?" as she found the item, "half a broiled turkey—\$2." "Here's roast lamb and current jelly," with a persuasive note, for that was only 90 cents. "Don't feel like lamb," curtly. "Now, we're going to have a good dinner tonight." Then to the waiter, who was standing by with pencil and pad: "We'll try that broiled spring turkey—have it well done. And you can bring one portion of potato soufflé, and, let's see—one of string beans." Then to Helen: "What kind of salad? Romaine?"

"Oh, dear, we won't need a salad with all that."

"Romaine and tomato," ignoring the attempted economy. "Don't slice the tomatoes—quarter them." Then turning to the wine list on the back of the card, "A quart of that Niersteiner—number twenty-seven."

There was a slight stir as the head waiter bustled up and ordered two tables pushed together for a party of eight. Waiters and omnibuses flew about setting the long table and filling the glasses with ice.

"That's the proprietor's party," remarked Warren. "That's why they move so lively."

"Which is he?" Helen, interested, leaned forward.

"The stout, red-faced man. Jove, they're having double cocktails. Going to be a swift party."

The double cocktails were served in glasses twice the usual size, but this thirsty crowd tossed them off unblinkingly.

They were all in evening dress, one of the women in a glittering jetted gown, with long jet pendants dangling from her ears.

The proprietor was giving the order to the head waiter, who hovered over the table with anxious concern.

"He used to have a cheap lunchroom on the east side," observed Warren. "Then he took over Blakely's Chop House, and now he's blossomed out into this. He sunk a lot of money here," with an appraising glance at the expensive woodwork and fixtures.

"But I hate these cold high lights," Helen

glanced up at the hanging alabaster globes that reflected the light on the ceiling. "Why don't restaurants ever learn that low lights—shaded table lights—are so much more effective?"

"Huh, you're always harping on the lights." Then as their waiter rushed by carrying a laden tray, "How about our order?"

"Not quite ready, sor," hurrying to serve the oysters to the party of eight.

Another five minutes' wait in which Warren scowled at the proprietor's table where two waiters and an omnibus were giving subservient attention.

"See here; hurry that order along!" as their waiter again flew by.

"Right away, sir."

But twice he came back, still serving the long table. Warren's impatience was smoldering near eruption.

"Dear, you ordered it well done, and it does take some time to—"

"Time!" glaring at his watch. "They've had oceans of time. We've been here since half-past. They're too infernally busy dancing attendance on the boss. That's what's the matter."

The proprietor's table was certainly receiving unusual attention, and Helen, too, felt resentful as she watched the waiters hovering about solicitously alert to refill a glass or remove a plate.

"Well, we won't stand for this," Warren rapped his knife sharply against his glass.

At this peremptory call, their waiter hurried over.

"What's the matter with my order? We've waited here long enough. And where's that footstool for the lady? Now, see here, you give a little more attention to this table."

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir," anxiously propitiatory.

"Dear, maybe he's doing the best he can, with so many to wait on."

"Well, we're not going to sit here and cool our heels while they get all the service. Here, some ice in this glass?" to a passing omnibus.

It was still several moments before their order came on.

"Put it down," snapped Warren; "I'll carve it," as the waiter raised the large silvered cover. Get some chili sauce! Where's the salad?"

"I'll bring it right on, sir."

"Dried out; cooked to death," Warren grunted, as he disjointed the turkey. "Last time we'll come to this place."

"Oh, no, dear; don't give me so much—and only a few potatoes," as angrily, absent-minded he piled up her plate.

At the proprietor's table the carving and serving of a huge planked steak now required the absorbed attention of both waiters. Even the head waiter came up to oversee this important function.

"Why don't he bring that salad?" demanded Warren.

"They're serving a planked steak over there—he won't come now."

"We'll see about that." Again his knife loudly twanged his glass.

This time it was the head waiter who came over, his face plainly showing his displeasure.

"What kind of a place do you call this anyway?" exploded Warren. "Your prices are topnotch and your service rotten! Now I want some attention as well as that bunch over there—and I want it quick!"

"What is it you want, sir?" frigidly.

"I want a salad I ordered half an hour ago! I want some chili sauce, and this lady wants a footstool! I want that wine served—and a few other things."

"Dear, the proprietor heard you," whispered Helen. "He's glaring over here."

"So much the better. If he was on to his job he'd be hustling round seeing that his guests get what they order instead of sitting there guzzling booze. It's a damned impertinence, that's what it is."

Here an omnibus hurried up with a bottle of chili sauce and a footstool, and their flushed waiter brought on the salad.

"What's that—lettuce? Take it back," roared Warren. "I ordered romaine."

"Sorry, sir, but we're out of romaine."

"Why, they're having it at that table!" exclaimed Helen thoughtlessly, glancing over at the large bowl of romaine that was being dressed for the proprietor's party.

"Send the head waiter here!"

"Oh, Warren, do be careful—don't talk so loud," in pleading anxiety.

"Loud! If you've got a voice—right here's the time to raise it. I'll get what I ordered or know the reason why."

"What's wrong now, sir?" asked the head waiter with ill-concealed antagonism.

"I ordered romaine and he says it's all out. What's that they're serving over there? I gave my order before those people came in.

Now I want a portion of that romaine served RIGHT HERE!" pounding loudly on the table.

"That's impossible, sir. There must've been some mistake in the kitchen if you gave your order first. Is there any other salad you'd like?" with an effort to conciliate.

"Like? I'm going to have what I ordered! Where's your proprietor? Send him here!"

"Mr. Freiberg's with that party, sir. He can't leave his guests."

"He can't, eh? Well, you tell him for me that I belong to three clubs in this town, that I know most of the men who spend money in places like this, and I'll take devilish good care that they hear about your rotten service. Now you bring my check—and we'll get out!"

"One moment, sir—just a moment," and he hastened over to the proprietor who was stolidly ignoring this loud-voiced arraignment.

In the mirrored wall Helen could see the whispered conference. She caught the wrathful glance the proprietor shot at Warren, and saw his curt dismissing gesture.

"Give the gentleman his check," in a hush of the orchestra his voice rose distinctly. "We're quite willing to dispense with his patronage."

Helen caught her breath, the words came with stinging insolence. She saw the dull red mount to Warren's forehead as the head waiter, in eloquent silence, laid the check beside his plate. Without glancing at it, he threw down a twenty-dollar bill.

In the few moments wait for the change, Helen, her gaze averted, fumblingly drew on her gloves. With a curious shock she realized that Warren, always so invincible, was for once disconcerted. The proprietor's cool insolence had left him weaponless.

In the hall he snatched his hat and coat from the check boy, and strode out into the crisp night air.

"Oh, dear, you DID order that salad before the others came in! You were right about that!" Now that he was vanquished, woman-like she flew to his defense. "Oh, I wish you could have made them serve it!"

"Make them? How could I? That's his joint, he can run it as he please! Dispense with our patronage, eh? Well, if he runs it like that he'll dispense with a whole lot of patronage. I'll give that splinted bonehead just about three months to land that place in the hands of a receiver."

The Sobbing Monkey of Mangarau.

By Kenneth Rossiter.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, December 4, 1915.

[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

carrying a basketful of poker chips and a cartload of contraband goods odoriferous of rum and rye.

At first, the major and his select band of associates tried to treat the matter as a huge joke and have it hushed up before morning. But they were not long in smashing their heads against the stubborn wall of reality. From fool to Frankenstein Sol had passed in a night, and here was the devil to pay, and not enough funds in the treasury to cover the draft.

Maj. Jones unlimbered the vials of his vocabulary to no purpose. Bluffs stiffened Solomon's determination. Threats provoked nothing more substantial than a smiling shake of a bushy head. Thus does a real crusader laugh at fears and mock death to his face.

"You remind me of a brainless dummy parroting his 'Twinkle, twinkle, Little Star' programme," accused the major with a fine display of sarcasm, pointing a quivering finger at the offending emblem. "The town shall not be ruled by a fool. I will see the Mayor. Your head shall come off, huh!"

He slammed the door in Solomon's face and walked out into the cool night air, the pride of centuries of Culpepper blood gurgling and hissing in his veins like an over-heated kettle.

To his astonishment and dismay, he found Sliger, the Mayor, in a strait between two fires. At heart the vacillating head of the town was in full sympathy with the major and told him so. But—er—ahem—Mrs. Sliger was president of the newly organized civic league that was secretly backing Solomon in his crusade, and he could not—er—therefore, afford to remove the officer unless there were substantial grounds for such action. Besides, it was a sad fact that a majority of the council were in the same unfortunate position, and as a consequence Solomon would be permitted to run his destructive course unmolested as long as no charges were preferred and proven against him. And they would have to be serious charges, too, to justify unfavorable action.

"You know my real sentiments, Major," Sliger confided in his hang-dog manner. "I—wish something could be done. It was an evil day when we made Solomon Chief."

The major's reverence for woman amounted to worship. He was, moreover, not devoid of worldly wisdom in other ways, as was well demonstrated by his unbroken success at poker.

"Leave it to me, my good friend Sliger," he dismissed the subject with unctuous words and courtly bow. "We must make no war on the fair and the beautiful. So long as your heart beats with the impulse of a gentleman, well and good. I will attend to the charges. Good-night!"

The major called off the dogs in disgust and quit the game until further notice. He robbed his nights of slumber and devoted his days to the futile task of framing up a plausible plan for getting rid of the officious Old Man of the Sea.

Solomon walked on air, happy and contented as a pup reveling in the sunshine, while the major was well up in the element also. The latter was developing such a peevish disposition that his old friends crossed the street when they saw him coming. Under his blood-shot gray eyes, puffy purple crescents added to his look of intense worry.

Hope and relief came, as they usually do, in a most unexpected manner. More and more, as the days passed, the major shunned the business section of the village and took long strolls along the outskirts and byways where no one was likely to bother him.

On one of these rambles he met a young man coming in by the cross-tie route, and the moment his eyes beheld the unfortunate youth an inspiration flashed into his troubled mind.

"Come here, my brother in misfortune, and let us confer together," the major invited with a graceful wave of his hand. "Perhaps we can be of mutual help and assistance."

The look of suspicion in the young fellow's face melted as soon as he had taken the guileless measure of the older man. "All right, brother; I'll fall to anything," he replied, smiling weakly.

A close scrutiny of the young man convinced the major that his condition was due less to dissipation than to hard luck. It was a good face, hopeless when it relapsed into seriousness, but in its lighter moods retrieved by an expression showing that evil was not yet in the ascendancy. The major tried artfully, and at last bluntly, to draw out his story. He failed utterly.

When he saw that his persistence was becoming painful to the stranger, he desisted and craved pardon for his indiscretion.

It was a desperate chance the major took. He explained the situation clearly and succinctly as it affected his relations with Solomon Doan.

"Now, here's the problem we must solve," he went on, tactfully assuming that the young man was already his confirmed ally in the venture. "How are we to get rid of Solomon? I couldn't hit upon any plan of real promise until fortune linked my path with yours. Then the whole thing flashed into my mind as clear as the noonday sun. Summer is coming. How would you like to go to Chicago?"

The sudden turn of the question caught the young man off his guard. "I—I—" he stammered. Quickly recovering his poise, he added, "Go on!"

"All you've got to do," continued the major, too much engrossed in his plan to notice his companion's expression, "is to play into Solomon's hand as an escaped convict for whom a large reward is offered. He will carry you to Chicago, and when you arrive you can put him wise to the ruse and flee his wrath because he will be as helpless as a babe in the jungle and entirely dependent upon you. Once there, use the money I'm going to give you to get the silly duffer into some disgraceful situation involving the superlative degree in acts of moral turpitude, and put me in possession of the facts—facts that will stand the test of a jury trial. I've got to ruin that fool upstart or be gathered hopelessly into his net. You're the man to help me put it over. I don't want him to go before a jury, you understand, but that's how strong I must have the case against him. . . . It's fifty for you now in cash, and a hundred if you deliver the goods. . . . Is the trade closed?"

"It is!" replied the youth emphatically. "I sign for the part."

"As to your name," explained the major, "we'll have to wait until I can search the sheriff's office and examine his list of rewards. He is an enthusiastic collector. We'll select some slinger wanted up there for a high crime and misdemeanor, a fellow that looks like you as much as possible. Laff, the sheriff, will stand to me in this emergency."

The plotters shook hands and went their separate ways, each thoroughly understanding the part he was to play.

The painful peace of Rockton was beginning to pall on Solomon. He grew more and more restive and sighed for new worlds to conquer. At the first dark hint that the stranger loafing about town might be an escaped convict, with a big price on his head, the officer at once assumed the mysterious air of a true detective and laid his wires to bring justice to the guilty man.

Solomon's reputation was still merely local, but here was a case with a sort of national aspect pleasing to his vanity. In his mind's eye he pictured big headlines in the city papers exploiting his deeds. Perhaps, after all, he would some day be able to establish a great detective agency in a big city and write his reminiscences for the magazines.

The descriptions selected from the sheriff's records fitted the suspicious stranger in a striking manner, even to the mole on the left temple—a coincidence that strengthened the hopes of the conspirators to the point of certainty.

Delays are dangerous when justice calls. Solomon argued, and he hurried forth to throw the larlat of law over the head of the young scapegoat before the envious sheriff could beat him to it. He found his quarry coming out of the postoffice with just the proper setting for a pompous display of his authority, and there the arrest was made.

"John Sykes, alias Charles Baker, alias Red Snapper, I arrest you in the name of the law."

An expression of injured innocence, soft and seductive, overspread the young man's face. After the first shock was over, he exploded into a wrathful outburst of indignation, and protest. The sympathy of the onlookers was plainly with him.

But Sol was game. He came back good and strong, grinding his prisoner under a merciless cross-fire of questions. The accused began to hesitate, to contradict himself, and finally, finding that the officer had him cornered, broke down and confessed.

It was a dramatic piece of work, well executed by both parties.

It was chapter one in the triumph of the man of the law. He did not deem it of

sufficient importance to wire for instructions about his prisoner who waived his right to requisition, but, having secured a leave of absence, bought tickets for two and took the first train on the thousand-mile journey to fame and incidentally to the coveted reward.

A week passed. No word had come from Solomon. Confidence rose in the bosom of Maj. Culpepper Jones like mercury in a thermometer on the Fourth of July.

Again the game room over Bundy's saloon was in full blast. The major raked in a pile of poker chips and blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Here's my philosophy," he spoke in terms of condescension to his vanquished friends. "When a storm approaches, don't run to cover unless you have to. Open the cellar door and trap the cyclone instead."

"Is that what you did to Solomon, Major?"

"The same. I don't know the details yet, but it's done. Sol will need all the wisdom he can scrape together in the next 7000 years to put one over on the heir to the cumulative strategy of the Culpeppers, huh."

After the morning mail had come in, the major monopolized the settee in front of the postoffice, and there prolonged the enjoyment of his cigar under the friendly shade of a hackberry tree. He was immensely satisfied with himself.

His day dreams carried him over the border of slumberland. His massive head began to droop, lower and lower, his chin whiskers painted his white shirt bosom with odd figures in tobacco stain.

Presently the major's mouth relaxed, and the cigar, released from its grip between his yellow teeth, slipped and fell into the outstretched palm of his right hand. With a cry of acute pain he leaped to his feet and looked wildly around, completely dazed.

And there before him glowed the star of Solomon Doan.

"You—you nightmare!" the major hissed. "What—you—do—here?"

"Compose yo'self, major," Solomon commanded with elegant composure. "A message fo' you, huh."

The major bit his tongue in silent wrath and proceeded to open the envelope. The note was postmarked from a little town almost under the shadow of the big city.

"The compliments of the season to Maj. Culpepper Jones," it read. "And may the shadow of Solomon never grow bigger than it is at present! Otherwise you will have to set him up as a Colossus, and he is so much needed to continue the work of cleaning up Rockton. . . . That day you met me I was staggering under the last straw. Had you not happened along I would have crossed the line of hope and been lost for good. I fear. You saved me—you and Solomon. I wanted to go back; I was dying to go back, but I was afraid. Your offer somehow struck me as providential. . . . The face of my mother haunted me that day."

The major squirmed uneasily. He looked about him, but no one was paying the slightest attention to his reading.

"I just had to go home," the letter continued. "I wanted to go—but I was despondent, and I was ashamed to wire for money. I yielded to your blandishments, frankly because it was the only chance. Can I ever thank you enough? Ah, you should have seen that home-coming. You should see me now, a decent chap and at work. . . . You diabolically planned the ruin of one man. In that you failed miserably, thank goodness, but you proved the unintentional instrument of fate in saving another. A thousand thanks, and blessings on you, my good shepherd! . . . I return, herewith, all the money you gave me. The \$100 balance you promised to give me you might well donate to the civic league for the improvement of that dinky little city park. . . . Oh, my! But you should have seen Solomon in all his glory cavorting around up here in the big city. He had the time of his life, and he got his picture in one of the big papers, too, uniform, brass buttons and all the rest of the paraphernalia. . . . Now, if I may presume to give a gentleman of your superior wisdom a bit of wholesome advice, cut out your old devilment and follow the lead of the star. It will be the crowning act of your life."

The major thoughtfully folded the sheets and tucked the letter into an inside coat pocket. He gripped his walking cane menacingly, but Solomon had discreetly disappeared while he was reading.

At the far end of the street a blue figure strode proudly back and forth. The major

winned as his eye caught the glint of a brilliant star flashing in all its faultless glory in the morning sunlight.

An hour later Sliger entered the room of the major and found him busily packing his best clothes in an old tin trunk.

"Why, Maj. Culpepper Jones, what is the meanin' of this? Goin' over to Indian Springs for a spell without consultin' your friends?"

Casting discretion to the winds, the major drew himself up haughtily and pulled the folds of his shiny broadcloth tightly across his swelling bosom.

"Your progressive city has progressed too much, huh; entirely too much!" The major's indignation was at blood heat. "I'm going somewhere—anywhere—for an indefinite stay, where civilization still reigns in its pristine glory and personal liberty, huh, is held in sacred veneration."

Ships Spread Species.

MANY INSECTS TRAVEL LONG DISTANCES BY SEA.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

Masters of trading vessels say that it is not an uncommon occurrence to come upon flies and butterflies a long way out to sea. When a certain vessel had stood out some thirty miles from the Chinese coast a plague of flies overtook it. The cabin was so full of them that the beans were blackened. Common black house-flies they were for the most part, with, however, a plentiful sprinkling of large green flies. Why they should have followed the vessel was a mystery. They were a terrible nuisance until the next port was reached.

Another singular circumstance was that, although no land was in sight, large dragon-flies repeatedly flew across the ship; and there was observed one large dark butterfly flitting across in the direction of land without stopping to rest upon the ship. At this time the nearest land was Chusan Islands, fully thirty miles off.

There appear to be various species of insects that migrate from one quarter of the globe to another in vessels plying between distant ports. Indeed it has been contended that the spread of many varieties of insects has been largely dependent on the ships.

Not so many years ago a vessel from the tropics was followed by a swarm of butterflies which persistently hovered about the rigging until the shore was lost in the mists. Then the insects alighted on the masts and decks. A few disappeared in the night, but many hid away in the cabins and the hold of the ship. After a trip of some forty days the vessel reached England, and, from their hiding-places in the ship, quite a number of these butterflies emerged and flew ashore. Thus an entirely new species of butterfly was, it is said, introduced into the British Isles.

Ships engaged in the fruit trade are visited by a miscellaneous collection of queer creatures. Concealed in bunches of bananas there may be poisonous reptiles and insects that have traveled long distances. They may bite or sting the hand of some receiver of fruit or they may be killed before they have inflicted injury. Frequently, however, they escape ashore, and should the new climate prove congenial, they may in a very short time produce a progeny that will eventually spread to no small extent. Venomous snakes of the tropics have thus been introduced into lands where none of the sort were known to exist before. Moths of a destructive nature constantly migrate in fruit ships. Numerous immigrants in the shape of bees are brought in with flowers and plants. Insects from the West Indies have been imported in the beautiful Easter lily blossoms, and from all parts of the world come strange bugs hidden away in the cup-like blooms of orchids.

Not all of the newcomers are obnoxious, some being of distinct value to their adopted country, their introduction in a way frequently working out the problem of the destruction of some pest.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "How now?"

"This fellow told me he was going to show me the beauties of the town."

"Well, didn't he?"

"He meant parks and office buildings. I was prepared to see some feminine loveliness."

The Poetic Inspiration of Orpheus Homer.

By Charles Campbell Jones.

GENIUS THAT WON.

THE BUZZER on the side of her desk sounded impatiently; the domestic stenographer—trim, young, brown haired, and evidently capable—rose and reached for her dictation pad and pencils. She spoke in a hurried aside.

"Say, Sadie, do me a favor. If there's a phone call for me you tell him I'll call him up after lunch—right away after. Will you?"

"Sure," agreed Sadie, "anything to ease your mind."

Mamie Santley went briskly down the inside corridor toward Mr. Carson's private office. She walked with a lithe grace yet unspoiled at the typewriter. She was charmingly pretty, both of face and figure; and what was more likely to hold attention once attracted, she had poise. She did not seem to be a person who would do anything without due reflection.

Ten minutes later the office boy answered the phone and looked around grinning. His eye caught the expectant regard of the giddy blonde. "Where's Miss Santley?" he asked.

Sadie Porter stood up with all the languid grace of which she was capable, patted her puffed hair, shrugged her shoulders to make sure of the set of her waist, and made for the telephone. "Never you bother your little head about that," she advised patronizingly, "she told me to take the call."

"Huh," grunted the boy, his freckled face split clear across. "He talks like jelly on hot biscuits tastes."

With the first words of the answer to her silky "Miss Santley's busy just now, but she told me to take the call," Sadie assumed an unmistakable I-told-you-so air.

"O-o-o-h, yes, Mister Homer," she purred with a smile at the transmitter, "Mamie said she'd call you right after lunch. How are you, anyway?"

Until the head book-keeper began to cough pointedly she held the phone; then with a glare in the general direction of the tall desk she swept back to her machine. When the domestic stenographer returned Sadie waited until she was seated before her typewriter to lean sideways and murmur: "Orph Homer phoned, and I told him just what you said. Say, Mamie, how about it?"

Mamie turned. "About what?"

"Oh, about it," explained the giddy blonde impatiently. "The big it. Are you lettin' that talkmaster put one over on you? Don't you do it, girlie; I've got his number."

Miss Santley plainly did not consider it worth her while to continue the one-sided conversation. She arranged her notebook and began to drum upon the typewriter keys. The ensuing clatter effectually silenced Sadie; she gave her rejected attention to her own tasks. At noon they went to lunch together. The assistant credit man joined them in the clean upstairs lunch room, where they all ate regularly. There was still a vacant place at the little table, and before they finished ordering, a stocky, red-haired young fellow approached smiling. Mamie knew him for a new man at the office—a clerk who had been there but two months. He wore a loud suit of checked goods, he bore himself as a man ready and able to fit in anywhere. He nodded familiarly.

"Hello, Oswald," began the credit assistant, "take the place there. The grub here'll kill you as quick as any other. Goin' to chew here regular with us?"

Theodore Oswald continued smiling. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," he quoted. "That's the poetry of it, and the truth of it is that destiny shaped my feet so they won't point anywhere else at lunch time. Poets are wise guys."

He looked at Miss Santley as he spoke, but it was Sadie Porter who caught first at the chance to answer him. "What do you know about poets, Ted Oswald? You don't keep any of their stuff in the files, do you? If old Carson—"

Oswald was an impatient listener to all but the voice of his desire. Still smiling at Mamie Santley, he broke in: "Poets are a bum lot, I guess. I never met one, and all I know about them is that they don't have enough to eat to keep them from gettin' light headed."

"Well," observed Sadie determinedly,

"you'll have to hand it to me, then. I know a poet—or at least he thinks he's a poet. His name is Orpheus Homer."

Miss Santley managed to hide her confusion beneath the general activity following the arrival of the waiter with the orders. Sadie went on between bites:

"Orph and I went to the old Lincoln School together. He used to make up verses when he should have been hard at his arithmetic and geography. We kids didn't know for a long time what he was at so much, and we wanted to find out, believe me. He'd write and write and write; but he'd always keep the paper folded in an open book, and if any of us got too close he'd bang the book shut on our noses."

"One time the teacher had been givin' it to us about walkin' home all together—the same ones all the time, girls and boys, I mean. Orph always walked with a spindlin', pig-tailed kid that squinted. The teacher talked a lot of pep about puppy love, and she wrote some poetry on the board about 'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.' But it was spring, so we didn't care a bit."

"She slipped down the aisle that afternoon and found out what all us kids wanted to know. Orph was writing a poem; all about a brawny, big-footed rube, and a slender lass—that's what the poem said, but I'll bet she was lanky as slats and had a sharp freckled nose—who waited at the old gate till he prodded his slow red oxen by after working all day in the fields. Orph had worked in a bunch of stuff about 'eve and believe,' and 'dove and love,' and 'kiss and bliss,' and it was some mushy, take it from yours truly. The teacher read it before the class, and for once Orph had an appreciative audience. The kid with the squint and pig-tails ditched him right then and there. The kids—that is, the ones that weren't too little—called him 'Gee-haw' after that, too."

Miss Porter balanced a forkful of fish and laughed. "It was worth going ten miles to hear about. He used to hate that low comedy. 'Gee-haw,' like poison. I wonder sometimes if he's got over it yet?"

Before Oswald could express his complete appreciation of the tale the domestic stenographer spoke up.

"I think it was a perfectly outrageous thing to do," she declared heatedly, "and I'll bet that teacher was a chisel-faced, sour old maid who would have jumped at the chance to make love to a one-legged deaf and dumb man."

Theodore Oswald swallowed his appreciation with an untasted bite of bread. He frowned belligerently at the giddy blonde as she retorted. "Of course—of course. But let me tell you, love's old song may be sweet, but it's not half as fillin' as sauerkraut. A poet may be all right, but while he's huntin' for his inspiration the rest of the family has to hustle for the ambrosia and nightingales' tongues. I'll bet Orph Homer hasn't earned enough to keep a healthy canary since I went to school with him."

Oswald cut short a flippant remark of the credit assistant's and flew to the defense of Miss Santley. "Poets, some poets," he averred, "make a lot of money." He looked as if he dared them to deny it, and as they rose and passed the cashier's wicket he fell in beside the domestic stenographer. To the remarks of the others he gave short, grudging attention, returning easily to a pursuit that suited him better. Mamie Santley appreciated his evidently sincere attention, but she had business of her own. He was a singularly obtuse person and persistent, and before she managed to shake him he nearly lost what favor he had gained at the table. Just before going back to work she broke away and sought the telephone.

As she got her number the giddy blonde listened with both ears. She had observed the effect Miss Santley unwillingly exerted upon Oswald, and she was hopeful. Sadie believed in the divine right of meddlers, and back of her resolve to do her best was a sincere conviction that she was right. Her own affair with Fred Mosher, a rising young man in the traffic department, had progressed past the need of attention. She heard, but did not yet understand fully, the domestic stenographer's last words. "Oh, that's just too bad. Are you sure the other one is in as good a location? . . . Five

rooms, did you say, and two hundred fifty dollars less? . . . Well, we'll have to see. But I don't see why they couldn't wait before they sold the other."

She laughed as she hung up the receiver, her face still wore a slow, comfortable smile as she sat down. To Sadie she spoke lightly of the first part of the telephoning, quite ignoring the part that fired the giddy blonde's curiosity, and said that Orpheus wanted to know when she was going to bake beans again.

Sadie lost no time. "You talkin' about beans makes me think that Orpheus Homer likes eatin' them better than buyin' them. It's easy to eat, but he don't run much to hustle. And being an expert eater won't get anybody anything."

The domestic stenographer, with the story in the lunchroom still rankling, answered spiritedly. "Even if you did go to school with him you don't know about him. Talk about ambrosia, whatever that is, and nightingales' tongues! Humph! He doesn't like any but simple dishes. He likes my baked beans better than all the fancy-cake stuff ever served."

"Why, about every time he eats my beans he goes home and writes a beautiful poem. I've read his verses, and they fairly make my mouth water—for my own beans, too. And he thinks my soups are splendid. One Sunday when a crowd of us were discussing the nicest way to die Orpheus paid me an awfully pretty compliment by saying right before them all that if he had to die he'd choose to be drowned in a vat of my tomato soup." She hesitated. "I tell you, Sadie," she went on, "you and Fred come out tomorrow afternoon and I'll have some for supper—soup and beans both."

Miss Porter thought she saw another opportunity. "We'll be glad to," she answered, and as she said it she looked down the long room toward Theodore Oswald's desk. He smiled back at her; an impudent and strangely infectious smile. It seemed to inspire her. "Say, Mamie," she continued, "ask Ted Oswald, too. He'd be tickled to death to come, and he'll be pretty sure to give you something beside rhymes in return. Orph can't—if he gets another plate of soup or more beans every time he makes a verse or two, it's the first time he ever collected anything but threats for his efforts."

She closed her mouth sharply on the last word and snapped out the next. "I'll bet the truth is that Orph eats so many beans when he gets a chance he can't sleep and has to do something to pass the night. Or if it's soup he's had he's scared to lie down for fear it will spill. Be smart, Mamie, dearie, and don't take that rhyme seriously. It takes more than his jingles to make married life run like a two-horse sleigh. A pair of hard dollars jingles better than a pair of soft rhymes anytime. Give Oswald a chance. I heard him asking the book-keeper about you yesterday. I know you're strong with him already."

"Do you really think so?" innocently inquired Miss Santley. "He's a nice boy and I do like him. I wonder—"

"Surest thing you know," Sadie exclaimed. "Of course, he's only making about sixty per right now, but he'll do a lot better. He's got a pull in this office. They say his father's got so much money it keeps him skinny takin' in the interest. You'd better remember you can't live on love, or on sleazy mush about beans and soup, either. Be wise, girlie, I'd go for him myself if it wasn't for old Fred."

The curt command of Miss Santley's buzzer cut short Sadie Porter's speech. When the domestic stenographer returned, Sadie was gone for her own dictation. Mamie went to the water cooler down the room, and before she could finish her drink was met by the red-haired opportunist Oswald. She was back at her desk when Sadie returned.

"Tommy Carson's got a fierce grouch on," she grumbled, "he must have been done out of some money at lunch. He's worse than the old man when he gets started."

Miss Santley had had her own troubles. "Old Carson's plenty bad enough. I wish I'd have some sense and hurry up and get through with this place."

Sadie regarded her with half-lowered lids. "Are you thinkin'—ahem—of leaving us, Miss Santley?" she mimicked.

"Oh, I don't know," Mamie countered. "Why?"

"Well, that five-room talk to Orph Homer this noon sounds like it," Sadie explained suspiciously. She leaned her sharp elbow on her desk. "Mame, don't make any mistake about what I'm tellin' you? It's all true as gospel. You remember what I said about a pair of hard dollars jinglin' better than a pair of soft rhymes. I know how you feel. I guess; but much as I think of Fred, I wouldn't stick to him longer than about eight fifteen this evenin' if I wasn't dead sure he could make a good livin' for us both. You can take Oswald like takin' candy from a kid—I know it. If you take Orpheus Homer, like I'm afraid you're fixin' to," (she waved her free hand impressively) "he hasn't a thing, he won't have anything so long as he sticks to writin' bum jingles—and he won't ever do anything else if I know him—you'll be playin' 'I Wish I Hadn't Done It, But I Did' on the rough side of a washboard in less than a year. Ted Oswald will keep you in the common stuff, anyway—he makes enough for that now, and he'll get his raise sure, even if his rich dad don't do anything for you. Come on, have him out tomorrow."

Miss Santley was looking across the room. She smiled with evident friendliness and the giddy blonde followed her glance. Then she looked hard at Mamie. The domestic stenographer had been smiling at Oswald; she saw Sadie's pointed stare, dropped her brown eyes, slipped a clean sheet between the typewriter rolls, and turned squarely to her adviser: "I've already asked him," she said quietly.

On Saturday afternoon Theodore Oswald, in a neat brown suit and with his red hair brushed in a clean sweep back from his forehead, presented himself, hat in hand, at the door of the Santley residence—a comfortable, white old frame house on a side street well out. Miss Santley met him and made him welcome. Fred Mosher and the giddy blonde were already there; Mosher had been talking with Mamie, and Sadie Porter came in from a rear room with the elder Santleys. Oswald liked the old couple instinctively, without a contrary thought he classified them as good folks. Sadie greeted him effusively. "Cheer, cheer, the gang's all here," she called. Then in a hurried aside she whispered: "Hope you stuck to it and passed up your lunch to leave room for real eats."

Oswald was still the opportunist. He meant to do flattering justice to the supper; to keep the iron hot and to strike often. The giddy blonde had impressed the need for action upon him. He was a man used to his own way, and he did not often bother to consider the chance of defeat. He made it his business to begin without delay. When the general conversation switched to office matters he said to Mosher, in Miss Mamie Santley's hearing, that he had been promised his \$10 raise. In his heart he was confident that information would have its effect. He felt that his first impression of the elder Santleys was happily justified when—after skillful maneuvering by Miss Porter the talk had shifted to a discussion of living conditions—the kindly, white-haired Santley declared he would rather see a girl married to a man with a smaller assured income than to one with twice the amount earned in haphazard fashion. Things seemed to be progressing fortunately for Theodore.

It was the giddy blonde who put on a dance record and started the machine. Fred Mosher was a poor dancer, but, to his surprise, she would dance only with him. Mamie was delighted with the easy facility Oswald willingly displayed, and Sadie watched them more than she did her step. After the dancing was done she drew Mosher into a conversation about chickens with Mr. Santley. She knew his weakness, and her own adroit strength.

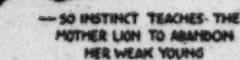
"I've got some pretty good chickens, I reckon," drawled the older man, with modest pride in his voice.

"Fred's crazy about them," interjected Sadie, briskly. "He'd walk a mile to look at really good ones."

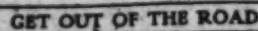
"Why, I—," beamed Mr. Santley; but before he could finish Miss Porter agreed heartily. "Yes, show them to him. He'll

By Evelyn McDowell.

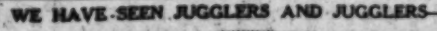
IT'S NATURE'S OWN WAY



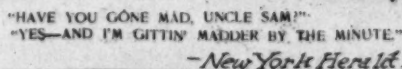
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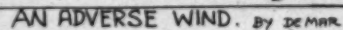
-Des Moines Registry Leader



HAS IT COME TO THIS?



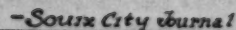
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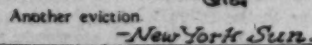
-Philadelphia Record.



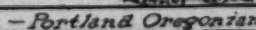
THE OBSERVER



-Soux City Journal



-New York Sun.



-Portland Oregonian

The Spirit Wail. By Edmund Mitchell.

"When we were alone, Bajl Lal and Devaka threw themselves at my feet, and thanked me for the aid I had rendered them."

"My children," I said, as I raised them up, "were I not assured in my own mind that there is some grievous mistake, and that you can explain the mysterious disappearance of your guest, I should not be here by your side. But tell me your story, and I shall advise you to the best of my powers."

"Bajl Lal lifted his eyes, and gazed at me mournfully but fearlessly."

"Chunda Das," he began, "you have known me now for many years. Have I ever done aught to shake your confidence?"

"Never," I affirmed.

"Have you ever heard me tell a lie?"

"Never," I again replied.

"Well, then, you will believe me when I say that I told the truth in declaring that the stranger went away in the night. His servant came back all in a hurry for him, and he would not tarry even until daylight, although I pleaded with him to stay."

"I believe you," I said, for, even apart from my prior trust, the man's look convinced me that he was speaking true words."

"Yes, this is the simple truth," he went on. "And yet—here his voice faltered, and he glanced down pityingly on his wife crouched upon the ground, rocking herself and wringing her hands. 'And yet I know, we know,' Devaka and I, that Sheikh Ahmed has been murdered."

"I started aghast, and involuntarily drew my garments around me."

"Nay," he said, reproachfully, reading my unacknowledged and almost unformed thought, "but not at our hands, Chunda Das."

"Then how do you know that he is dead?" I questioned, already ashamed that a doubt could have crossed my mind as to my friends being art and part in such a dastardly deed. "What makes you think so?"

"I do not think; I know," he said decisively. "And I will tell you why. The night after the Sheikh left was cold and windy, for the monsoon was approaching. Devaka and I were sitting together, and, as we listened to the wind blowing outside, she expressed a hope that our guest was safely at his destination, for in his state of health the inclement weather would be harmful. Before I could answer her we were startled to hear quite close to us a faint cry. I got up and looked around, and so did Devaka, for she was brave, my wife. But we could not find anything to account for the disconcerting sound."

"We sat down again, but before long we heard once more the wailing cry, louder now and more prolonged. We started up, and this time went outside, in spite of the rain carried by the lashing wind. However, we could discover no one—neither man nor beast. So we went in again and shut the door."

"And all night long this strange thing continued. Sometimes the sound was softly sobbing, then it would grow to a heart-breaking wail. We could not go to bed. Fear kept us awake, for we had come to the conclusion that it was the spirit of Sheikh Ahmed trying to make us understand that he had been murdered on the road."

"Day after day, and night after night we were haunted by the cries and sobs of this spirit. Can you wonder that our hearts grew weak from fear, that we shunned our neighbors lest they should enter our dwelling and, hearing these sounds, suspect that we had done some grievous wrong? That is my story, Chunda Das."

"And the strong man sank to the ground, as he buried his face in his hands."

"It is even a relief to be here," he cried, in broken tones; "here, prisoners in this place of shame, because, at least, we are no longer haunted by the voice of the dead Sheikh."

"He flung his hands out in an abhorrent gesture, and raised tear-filled, pleading eyes to mine."

"I had been listening intently to Bajl Lal's story, and had watched the changes on his impassioned face. When the tale was ended, Devaka threw herself prone at my feet, and pressed her lips to the hem of my robe. I was touched by her silent beseeching, though I hastily, and, I fear, roughly, commanded her to arise."

"Dear friends," I said, "this is indeed an extraordinary occurrence. And how I can help you is more than I at present know. But rest assured that I will exert

myself to the utmost to remove from your heads the infamy of such an accusation."

"I mused awhile, then put a few questions as to the personal appearance of the stranger, Sheikh Ahmed, and also that of his servant, the exact hour of their departure, and the direction in which they had gone. After learning these things I took my leave, commending Bajl Lal and his wife to the care of the constable, whose promise that nothing would happen to his prisoners until the patel's return I sealed with a handful of rupees."

"This matter settled, I strolled back to the pipul tree beside the tank, thinking that it might be useful to pick up the remarks of the loiterers. But, to my surprise, I found virtually the whole village in assembly, and, to my dismay, soon gathered that it was their fixed intention to kill Bajl Lal, give to Devaka the privilege of committing suttee, and then burn down the haunted house whence the accusing sounds came, making of their own home the funeral pyre of both victims."

"I plucked my beard in my distress. I felt so helpless. If only the headman were here, together we might have devised something. But alone I was powerless. Plunged in gloomy forebodings, I did not notice the approach of the barber, until he touched my sleeve to announce his presence."

"You have heard what they mean to do?" he asked.

"I nodded."

"We must save them, Chunda Das. But I beg of you not to place any reliance on the patel's coming, for he sides with the rest of the villagers, and will help them to deal out the swift justice which he believes to be well deserved. Besides, it was his cows that died this morning."

"At this statement, then indeed my last hope was gone. For we were far away from any town where I could have invoked the aid of the Emperor's soldiers. I shook my head despairingly."

"Oh, yes, Chunda Das, you will devise some way," protested the barber, reading the hopelessness in my mind. "You have a fleet horse, and can ride after Sheikh Ahmed, find him, and call him back again. Or, if he be really dead, you can bring word of how his end came."

"Will there be time for all this?" I asked dubiously.

"We must make time," he answered. "The patel will be back before long. You can use the interval in getting some food and in preparing for the road. I think your influence with him will at least secure delay for some days, until you can return with the information in quest of which you go. But mark my words, unless the Sheikh shows himself, or you can prove how he met his death on the road, then assuredly will the doom of our friends be sealed."

"Very well," I said, contented in my mind; for if my search for Sheikh Ahmed failed, I could bring back with me some of our master Akbar's soldiery to rescue the prisoners."

"During the afternoon the headman returned, and I lost no time in interviewing him. I told him how firmly convinced I was that Bajl Lal and Devaka were innocent, and that I would prove it if he gave me the chance to do so. At first he shook his head, but on my promising that the unfortunate couple would in the interval make no effort to escape, and that I would surely be back in two weeks' time whether or not success in my mission attended me, he yielded to my entreaties, the less reluctantly because I further undertook to pay him the value of his dead cows."

"So, after a brief good-by visit to Bajl Lal and his wife, I set forth on my journey."

"Six days later I entered the bazaar of Punderpur. I went to a travelers' rest-house with which I was familiar, to see whether I could glean any information as to the present whereabouts of Sheikh Ahmed, who, in his travels, I had discovered, had been making for this place."

"Seated around the courtyard of the caravanseral were many visitors and their friends of the town. With some of the latter I was acquainted, but for the present I only returned their greetings with a silent salaam. I was anxious to meet with an old friend, a munshi, learned in many languages, whose profession kept him on the lookout for numerous travelers from distant parts who passed this way."

"I had just espied the man of whom I was in quest, seated at some distance among a group of idlers, when I was accosted by a stranger handsomely accoutered and of fine

bearing. He said that he had heard I was recently arrived from Sengali. He had friends in that village, and would be glad to hear of them."

"I told him that for the present I was occupied with pressing business, but a little later I would be at his disposal, and pleased to give him any information in my power. He thanked me courteously and said he would return in the evening, when, perhaps, I would be more at leisure. I had cut short this interview, paying, indeed, little heed to the stranger, for I had noticed that my friend, the munshi, not knowing of my presence in the inn, was in the act of taking his departure. I hastened after him."

"The venerable munshi was delighted to see me, and insisted on my sharing his evening meal. We moved in the direction of his home, and he gave me the chit-chat of the day. Until our repast was finished I did not mention the object of my visit. Only after we were comfortably seated on the veranda, enjoying the cool night air, did I approach the subject."

"At the end of my narrative Munshi Khyraz—such was my host's name—sat silent for a spell. I knew my friend, and allowed him his own time to make any comment. Presently he broke from his reflection."

"About the time you mention," he began, "just before the first rains, a stranger was brought into this town by some woodcutters. Their story was that the wounded man had been attacked by his servant when traveling, and left for dead in the jungle. I had the victim of this outrage carried to my house, and, his wounds not proving serious, he was soon well, and able to think of resuming his journey. He was very reticent concerning the motive of his servant for attempting his life, and foolishly, to my mind, made no effort to trace the miscreant. When leaving he said that in all probability he would return this way a few weeks later. So, my friend, he may be here any day, for it is a good long while since he left."

"Repressing my eagerness, I sat still for a few minutes, then said:

"I think it is certain from what you have told me that the wounded man was the one I am now seeking."

"Perhaps, perhaps; but only time will decide," he replied, cautiously. "You must wait and see."

"Just then a servant approached and whispered in his master's ear. The old man sat up from his half-reclining attitude, and methought for a moment that an amused smile crept over his face."

"Admit him," he said to the attendant. "Admit him at once."

"Then, turning to me with his accustomed gravity, he added in explanation, 'A friend of mine has called. He is an interesting man and I want you to know him.'"

"I was about to protest that I had not come there to make new acquaintances, when the curtain was pushed aside, and none other than the stranger who had addressed me at the caravanseral stepped onto the veranda. He crossed over to the master of the house and greeted him affectionately. I decided to remain at least a short time, and waited quietly until my host should introduce his visitor. This he straightway proceeded to do, presenting us to each other with a courteous wave of his hand."

"A glow of pleasure suffused the newcomer's face when he recognized me."

"Fate is indeed kind," said he. "I was going to try to find you again at the rest-house, when, lo and behold! here you are, the guest of my good friend, the munshi. Now, perhaps, you will give me the news from Sengali."

"It is grievous," I returned, "and it is owing to trouble there that I am now here."

"Indeed! And what may the trouble be? As I told you this afternoon, I have friends in the village, and am consequently interested."

"Aye, aye, tell him the story you have just told me," called out the munshi."

"Courteously the stranger awaited my response, in his eyes an anxious look of inquiry. As I proceeded with my recital his excitement grew apace, and he leaned forward in his eagerness to miss not a word. At the finish he started to his feet, and, catching hold of my arm, exclaimed:

"What! You tell me they will burn down their very home?"

"I nodded assent."

"Then must we part in all haste for Sengali," he continued, excitedly. "Tonight, now, or it may be too late."

"I was moved by this display of fervid

sympathy on the part of a stranger for my humble friends in their sorry plight. But I could not avail myself of his proffered assistance."

"Pardon me," I replied, "but I have first to find Sheikh Ahmed, who has been the cause—the innocent cause—of all this grievous anxiety, and whose presence is needed to put an end to the false charge of murder."

"Don't you know that I am Sheikh Ahmed?" cried the stranger."

"Yes, yes, he is no other," laughed our host, the munshi. "I avoided giving the wounded traveler's name a while ago, Chunda Das, as a fitting curb to your eagerness, and now, thanks to the Sheikh paying me a visit, you have met somewhat quicker than I expected."

"For a full minute I was speechless. Was it possible that I had so soon found my man, or, to put it more correctly, that the man had found me? The gods be praised for working on behalf of the helpless and oppressed!"

"But my meditations were rudely interrupted. The Sheikh had again gripped me by the shoulder, and was speaking rapidly:

"I little thought I should have been the means of doing to these people, who nursed and nourished me, so grievous an injury. But, Allah be praised! there is yet time to repair the wrongs and make amends. Let us away, away, without the delay of another hour."

"The munshi clasped his hands once more, and the servant was quickly in attendance."

"These friends of mine will take the road," he said to the man "so soon as the moon is up. Go you now to the inn and bid the grooms make ready their horses for a long journey. Quick—lose no time!"

"The Sheikh motioned the servant to his side, and added some whispered instructions. Then, turning to me, he said:

"The moon will serve us ere very long."

"The time soon passed, and, our horses having been brought from the rest-house, we took leave of our good host, Munshi Khyraz."

"Just as we turned onto the high road, ten or a dozen mounted troopers emerged from the shadow of a tangle of trees, and came clattering behind us."

"These are my escort," explained the Sheikh. "I have already encountered too many dangers on this road to run further risks."

"I made no comment, but inwardly reflected that once more kind fate was working in my favor. Of course, with Sheikh Ahmed alive, there would be no need to use force for Bajl Lal's rescue. But, safeguarded on the way, we should be all the quicker in reaching our destination."

"It was toward noon of the fourth day from Punderpur—for there were now no inquiries to delay me—that we came in sight of the village of Sengali. It was just ten days then since the date of my departure in quest of the missing man. So my mind was at ease; according to the patel's promise, there remained yet four days of safety for Bajl Lal and Devaka."

"But all at once fear smote my heart. There was a strange absence of people in the fields and on the outskirts of the village. Dreaming I know not what, I begged of the Sheikh to press forward. Our escort was some distance behind on the road, but, without waiting for the troopers, we set out tired horses to their best speed."

"Coming to the pipul tree and the tank, we found this usual place of congregation deserted. Now indeed was I thoroughly alarmed, likewise my companion, and of one accord, without waiting to visit the constable's compound, we turned our horses' heads in the direction of the home of Bajl Lal."

"And gathered there we found the dense crowd, the hoarse murmur of their voices being borne to our ears before we turned the corner. The first thing that smote my eyes was a thin column of smoke mounting skyward."

"Sheikh Ahmed, too, had seen, for he whipped up his horse unmercifully. As he flashed past me, I was struck by the ashen gray that had stolen over his features. His face was drawn, his nostrils quivered from excitement."

"I could not but admire his eager determination. 'What gratitude! What unselfishness!' I thought to myself. 'Here is this man, rich and highly placed, ready to endure prolonged fatigues and hardships, to face any adventure, and all for the sake of a humble villager and his wife who did but

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Recent Cartoons.

[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

From Azusa to Monrovia via the Ridge Route.

By Evelyn McDowell.

HITTING THE TRAIL.

WE hoped that the thick, cold fog which shrouded all Los Angeles and its environs would continue inland and last until we had secured a good start up the mountainside. But, as is the habit of fogs, except in the winter time, this one had dissipated itself out of existence some time before we reached Azusa, where our walk to Camp Rincon was to begin.

A few of the less strenuous decided to ride up in the stage, saving their strength for the return trip on foot. With them were sent the sweaters of the rest of the party, and with loads thus somewhat lightened we struck off up the white road to the mouth of the big San Gabriel Canyon. At the waterworks the canteens were filled, and luckily, for there was not a drop of water where the river ought to have been. No need now to cross the stream in a basket suspended from a wire cable.

The leader of the party took the trail up a short incline, and most of the others followed. A straggler or two, stopping to catch their breath, caught sight of a sign-board a short distance to one side, and feminine curiosity would not let them continue in peace until they had read its message. This proved to be "To Rincon," pointing in a different direction from the one their leader had taken, and she, when informed of the fact, said, "Well, you can go that way if you want to, but I'm going this way." And would you believe it, one by one all the crowd came over to the new trail, leaving the leader to proceed alone!

The new way was wide and smooth, leading into a delightful canyon where a stream flowed among boulders shaded by alders, sycamores and mountain laurel. Live oaks spread over the pathway, scarlet fuchsias grew by its side, and rosettes of ferns clung to the slope. Vertical-faced rocks near the water were hung with lovely Venus-hair ferns, and tiny fishes frisked about in the clear brown water. Quail called upon us to "Quit! Quit!" and when we failed to comply there was a sudden loud whirring of wings as they left for more secluded quarters.

At times the trail became indistinct, or scrambled up the steep hillside where it was necessary to clutch roots of trees to steady ourselves. Often it crossed the stream on stepping-stones. Leisurely we followed the twists and turns of the narrow canyon, and sat down on some rocks by the water to eat our lunch. It seemed as if we must before long come to the head of the canyon and climb to a higher trail. So we kept on, after our appetites had been satisfied, until finally those in the lead came face to face with a high, steep wall that offered too great difficulty for our further progress. For some time we had had a growing suspicion that all was not exactly as it should be. But two signs had pointed this way to Rincon. However, it was decided that the best thing to do was to go back to the mouth of the canyon and follow the trail which our leader had taken.

So, somewhat disgusted with ourselves, we "bought" and returned pell-mell to the sign which read "11 miles to Camp Rincon." Here a little scrutiny showed a trail going up the hillside which we had easily overlooked on our outward trip. Four hours had been spent in the canyon, it was now 2 o'clock, and we had almost our whole day's work still before us. But we knew much more about the geography of that vicinity than we should have known if we hadn't explored lovely Rogers Canyon, and now, nothing daunted, we started out confidently for Camp Rincon.

Quite a different trail was this, leading up the warm hillside, past a grove of eucalypts, and giving a widening outlook over hazy valley and toward neighboring hills. Always upward, zigzagging back and forth and following the contour of the hills, we climbed and climbed, through chaparral. Buckwheat, chamiso, sumac, buckthorn, scrub oak, holly, mountain mahogany and manzanita do not provide much shade for human vagrants—though some of the manzanita bushes were really small trees.

But our perseverance was occasionally rewarded when the trail took to the shady

side of a hill, almost on a level. Especially pleasing were the few scattered clumps of madroñas, showing smooth green stems with ruddy thin outer bark hanging in papery curls and streamers.

There was more breeze when we reached higher places, renewing our vigor and contributing to our comfort. We met a quartette of men coming down, who, in answer to our inquiry as to the distance to Camp Rincon, said, "About seven and a half miles—no more." The optimist in our party had some time since affirmed that she was sure we were at least half-way there!

Soon after this we found a little monument erected in the middle of the trail, and projecting from the heap of stones a sharp stick on which was impaled a piece of paper. Our leader, whom we had so basely deserted and who had waited long for us to overtake her, had left a message of guidance, which ended thus: "Where have you been?"

It wasn't very long until, as we were passing over a level stretch on the north side of a spur, through a V-shaped gap between the hills northeastward we caught our first glimpse of Mt. San Antonio, his bare white shoulders bathed in the rosy light of the low sun. And then when we reached the hog-back connecting the two ridges which formed the V, we reveled in the most exquisite vision which we had enjoyed for many a day. Our view northeast and southwest was entirely unobstructed by near hills, and wandered far in both these directions over mountain slopes and sinuous canyons with dark-green floor-coverings. The ridge forming the westerly wall of the great San Antonio Canyon stretched almost its full length before us. San Antonio peak itself, towering above all others in sight, was visible from summit almost to base, glowing in soft rosy amethyst, while its retinue, sloping gradually down toward the Pomona Valley, wore liveries of dark blue made dull by haze. The amethyst slowly changed to cool light blue, and we turned in the opposite direction, where the sun was disappearing behind Monrovia peak in a gorgeous lake of brilliant orange. Then when we faced eastward again the bright round countenance of the moon was beginning to peer over the cold shoulder of San Antonio.

More climbing, and a sign which read "6 miles to Camp Rincon." A level stretch, a ranger's tool-house, another hog-back, a sharp downward zigzag in the gathering dusk. The way was mostly downward now, and courage was increased in good measure: then—a steep upward zigzag, which was almost our undoing. But after this we descended again in the moonlight, through spruces. Lights appeared far, far below. The sound of running water came up to us, and we hastened through alternate darkness and moonlight, finally reaching camp, where our first demand was for a drink of water, as our one canteen had been sparingly used. The other canteen had made the trip with the leader.

From uncomfortably warm travelers we became shivering lodgers in no time at all, and welcomed most heartily the supper which had been for some time awaiting us. And then there was a rush to the camp fire when the flames began to leap skyward.

An occasional gleam of light shone through the darkness of the hillside where the trail comes down, and before long we around the fires were chanting "How tired I am, how dry I am, nobody knows how tired I am," to welcome our comrades who had started from the city much later than we, but had not explored any canyons en route and now came prancing gaily into camp.

It seemed a pity to bid good-night to such a friendly camp fire, but the time spent in joking and chatting passed rapidly, and the hour was late when we went to our tents.

The squawking of the bluejay was abroad in the land when the triangle tore us from the "arms of Murphy" the next morning, to see the sun gilding treetops and mountainsides. The fireplace in the dining-room was the popular rendezvous before breakfast, but after that ceremony was

over we transferred our headquarters to the edge of the porch, where the sun had arrived in the meantime. The night before, there had been several interested inquiries about the swimming pool, but somehow in the sharp coolness of the morning no one seemed eager to take a plunge. It seemed sufficient to dart through the spray from the fountain which spouted from a flower-garnished rockery.

There was discussion that morning as to routes to be taken on the return trip. Some declared their intention of following the stage road down through the canyon, wading the stream (there was considerable water in these higher reaches) at the frequent crossings. Some, and among them those who had ridden up in the stage, decided to return by the trail to Azusa as we had come up. But a few of us longed to take the trail to Monrovia, along the ridge. Four or five of the party had already made this trip, and for different reasons said, "Not for us." When we asked the distance one said eighteen miles, another twenty-two, still another twenty-eight. "You know where you came down last night. You have to go up all that, and then a lot more," said a big husky man, trying to discourage us from the undertaking. Even the lowest estimate was a rather long day's hike for four girls, but we determined to try it, nevertheless, though the forenoon was already half gone.

Heeding the warning that there was no water along the trail, we borrowed two canteens from less ambitious members of the party, and with sweaters and lunch started out. Daylight revealed many things which we had missed the night before, when we were conscious only of passing among shady conifers, with the sound of a stream rising from beneath our path. It was very lovely in this canyon up which we climbed, with glimpses of distant high peaks seen between spruce branches. As we ascended higher we could look down into our canyon and its small tributaries, whose dark depths were brightened by soft tawny sycamores and the lively yellow of autumn maples.

Climbing still higher, we traveled more in the open, where the hillside was covered with chaparral. The San Gabriel Canyon showed us a portion of its rocky sides, and more high peaks came into view. We traced the courses of other large canyons between twisting ridges—Big Dalton, San Dimas and San Antonio. And in a shady spot, seated all in a row along the side of the trail, eating lunch, were our friends who were returning to Azusa by the way we had come up.

After our trail branched off from that to Azusa, where a sign told us that it was twelve miles to Monrovia, we found, as we expected, still more climbing. And it was sunny, too, on those zigzags. Occasionally at a turning point a little breeze would fan our damp faces, but for the most part we exuded moisture unrestrained. With the gaining of the high places we gained also the reward of an unrestricted view, across the great chasm through which flows the San Gabriel River, of the lofty ridge forming the watershed between that stream and Big Rock Creek, which finds its way out to the Mojave Desert. Pale in color, scantily timbered on this its southern flank, the peaks of North Baldy, Mts. Hawkins, Islip and Waterman form the apices of the jagged skyline of this rugged mountain-wall.

In many places the trail was nearly level, following the contour of the hills, in and out; but shady spots were very scarce and very small. A few times we stretched ourselves out at full length along the trail to relax our muscles. "We have lots of time," said one of us. "We'll have mostly downhill work after this, and we can easily make at least three miles an hour." So we stopped occasionally also to nibble an apple or a sandwich. When hiking we prefer to take lunch on the installment plan. The canteens were popular, too, though we were really quite abstemious and drank only a little at a time. And as we walked we sang "I am so glad I came this way," thinking philosophically of those who had elected to walk down the canyon road to Azusa. We

loathed walking on anything so commonplace as a road.

We had traveled three or four miles, at least, from the sign which read "12 miles to Monrovia" when we came to another bearing the information that we still had eleven miles to go.

Returning to the southern slope of the ridge, we looked down on tree-filled ravines, the longest of them, Fish Canyon, twisting among the hills. A few scattered spruce trees appeared on the hillside below us, and then to our delight came whole groves of them and climbed right up over our pathway. How cool they were, with moss as green as a parrot's coat clinging to their big rough boles. Strewn here and there along the trail lay cones, many of them with scales all chipped off by industrious squirrels in their autumn harvesting. Clumps of rock ferns clung to the hillside, but few flowers were in evidence.

We had been ascending for some time, and now a steep downward zigzag brought us into a little canyon hidden snugly out of sight. At first we thought our ears deceived us; but no, we found a stream running among rocks under spicy laurel, somber alders and joyous yellow maples and sycamores. Dainty lavender asters and large spikes of goldenrod occupied vantage points along the pathway, and tall, graceful Woodwardias grew in luxurious profusion. We filled our canteens afresh and ambled on down the canyon, only to leave it soon and return to our former pastime of climbing up mountainsides. The sun was behind the hills now, and before we reached the high places again it had bidden adieu to our part of the world until the next morning. Following a very gradual descent into a sharp indentation in the hills, we crossed a small stream bordered with mimulus and snapdragon plants and so deeply hidden from the sky under tall trees that a flashlight was necessary to enable us to see to fill our drinking cups.

Ascending a divide where again our view extended northerly, we came to a parting of the ways, one trail leading downward to Monrovia and passing near Deer Park, the other going by the ridge, the distance each way being eight miles, according to the signboards. As darkness would soon be upon us, we chose the upper way, more open and consequently lighter, and set off briskly. Chaparral was almost the only vegetation here, and it even invaded the trail, reaching out rude fingers and deftly removing the glasses from my nose once or twice in the gathering dusk. Though we had not seen the setting of the sun, the beauty of the after glow was now before us, beyond indistinct valleys and hills.

We descended gradually, winding around from one side of a hill to another side, then repeating the process on another hill. Sometimes the trail climbed up a small peak seemingly in order to get adequate momentum for the descent on the other side. Emerging on the southerly flank after some time spent on the northerly, we found the scene below us entirely transformed from drab twilight indistinctness and insipidity to velvety blackness glittering with settings of sparkling brilliants. It was interesting to note the different shapes presented by the different towns, the most definite being a distinct Roman cross at Azusa. Monrovia lay below our feet, apparently within easy reach. But we had still to climb and descend every hill in sight, first on one side, then on another. However, the moon was flooding everything and we knew we should get somewhere some time if we kept to the trail; so we traveled blithely along, singing as we went, sometimes in chorus, but three of us usually more pleased to be silent and listen to the sweet, full notes of the one among us who could really sing. "We have come to the end of a perfect day," "The moon shines bright," "You take the high road and I'll take the low road," and other themes befitting the occasion floated out into the moonlit world. And no one even thought of suggesting that it was "a long way" to our destination.

Evidences of industry on the part of the forest ranger in charge of this section of the hills were forcibly presented to us, for at intervals of a few feet for a distance

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN.)

The Spirit Wail. By Edmund Mitchell.

AT THE CARAVANSERAI.

(EIGHT TRAVELERS, HINDUS AND MOSLEMS, FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF INDIA, HAVE MET AT A CARAVANSERAI OUTSIDE THE CITY OF FATHPUR-SIKRI, THE CAPITAL OF THE MOGUL EMPEROR, AKBAR. THE YEAR IS 1588. JUST BEFORE EUROPEANS BEGAN TO ARRIVE IN HINDUSTAN. IN ACCORDANCE WITH ORIENTAL CUSTOM, THE TRAVELERS BEGUILLE THE NIGHT BY STORY-TELLING. THIS IS THE FOURTH OF THE SERIES OF TALES.)

"ALLAH alone can search the hearts of men," said the hakeem, slowly and reflectively repeating the words with which the astrologer had closed his tale. He was a man of venerable appearance, with flowing, white beard that descended to his waist. And yet, although his face was furrowed with the lines of old age, his eyes were wonderfully youthful in their contemplative calm.

"No truer words have been spoken tonight," the man of medicine continued. "Yet must we further reflect that, while a man cannot sit in judgment upon his fellows, he can assuredly judge himself, which goes to show that within the breast of every man there dwells the very spirit of God, the power to search his own heart, whether in condemnation or for approval. Life is a problem, and it requires a full lifetime to solve it. Only as we grow older do we come to know our own souls—our strength and our weakness, the measure of our true nobility of character and likewise the measure of our inherent meanness, the temptations not merely from without but from within that assail us, our power to conquer these or our miserable yielding at times, with no one, perhaps, even guessing at our degradation except the divine spark of conscience that inexorably turns a searching ray on every thought and on every motive for action."

"So you would argue that man is God?" queried the Rajput.

"Not so, but that the soul of a man is of the essence of God, the proof of which is this very power of searching out our own hearts and sitting in judgment on our own failings; for the judgment seat belongs to Allah alone."

"A subtle philosophy which I do not presume fully to understand," interposed the merchant from Bombay.

During the night's entertainment he had shown himself to be a man of few words, yet an attentive listener. He was of middle age, of a mild dignity of mien, and of robust physique, as befitted one accustomed to long journeys through regions infested with robbers or with beasts of prey.

"But in my practical experience of life," he proceeded, "I have come to realize that, while I may know myself, no other man can I know. Therefore, if it be right to be sparing of condemnation for another, it is also wise to be chary of undue commendation. The world too often acclaims a deed as noble when the real motive prompting it is utterly ignoble."

"A true philosopher, despite your bales of merchandise," murmured the hakeem, with a smiling nod of approval for the sentiments expressed.

"Well, I suppose that every one who travels becomes a philosopher; more or less," assented the trader. "Change of scene and of companionship stimulates new ideas. Now will I relate an actual experience which aptly illustrates that, in our dealings with those around us, we never really penetrate their minds. Man knows himself; he knows no one else—friend or intimate, the child of his heart or the very wife of his bosom."

"It is more easy to discover a white crow," muttered the fakir, "than know what a woman has in her heart."

The merchant paid no heed to the interruption. He went on:

"Each of us is an inscrutable mystery to the other. Each soul is veiled to every other soul, and is naked to itself alone."

"O prince of philosophers in peddler's disguise!" murmured the hakeem.

"If our souls sat naked for the common gaze," commented the Rajput, "if we could all read each other's hearts, then indeed would life be an abomination—an utter misery, with the twin devils of shame and disgust seated at our elbows all the time."

"Most true," concurred the trader. "For too much knowledge of another's inmost

thoughts brings only disillusionment and regret, as my tale will show. The story takes us among humble people, but human nature is the same everywhere—the same in the hut of the rayat as in the palace of the rajah.

The Merchant's Story.

"Once in every two years it is my custom to travel from Bombay to Benares, and invariably I break the journey at a certain village some six or seven days from my final destination. Here dwells an old friend and caste brother, formerly, like myself, a merchant in the Bombay bazaar, where silken stuffs are sold, but retired now to his own country with modest savings sufficient for the rest of his days. Bajji Lal, as he is named, is all the closer to me because his wife Devaka is a sister of my own wife, and the two are always eager to have news of each other's welfare."

"At the house of this friend I rest for a day or two, enjoying his companionship, the reminiscences of old times, and the gossip of the hour. So, on my long and fatiguing journeyings, I have always looked forward to these meetings with pleasurable anticipation and remembered them with tranquil satisfaction."

"But on the occasion of one of my periodical visits judge of my surprise when I was received in silence and with apathy that made no pretense of disguise. Devaka did not rise from her cushions on the floor to bid me welcome, and her husband, similarly irresponsible, returned my customary cordial greeting with nothing better than a look of wearied dejection."

"Disturbed, I made inquiry."

"Bajji Lal, my friend, what is the matter? Are you ailing?"

"But he only shook his head and turned away."

"To Devaka I then appealed."

"What is the meaning of this?" I asked. "Sadness and silence where everything used to be joy."

"She drew aside the sari that had concealed her face, and I was shocked at its grief-stricken aspect."

"At last Bajji Lal spoke, raising his face but still remaining seated on the divan we were wont in former times to share."

"Go thy way, Chunda Das," he said. "The sword of fate has descended upon this house. Come not again to a place accursed."

"Then did I realize that the trouble was serious."

"But, my friend and brother," I protested, "I cannot depart and leave you thus. Let me at least understand what calamity has befallen you, so that I may help toward its repair."

"Nothing can be done, so nothing need be said," he answered, in a tone and with a look of dignified resignation to the will of God.

"And he, too, covered his face with his garment, leaving me no choice but to withdraw without further attempt at this manifestly inopportune time to probe the mystery."

"If I was to be of service to my friends, however, knowledge of what had befallen was the first essential. So I took the road that would lead me to the great pipul tree in the village square, close to the tank and to the temple, where all day long there was coming and going, and where, therefore, I would be most likely to glean the information I desired. By a happy chance I found reclining under the pipul tree the village barber, a loquacious fellow, who counted it as part of his business to know the last detail about other people's affairs."

"After greetings and a few remarks about the weather and crops and the season's epidemics, I carefully broached the real purpose of my interview, for a prudent man will never divulge his thoughts to another until he knows that other's thoughts."

"I have just come from the house of Bajji Lal," I said, in a seemingly casual way.

"The barber's face instantly lost the smile it had worn."

"How did you find him?" he asked.

"Strangely altered," I replied.

"And so does everyone," he concurred.

"Why so?" I ventured.

"The barber looked at me squarely, and then said:

"You and he were very good friends, Chunda Das."

"Yes, and are still, so far as I am concerned," I answered.

"I thought so. Well, I am his friend likewise. Many years I have known him and his wife, Devaka. Both are good, kind people, always willing to help their neighbors, and ready to give their last bowl of rice to a vagrant beggar. Perhaps you can assist me to clear away the shadows that have fallen around them and obscured the sunshine from their home. Let me tell you the story. A few months ago a stranger came to this village. He was on his way to Fathpur-Sikri, to witness the glories of the court of the mighty Akbar. But on the road he had fallen ill, and, arriving here, was too sick to proceed. I am ashamed to say that none of us was willing to take him in, for sickness goes from one person to another. So we have to be careful, especially in my calling, where I come into such close contact with so many."

"There was quite a little crowd just here by the tank, discussing the situation, the sick man in their midst resting upon the ground, when Bajji Lal and his wife, who happened to be passing, came forward to see what the commotion was all about. They listened to the story, and then told the stranger he might come with them. He gratefully accepted, and, after whispering some instructions to a servant by whom he was accompanied, he motioned to Bajji Lal to lead the way. The little group moved off, the servant in the rear, leading the horses, which included a pack animal laden with the traveler's bedding, cooking pots and other belongings."

"After unloading the baggage at Bajji Lal's home, the servant, as we learned later in the day, had, in obedience to orders, straightway mounted his horse and ridden away. He had exchanged no words with any of us."

"For weeks Bajji Lal and his wife attended to the wants of the invalid, until at last he was able to move about the village, and talk with one and another. From the first we had recognized the stranger as a man of distinction. Now we learned his name—Sheikh Ahmed, a Moslem, I need not say. But in these days of Akbar all religious feuds are to be set aside, this by direct command of the Emperor himself—blessed be his name and exalted his glory! So this follower of the prophet was made quite welcome among us, a community of Hindus."

"Day by day the Sheikh regained his strength, and often would he come of an evening when the village folk gathered under this pipul tree, listening to the chit-chat going on, sometimes joining in the conversation. Soon he began to tell us stories of far lands, for he had traveled to many distant places, even outside of Hindustan, so we grew to like him, and to watch each evening for his coming."

"But all of a sudden he disappeared from our midst. The day before he had been with us, sitting almost on the very spot where you are seated now. He did not say he was going away, nor even hint that he intended doing so. When Bajji Lal was questioned, he said that the servant had returned during the night with saddle and pack horses, and that, after conferring with Sheikh Ahmed, had gathered together his master's belongings and announced their immediate departure. Bajji Lal had tried to persuade his guest to wait until daylight, but this advice was unheeded. The Sheikh promised, however, that he would come again to the village when he passed that way on his homeward journey."

"At this time Bajji Lal's story seemed a perfectly natural one. But now began the change in our friends. Bajji Lal ceased to come to our village meetings, and Devaka shunned every woman, even her most intimate friends. Suspicion gradually filled the air, and it was whispered that Bajji Lal and Devaka had murdered their guest for his money, and had merely invented the story of his midnight departure to hide their crime. Children who once used to run to them shrank back, or were called away by their parents."

"But, the most extraordinary thing of all, and one that brought convincing confirmation to what had at first been mere suspicion, at night there could be heard heart-breaking cries and sobs coming from the house of Bajji Lal. The voice was not his nor that of his wife; it was, in all truth, the wail of a spirit, plaintive at times, then angry, as if shrieking aloud for vengeance. For I myself have heard these sounds with mine own ears; twice in the darkness of the night I mustered courage to steal forth as far as the hedge that hides the house from the roadway, and, although the monsoon winds were still boisterous, above all other noises, again and again, rose that wail of a soul in anguish. Others, too, went to listen, and fled from the place in terror. And soon the house of Bajji Lal came to be shunned by every one as if it had been plague-stricken."

"Is it your belief, Bimjee," I asked, "that the stranger was really done to death in Bajji Lal's home?"

"No," he answered, decisively. "But all the same, I have the evidence of my own ears that a curse has fallen upon the place."

"For the moment I made no further comment, but sat silent, revolving the strange story in my mind. My reverie, however, was of short duration, for all of a sudden Bimjee sprang to his feet in great excitement."

"Look! Look!" he cried, pointing to a crowd of villagers coming in our direction. "At last they have laid hold of Bajji Lal and his wife, and are bringing them here for punishment."

"Bewildered by the suddenness of this blow, I could but watch in helpless silence the advancing throng, with my poor friends in their midst, their hands bound, their tottering footsteps directed by rude shoves toward the pipul tree, the accustomed assembly place of the villagers and the village council."

"A minute later, however, I had regained my self-possession, and when the procession came abreast of me, I stepped in front of it and commanded a halt. Courtesy to me as a visitor to the village was sufficient to exact this measure of obedience. But when I demanded that the ropes should be cut and the prisoners liberated, a storm of angry protests was the only result."

"The leader of the crowd approached me, and in a respectful voice said they were sorry to refuse my request, but a crime had been committed that disgraced the whole community. The spirit of a murdered man haunted the house of Bajji Lal and Devaka, and cried to heaven for vengeance. The villagers would never prosper if they allowed this foul deed to pass unpunished; why, only that very morning a strange sickness had seized some of their cattle, and two sacred cows had died in spasms of pain—an omen from the gods that could not be disregarded."

"I saw that it was useless to argue with the man. But I made another attempt to have the prisoners' bonds at least loosened, for I could see that the cords bit cruelly into their arms. After some consultation this point was conceded. Bajji Lal shot at me a look of gratitude, but his poor wife merely used her free hands to hide her face in the folds of her sari."

"Now, my friends," I cried boldly, "this case must be properly tried. Where is the patel?"

"I had noticed that the headman of the village was not present, and in asking for him had in mind that he was my personal friend, so that I might appeal to him with better success for the release of the prisoners."

"The patel is away on a day's journey," cried a voice in the crowd.

"Then must the accused be taken to the village constable," I declared, "and kept by him until the patel returns and the council of elders can be properly assembled."

"My bold assumption of authority had stilled the tumult, and, to my surprise, every one now seemed willing to do my bidding."

"Come along then," cried several voices, as the prisoners were once more urged forward. I kept close by their side, and when we gained the constable's house and the staked enclosure that served as a place of

These later years even as they had in those suffering of their maimed patients, while to find you and to bring you to me. They called me famous, but they did not understand. Gently he drew her closer and her arm crept hesitantly, shyly, about his neck.

A Hymn to Death.

THE SUDDEN CHANGED BEHAVIOR OF A PET CANARY.

By Thomas Johnson.

To this day I do not know what killed him. Was it a mysterious epidemic, or was it a sudden change in his environment? I passed through the room I made him take a bath. As that occasion came just three months from the day I made him take a bath. As I passed through the room I made him take a bath. As I passed through the room I made him take a bath.

[Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Seen in a New Light. By C. L. Gates.

THE FIANCEE.

THE north-bound train for Portland was reported fifty minutes late at Farmington Junction and, like most belated trains, was accumulating tardiness at each successive station.

A pathetic little woman in gray leaned wearily back on her brown leather bag in the corner of the perforated, wooden, station-house seat, and ceased to note the changes in schedule which the dapper young man in shirt sleeves chalked illegibly on the bulletin board.

Indeed, the little woman's face wore a look of resignation to mere waiting indefinitely at Farmington Junction, which spoke eloquently of attempted resignation to a harder fate. The dry eyes and strained face, with its hectic flush of suppressed emotion, bore evidence that here was a woman to whom it was not given to experience relief in tears, in sobbing out her grief to her pillow, in crying it out to the winds of heaven, nor yet, as to those of a deeply religious nature, in petitioning for Divine relief.

Since yesterday the excitement of travel and the motion of the on-rushing train had, in a measure, taken the place of the physical action to which her over-wrought nerves impelled her. Just to be moving, to be getting away from the city she now hated, had kept her from breaking under the strain. And now that she was compelled to sit quietly in the dreary station at Farmington Junction, waiting for the hour-late train, her thoughts kept dwelling upon the cruel blow she had received—the blow that seemed to have swept from under her the very foundations of life.

In an agonizing moment she found herself reading the placards on the ceiling walls of the waiting-room in that uninterested way of a pre-occupied mind; even counting the boards in the dusty floor, and the banisters on the stairs leading to the telegraph office in the balcony. Realizing that these diversions, instead of bringing relief, brought only madness, she sat up with a little sigh that was more a cry of the heart-pain which was torturing her the hours through.

She had not seen a young woman, scarcely more than a girl, with pink roses in her hat, coming in at the side door. But probably the little sigh that was a cry of heart-pain would have escaped her just the same, coming, as it did, unconsciously.

The girl with the pink roses in her hat had brown eyes that read human nature with sympathy and understanding. Seeing the motion of pain on the part of the little woman in gray, she crossed over to her and, in a voice that matched the kindness in her eyes, inquired:

"Can I do anything for you? I believe you are in distress."

The little woman in gray started nervously and turned to the speaker. There was no resisting the appeal in the brown eyes under the pink roses.

"No—oh, no!" the woman replied in a tone meant to be appreciative. "There is nothing wrong—at least nothing that you can help."

Then, seeing the unbelief in the friendly brown eyes, she continued, in a strange burst of confidence:

"I'd really like to tell you, though. I'm so full of it that I can't stand it any longer. That is—" and she hesitated—"if you'd like to hear—and me a stranger to you," doubtfully.

"I certainly do wish to hear—every word of it, if you care to tell me. All troubles are found to be not so great after all when one has talked them over," said the girl with the pink roses, putting an arm around the shoulders of the little woman in gray and leading her to a more comfortable seat just outside the door.

"But not mine," sighed the distressed little woman, with tears in her eyes and voice, the first tears she had shed since she had fled, dry-eyed and broken-hearted, from the distant city.

"It is Phil, my son," she tried to explain. "I have lost him—no, not lost really, but he is worse than lost to me. I have just been on a visit to him. But oh! he did not want me; he was ashamed of me, his country-bred mother. You see, it is this way:"

And the broken-hearted mother told the pitiful story of her visit to her only son, a rising young physician, in the big metropolis; how he seemed pleased to see her at first, but soon neglected her more and more for social and business affairs; how he appeared to be ashamed of her and avoided introductions between her and his friends whenever possible.

Then lapsing into retrospection, she told of the boy's earlier years, their modest home in a small inland city, and her struggle to give him the best of everything a young man should have. Her agonizing grief lent eloquence to her simple words, and the sympathetic listener could read between the impassioned sentences and see the loving sacrifices of the mother, her pathetic attention to duty at home and to her little millinery and dry goods store, which brought returns sufficient for the boy's schooling, and in later and more prosperous years for a course in medicine in the great university.

"Ah!" finished the sorrowful mother, "it was a proud day, when he received his degree—which has only weaned him away from me, after all."

The fair hands squeezed the wrinkled ones lying so hotly within them, and their owner said rather than asked:

"You have no other interest at home; nothing but your business now."

"Nothing but the business," came the reply. "And that is of no interest to me any longer, since my object has been accomplished—in regard to Phil's education. I have plenty without it. No, I don't care what becomes of the business—or of me, either. Oh, how can I ever go back home, to that house still filled with the echoes of the sound of his footsteps?"

This tragic sorrow was not unreal to the brown-eyed girl, but, speaking bravely, she sought to cheer the lonely woman.

"Do you know, I believe your trouble is really not so great, after all!" she said hopefully. "Oh, I know how it is with these young men who have just taken a degree at college; they are filled with a sense of their own importance, and feel that everything is theirs—that they have the world by the horns. It is only natural that Dr. —

Phil, you say his name is—should have the same feeling. Perhaps you have mistaken this precociousness for a new pride—a pride that, you think, does not include you. And you have brooded over this until you have become morbid. Perhaps you have magnified his apparent neglect of you. Of course his vanity is pleased at the popularity, both business and social, which he is enjoying in the city, and, busy as he is, he probably only neglected you through carelessness. I am sure that no young man with such a dear, sweet mother—and the arm tightened around the little gray shoulders—"could willfully neglect her or be ashamed of her."

Was it the confidence-ringing in the young voice, or was it the love and sympathy of the girl, that soothed? However, the strained lines in the mother's face relaxed, and she listened with renewed interest, as the girl talked on.

"And as to introducing you and his friends, you know it really is not customary, nowadays, to introduce people right and left and on all occasions. But, if he is guilty of letting a little false pride keep him from disclosing to certain of his acquaintances his comparatively humble home through introducing his country-bred mother, as you call yourself, I am sure you will find it in your heart to forgive him even that. Oh, I know he should be ashamed of himself!—and he probably is, by this time. And he must be punished a little for it, too!" with a decided shake of her head.

"What did he say when you came away? Didn't he seem sorry to have you leave?"

"He didn't see me—he didn't know it. He had gone out of town for the week-end, and I just left a note saying I had been called home, and came away. I didn't want to be there for the wedding, anyway. I forgot to tell you the worst—he is to be married soon to a swell society girl. So, if he is not lost to me already, he will be after he is married to her."

"Have you seen her, then—this girl he is going to marry?" asked the young friend.

"No, I haven't seen her. But I know what she'll be like. Phil says she is a blue-blooded little aristocrat—those are his very words. So, I just didn't want to stay and see him estranged still further."

"Oh! I am sorry you didn't see her first. You really have not given her a chance. She may not be as bad as you think. I'll tell you what you must do. You must go right back to San Francisco—you'll get there before your son misses you. You must give Phil another chance—and the girl, too. Besides, you must consider your own situation. Just think! You would go on home, broken-hearted, to the lonely rooms filled with the ghosts of your boy's earlier years. You could not endure it. You'll be far happier if you return to San Francisco and try—well, just try to make some allowances for Phil's ridiculous self-conceit."

In her excitement the girl was leading her companion up and down the platform, stopping at the far end to face a glorious sunset flaming through a rift in the clouds of the passing rainstorm.

"Why, see! the sun is shining," cried the little woman, without making direct reply to the girl's appeal. "And really, you have

made me feel better."

Seeing her vantage, the girl talked on.

"And you must treat yourself better hereafter. It is time that you stop giving all to Phil and thinking only of him. You owe yourself a good time. You can afford it. Get the things you have always longed for. Go about and see all the points of interest, and stop at the best hotels. I am acquainted in San Francisco—let me outline a programme for your stay there," she continued, talking rapidly as she heard the north-bound train for Portland, now seventy minutes late, pull in at the opposite side of the station.

She saw the little woman hesitate between fear and inclination, and she kept on piling up argument upon argument.

"Oh, I am sorry if I have caused you to miss your train," she prevaricated, as the train for Portland, after a brief halt at Farmington Junction, puffed on northward again. "That is, if you really wished to go that way."

"I don't care if I did miss it," came the reply in a hopeful tone. "I am not going home; I am going to do what you suggest."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl, almost dragging her companion to the little, gridded window and calling for a ticket to San Francisco.

And, seated in the south-bound train for the city she had just left, the little woman in gray, almost happy once more, said to the girl beside her:

"Now, if Phil were only going to marry a nice, sweet girl like you, how happy I'd be!"

The girl with the pink roses, stooping to adjust the hassock under the little woman's feet, blushed prettily at the compliment. Then rising, she kissed the withered cheek and stroked back some straying tresses from the tired face, which care and the graying years could not rob of charm.

The ride to the city was all too short, so keen was the little woman's enjoyment of the scenes she had gazed upon with unseeing eyes on the upward trip. The girl, too, now genuinely fond of the little gray mother, was almost sorry when the journey was ended.

"Now, don't forget—the Fairmount Hotel. I'll try and see you often while you are there," she told the little old lady, as they separated at the Ferry Building in San Francisco.

How soon she should see her new friend the little woman did not know. She could hardly sleep that night, however, and the following morning found her making a visit to Phil's office as early as possible, in order to be free the rest of the day for a possible call from her.

If Phil knew of his mother's temporary absence from the city, he gave no sign of the fact. His manner had lost none of its self-assurance, but he greeted her with a hearty kiss, and there was a note of genuine warmth in his voice, she thought, as he told her he wanted her to come into the reception-room and meet his fiancée.

Tremblingly, the little woman in gray stepped forward, hesitated a moment, to compose herself for the ordeal, and then walked into the reception-room—and into the arms of the girl with the pink roses.

A Voice from the Past. By Harold H. Scott.

DRAMA WITH PURPOSE.

FOR blocks away Broadway was ablaze with the thousands of incandescents which proclaimed in letters of fire the attractions its show-houses offered the amusement-seeker. Tragedy, comedy, problem play, movies—all were represented in an apparently endless succession of creeping, flashing, blazing electricity, whose scintillating lights waged silent battle for supremacy.

But in all that mad riot of illumination there was one sign which caught the eye and held it an instant longer than any of the other. The brilliance of its countless tiny globes flashed the magic words, "The Missing Man." Magic? Yes, for this play was the talk of the town. More than 300 consecutive performances to record-break-

ing houses testified to the popularity of the piece, and still the theater-goers stormed the box office. It was the play of the day—the play proclaimed by critics and public the most delightful and entertaining of a decade. Such a success it was that its author, a hitherto unknown playwright, was said to be reaping fabulous royalties from its production. What wonder then that the sign which flashed those letters of fire to the world should bring the observer to pause a moment in its contemplation and then draw him, as does a magnet, through the brightly lighted portals of the Globe Theater to view this much-talked-of production?

Just so it was that Billy Ward happened to attend the play. Glancing over his programme, he learned that "The Missing Man" was the "phenomenal success" of one Gene

Harland Sterling. This fact did not interest him, for he had never before heard of Gene Harland Sterling. But the names of a number of the most popular Broadway favorites did interest him, for the appearance of such well-known players assured one of a fairly enjoyable evening, even though the play was not unusually good—and he was inclined to discount the garrulous praise which was on everyone's lips.

Presently the blare of the orchestra died to a soft murmur, the house lights dimmed and the rising curtain disclosed a woodland scene, the beauty of which drew an involuntary gasp of appreciation from the audience. It was indeed a masterpiece of scenic art. The very breath of the forest was wafted across the footlights, while before the backdrop a crystal brook rippled between moss-grown banks. In the momen-

tary hush that followed the rising of the curtain a hundred birds burst into song, their wonderful notes fairly filling the auditorium.

In a flash Ward recognized the scene, remembering it as one where, years before—it seemed centuries—he had played a part not in mimicry, as these players did, but in reality, with all the pathos of life. So perfectly was the scene transferred to the stage that he was certain that no one who had not visited it could have so faithfully reproduced it. And there could not be another such spot in all the world. It recalled to him many things, memories sweetly sad, and musing, he forgot for the moment the play and the players as his mind traveled back over the long road of the past.

There was a girl, a wonder girl, whose appealing gray eyes rose before him in

Indignity Resented.
Joaquin Miller was once advertised to deliver a lecture at San Diego. A smartly, who thought it safe to insult him, approached him as he was standing at the hotel counter, and throwing down a 50-cent piece, exclaimed: "I will go and hear you talk your rot tonight. Here, give me a ticket."
"I say! And what stopped you, then?" "This—war, of course," was the reply."
"—[Washington Star.]
"I am on the point of being ordained chap. I was on the point of being ordained your voice in case it is needed. I realize that there are incidents of political responsibility which woman with her refined sensibility is unable to meet."
"Is that so?"
"Yes. You remember how disappointed I was at the result in New Jersey. When I mentioned it to you you dismissed the matter with a profane expletive."
"I apologize."
"Don't! I've invited our club to be a Public Ledger."

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times
From Many Sources
Brief Anecdotes Gathered

LOS ANGELES TIMES [Saturday, December 4, 1915.]

The Perfect Woman Created by Science.

Translated from the Italian of Luigi Capuana by Edith Jamison Lowe.

THE DOCTOR'S TALE.

"O H, WELL, we know," exclaimed the law student, who wished to appear a great skeptic. "A good husband makes a good wife, and vice versa. But at the same time, it is not the case that all proverbs have been proven to be truth."
"No," replied Dr. Maggioli, "I do not mean to say that. Perhaps I have not explained myself clearly. This is what I mean. I believe that men and women know one another so little, that they form false ideals of one another. Our merits and our defects, especially the latter, should not be deemed accidents of our organism; we should accept them as they are—indissoluble one from the other—so as not to create illusions for ourselves, which may afterward result in tragic disillusion. If the women, however, could themselves create the men, and the men the women, they would not succeed in changing them in any way. Experiment has demonstrated this, and philosophy explains why experiment has failed. The philosophers affirm that ideas are real, that they are in fact the sole reality. The ideas, man and woman, were not shaped by us, but by God, or nature, or we know not who; and if we were endowed with the power to bring them into being, as has God or nature, or we know not who, we would succeed only in so far as these omnipotent masters have succeeded."
After a brief pause, the doctor continued: "I know a singular man whose riches, genius and strong will permitted him to indulge himself in the caprice of creating a woman."
"Oh, oh," screamed everybody.
"Your incredulity does not surprise me," replied the doctor, calmly, with his habitual amiable smile upon his lips. But I am not expounding a theory for your benefit. I am relating to you a fact, verified by my own testimony. I have seen, I have touched with my hand; and though what I tell you may seem incredible, absolutely unbelievable, it is none the less true. In May, 1881, while in London, I one day encountered an intimate friend whom I had not seen for several years; he had just returned from India.
"What were you doing in India?" I inquired.
"Oh, I was traveling in the interest of science."
"As a naturalist?"
"No, in order that I might become initiated into the great science of Raja-Yogi."
"It was the first time I had ever heard this science spoken of, so I asked for many explanations.
"In a nutshell, my friend, attracted by the occult publications of Mrs. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott, had gone to Adyar, in the province of Madras, and after having served a term of seven years as a mystic novice in the solitudes of the Himalayas, there had been communicated to him the wonderful power of the antique, occult East Indian science, possessed by the Mahatmas of Tibet, that is to say by the great magicians, jealous depositories of a science, in the face

of which the most wonderful discoveries of our physics and chemistry seem to be mere child's play.
"At first I thought my friend wished to amuse himself at my expense, then, little by little as I heard his explanations, I commenced to suspect that he had become insane, deranged by the abstinences, by the fasting, by the mystic exaltations of his novitiate of seven years. In fact, he had taken on the look of an ascetic, he was very thin, his hair and beard were already gray, and he had the vague, bewildered look of one who had seen many extraordinary things of another world, and who was not quite sure yet whether he had really seen, or only dreamed.
"And to what purpose is all this?" I asked him at last. "Would it not have been better for you to continue the life of pleasure and ease which your youth and riches made possible? Then, think of your many love affairs."
"Precisely, it was a terrible disillusion in love."
"Oh, I thought there must be a woman in the case," I interrupted.
"But now," he continued, "I am at the point of reaching supreme happiness; I can create a woman to suit myself."
"My, but that will be great. Have you commenced yet?"
"I shall, as soon as I arrive in Naples. That is the place I have selected for my work."
"I am also going to Naples. May I assist with the experiment?"
"I must have said this with such badly dissimulated incredulity that my friend shook his head with compassion, and replied only:
"You will see."
"While we were crossing from Marseilles to Naples, Enrico Strizzi initiated me, with great patience—I was recalcitrant—into the mysteries of the occult science to a sufficient extent to enable me to comprehend what he intended to do. Above everything he explained what the elements are: the molecules, the atoms, alive and scattered through the air, which are capable of receiving from one who has the power, the virtue of resolving themselves into a determined form. He explained that it would only be necessary for him to seize one of these atoms, to subjugate it, incubate it, evolve from it, in fact, the new creature, that perfect woman whom he wished to create for himself.
"I had heard him repeat these words so many times and with such seriousness, that I commenced to feel a little shaken and to think:
"Can it really be possible? Shall I see this miracle?"
"And I have seen it. I swear I have seen it. It was not a hallucination—I have seen and touched with my hands.
"Enrico Strizzi remained for a month closed in his beautiful little house on the Vomero. He had selected this place for the operation of his experiment. I had news of him every now and then by means of a

laconic note which assured me that 'all went well.'
"And I thought, 'Is it really possible? Shall I indeed witness this miracle?'
"I asked myself this question every day, every moment, and not without great fear that in the end I should be obliged to assume the sad task of conducting my friend to an insane asylum. This fear became a certainty for me the morning on which I received a note from Enrico containing the one word, 'Come.' For precaution's sake, I took a closed carriage in case it might be needful to put it to this sad use.
"Before entering the laboratory—I do not know what else to call the room where he was making the experiment—Enrico wished to explain to me the reason why he had selected Naples, and not some other part of the country, for his attempt. It seems that all elementary things are subject to the effects of climatic conditions and surroundings; and he, a native of a southern country, wished to create a woman of his own country, perhaps in homage to the proverb, 'Take your wives and your cattle from your own country.'
"He had become more emaciated, more pallid; and in the sound of his voice and the trembling of his whole person there appeared an extraordinary nervous excitement.
"You suffer," I said to him.
"A little. Part of my vitality has been transfused into my creation. Come, but do not make brusque movements and speak very softly. You will be stupefied."
"The room seemed to me to be perfectly dark. Then I commenced to distinguish the light thrown from the dark red glass of several lanterns, and finally, in a corner, fixing my gaze, I could discern a whitish, vaporous form, which oscillated slowly in the air.
"It would have seemed to be the reflection of a beautiful statue representing a woman who slept, made by means of a magic lantern upon the black drapery which covered the walls and ceiling, had it not been that the body was more transparent than alabaster, and was so light that our breath alone was enough to give it an undulatory movement. It displaced itself little by little, moving around, and when it passed in front of the red glass of the lanterns it became colored by a tender, inexpressible reddish hue. There was a moment in which it passed so close to me that I was able to see a kind of subtle envelope which closed it in and protected it from external impressions.
"All of this must solidify," said my friend. "It will be two months before she will awaken to life and break the elementary envelope."
"It seemed to me that I dreamed. My reason and my skepticism had never been put to such a severe test.
"She will be perfect," said Enrico as we left the laboratory. "My wish has been to incarnate the highest ideal of a woman possible for the human kind to conceive. She will be mine, and will love me, even as I love myself; she is a part of me, and the part which is the most elect."

"Two months later, the great wonder had been accomplished. That incredible creature had broken the elementary envelope, and seemed as if she had just been awakened from a long sleep. Her eyes could not tolerate the light of day; all of her senses were uncertain in their functions, similar, in fact, to those of a new-born child. However, only a few days were necessary in order to make it impossible for me to distinguish her from any other woman who had reached the age of 20. How delightful she was! What freshness of skin and coloring were hers! Even Enrico seemed to be rejuvenated—oh, he was happy.
"I felt myself to be so upset by this reality which I could no longer deny, that I seemed, in certain moments, to be upon the point of losing my reason. Fortunately, I began to reflect that the great wonder had really taken place—how was I to resist the testimony of my senses? It had taken place, therefore I should believe it a natural occurrence, similar to many others which the habits of each day, of each minute, make us esteem less miraculous, less stupefying.
"I already envied the happiness of my friend.
"Alas, neither he nor I could foresee that though we can compel the forces of nature to a certain point, we can never change them, never alter their original potentialities. He had, in fact, created an ideal woman, a perfect creature, but in this creature he had incarnated the superlative idea of a woman, with all the merits and defects which constitute the essence thereof. For this reason in Eve—he had given the woman he had created this name—everything was extreme; never had there been accumulated in an ordinary woman so much pride, so much vanity, so much lightness, so much tenderness, so much sensuality, so much jealousy, so much spitefulness, so much loftiness nor so much misery, until she was in fact absolutely insupportable. My poor friend was terrified by all these conflicting characteristics. At the end of six months he positively hated his creature and began to think of a means of getting rid of her.
"You would commit a crime," I said to him.
"I have already committed a far greater one," he exclaimed, 'violating nature.'
"Why do you not abandon her to her fate?"
"No, I cannot."
"He was jealous; afraid someone else might possess her."
"One day he conducted me to his house. Never have I seen a spectacle more horrifying, nor more sad.
"The beautiful creature was already reduced again to a vaporous form. The supreme anguish of the last agony discomposed her lovely face; her dying eyes sank into their last sleep under the influence of a homicidal power, stronger than that which had evoked her to life.
"Enrico Strizzi had entered a Trappist monastery, and there, in silence, he meditates upon the vanity of science and in explanation, he awaits the coming of death."

Hitting the Trail

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN)

of several miles along the trail we had to "look alive" not to twist an ankle in the ditches which crossed it, made ready for the run-off of the rain water, though up to that time not a drop of rain had fallen for nearly six months.
At last we approached closer to Monrovia, and began a real descent along the side of the canyon named for the city. Reaching the floor of the canyon, we followed it instead of patronizing the road on the other side, for we preferred trails to roads as long as we could get them, especially as two of the party had begun to be conscious of their feet. But before long paved streets were forced upon us, and the two took to hunting for soft spots on which to walk.
For some time now we had all been hurrying, for the hour was nearly 9 and it would be dreadfully aggravating to miss a Los Angeles car by a fraction of a minute and have to wait an hour or so. And we barely escaped doing this very thing. As it was,

an obliging conductor and motorman, to whom the one of us in the lead had signaled frantically, waited while we ran the last block. We had fallen into an automatic swinging gait on the trail and continued it on the streets, and this we could have kept up indefinitely. But when it came to changing that pace to a run—well, we stumbled over the car steps, and dropped, bareheaded as we were, and out of breath, into the most convenient seats. But the demands of the inner woman were insistent, and soon, contrary to all rules of etiquette, we began to stow away the remnants of our lunches and drained the last drop of water from the canteens.

The Japanese Game of "Go."

A popular Japanese game is that called "Go." It is the great resource of most of the visitors to the hot springs, and is often played there from morning till night, save for the time devoted to bathing and eating. "Go" clubs and professors of art are found in all the large cities. It is said that "Go" may, with justice, be considered more difficult than our game of chess. The game was introduced into Japan from China in the early part of the eighth century.
"Go" is played on a square wooden board. Nineteen straight lines, crossing one another at right angles, make 361 crosses, called "me," at the points of intersection. These may be occupied by 180 white and 181 black men.
The object of the game is to enclose the crosses, and capture as many of the adversary's men as possible.
There are nine spots on the board, called "seimokke," supposed to represent the chief celestial bodies, while the white and black men represent day and night, and the number of crosses the 360 degrees of latitude, exclusive of the central one, which is called "taikyokee;" that is, the Primordial Principle of the Universe.
In playing, if the combatants are equally matched, they take the white men (called "stones" by the Japanese) alternately; if unequal, the weaker player always takes the black, and odds are also given him by allowing him to occupy the spots—that is, to

place stones upon them at the outset of the game.
"Go" is such a complicated game that the personal instruction of a teacher is held to be indispensable to one who wishes to learn it. Even with this help very few foreigners have succeeded in getting beyond a rudimentary knowledge of it. It is true, however, that one persevering man, a German named Korschett, has actually succeeded in taking out a diploma which certifies his proficiency in this interesting but most difficult game. E. T.
[London Sketch:] O'Shaughnessy: Whin the war's over it's conscription we'll be hovin' I'm thinking.
O'Beary: Sure—there'll be no conscription; but we'll all of us be forced to be volunteers.
[Life:] Friend: What are you thankful for this year, Uncle Rastus?
Uncle Rastus: Well, suh, on de wealth side ah am thankful foh de things ah've got, an' on de health side ah am thankful foh de things ah haven't got.

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Seen in a New Light.

By C. L. Gates.

Saturday, December 4, 1915.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

These later years even as they had in those gloriously happy days that had gone. In retrospect he walked with her again as he had on that last day so long ago. The breath of spring was in the air. The wholesome fragrance of growing things was all about them. Birds trilled their love chants from overhanging boughs. A tiny stream, crystal clear, rippled, crooning, over its bed of white pebbles. Stray sunbeams, slipping playfully through the canopy of foliage, cast a wonderful carpet on the ground at their feet or glinted in her hair.

They paused at the brook while she knelt and drank from her cupped hands, and when he ventured to tell her that he, too, was thirsty she offered him a drink from those same dear little hands. Then, as he looked into her eyes, eyes sparkling and bright with the sheer joy of living, he bent suddenly forward and pressed his lips to her rose-tinted cheek. With a low, half-startled cry she turned quickly from him and buried her face in her arms. And, somehow, he knew that she was crying.

Not understanding, he stood helplessly by, hardly daring to take her in his arms and tell her all. Then a wonderful thing happened. As suddenly as she had turned away, she slipped to his side and, before he divined her intention, her sweet, warm lips caressed his cheek. For one delicious moment her kiss enthralled him—and then she was gone. Gone as completely as the mythical wood-nymph, who can appear or vanish at will. He called her name, entreating her, but only the hills answered, flinging back the echoes of his voice in mocking cadence.

That was the last picture of her his memory cherished, for in the cold, gray dawn of the next day a devastating fire laid hold of the city that was. For three days and nights it burned with unabated fury, exacting its toll of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars worth of property. In the mad chaos of those horrible days, when, panic-stricken, the unfortunate ones rushed from the doomed city like rats from the hold of a burning vessel; when man and wife, brother and sister, sweetheart and lover, lost each other in the frenzied struggle, he searched for her through all the city. After days of futile searching, when the city lay a hideous mass of charred and smoking ruins, he turned from it, heart-broken, mourning her as dead.

For a time he traveled, seeking to rid his mind of the horrors he had witnessed, and to ease, if possible, the ache in his heart for the girl who had gone. He wandered into the out-of-the-way places of the world, roaming about restlessly, with no companion save his sorrow. At length he returned, but never did he find heart to revisit the city—his city—and hers. Time had, in a measure, lessened the burden of his grief, but now the scene before him recalled with terrible vividness the heart-racking pain of those days he was trying to forget.

A voice, as if out of the past, awoke him from his reverie and he gave his somewhat divided attention to the stage. As his mind grasped the situation on the boards he started forward in his seat and gasped. He did not know that the people near him were regarding him curiously; nor did he realize that his gasp of astonishment had been a quite audible one. He was conscious of nothing save that the people on the stage were enacting the very scenes he had been reliving in memory! There on the stage was the girl kneeling at the brook; the man kissed her; she turned away and her shoulders shook with sobs. Suddenly she went to him; her lips brushed his cheek; she fled. And the curtain descended amid deafening applause.

Nervously Ward scanned his programme for some note that would throw definite light on the identity of this author, whose play seemed an echo of his own past. But he found nothing save merely the name, Gene Harland Sterling; no clue as to who he really was; no biographical sketch of his life, as is generally the case when a new playwright springs suddenly into prominence. "Who is he?" Ward wondered. "Where did he get the material for this play?" And the determination came to him to seek this man and the answer to these questions.

The second scene presented the interior of an emergency hospital, a marvelously realistic reproduction of one of the many which were to be found scattered over the city in the days following the great fire. A corps of white-clad surgeons and nurses worked quietly and swiftly to relieve the

suffering of their maimed patients, while from without, above the muffled noises of the hospital, came the low rumble of the city as it writhed, helpless, in the grip of disaster.

The girl of the first act was there, too, lying white and still on a cot. But presently she sat upright, her arms stretched forth in appeal, her lips calling her lover's name. And when they tried to quiet her she pushed them from her fiercely and fell to sobbing. Then, later, it was learned that the man was missing, but of this they dared not tell her.

So the play progressed, depicting in a touching, masterful way the tireless search of these two for each other. Through a cleverly constructed succession of tense situations their paths crossed and recrossed until at last, their courses guided by some unknown power, they met again beside the stream where the sun glinted playfully in her hair and the birds chirped happily from the trees.

So the play ended.

Certainly it was not a deep drama; merely a simple tale of love and pathos, simply told, superbly acted, leaving the spectator suffused with a glow of delight at the happiness and joy of life and love. To the thousands of theater-goers, who had long been steeped in the risqué daring of the modern problem play, this clean, wholesome love story was a welcome innovation.

Slowly, more through the action of those about him who surged toward the exits than because of any conscious effort on his part, Ward found his way out of the theater. He stood in the foyer for a moment and looked about him at the handsomely-gowned women laughing and chatting happily with their escorts. Everywhere was laughter and high spirits, but he felt little in the mood for gaiety. His mind grappled with a problem too deep, too serious, to admit the intrusion of lighter thoughts. Strange, very strange, he thought, that the play should follow so closely the lines of his own shattered romance—a romance unattended by the happy conclusion the author had written into the play. And there, he reflected, was the only variance between the real and the unreal—between life as it is lived and as it is depicted on the stage.

He was now confident that the author, whoever he might be, was familiar with the scenes and circumstances from which he had undoubtedly drawn the play, for it was incredible that mere fancy could so truly parallel actual fact.

He sought the manager of the theater in the hope that he might be able to learn something of this playwright.

The manager professed to know nothing concerning the author beyond a few rumors whose authenticity was doubtful. However, this much he could vouch for; that Sterling was a westerner and that he was in the city at the present time on a business trip in connection with the play. "You will find him at the Crestmore," the theatrical man cordially informed Ward.

At a conventional hour of the following day Ward repaired to the Crestmore and sent up his card to Mr. Sterling. In spite of his apparent calm he was a little nervous, impatiently eager to learn what the interview might disclose. He had little time to meditate, however, for shortly his brass-buttoned emissary returned to usher him into Sterling's apartments.

As his eye noted the quiet elegance of its furnishings there stole to him the consciousness of a subtle, indefinable something pregnant with echoes of the past. The room seemed surcharged with ghosts of memories. Perhaps it was the breath of the violets in a vase near the window. She had always been fond of them. In the tenseness of suspense he trembled and his throat grew parched and dry. He felt, rather than heard, the entrance of a presence. And then he turned and saw her. A woman beautiful with the full bloom of womanhood, a half-startled, incredulous look in her wide-open gray eyes, her hand at her breast clutching his card. For a long moment they stood gazing into each other's eyes, as though through a veil of years. Then, silently, he went to her and with a low, glad cry she nestled in his arms.

"Grace!"

"What? Oh, what?" Her voice broke, her eyes, sparkling through a mist, sought his and their lips met.

Presently, "You wrote it?" he whispered, half to himself, wonderingly, as though he did not yet understand.

"Yes—I never believed you dead—you could not be—so I wrote it and sent it out

to find you and to bring you to me. They called me famous, but they did not understand—"

Gently he drew her closer and her arm crept hesitantly, shyly, about his neck.

A Hymn to Death.

THE SUDDENLY CHANGED BEHAVIOR OF A PET CANARY.

By Thomas Johnson.

To this day I do not know what killed Dick. Was it wounded pride? Was it chagrin at being unable to protect himself against such an indignity? Did I, his best friend, by that one unforgivable offense, forfeit the right to his respect so irrevocably as to rob him of all zest for life? Or did the love he always had seemed to feel for me suddenly change to hate, and fill his blood with a fatal poison? I cannot say. Perhaps he had no pride or dignity. Perhaps he could not love or hate as I think he did. Perhaps my own guilty conscience read into his attitude and actions a meaning that was not there. It may be that the sudden immersion in cold water gave his nervous system a shock from which he could not recover. I do not know. But I do know that whereas he had always been a cheerful, joyful companion, in the twinkling of an eye he had become a morose little beast, and that he pined away in surly silence. And if the look he literally hurled at me the moment before he died was not charged with the venom of bitter hatred, then have I lost all skill in reading faces.

A friend gave Dick to me when he was about a year old. He was a canary of rather somber plumage, but he was a merry little soul with a marvelous voice and a wonderful willingness to use it. From the very first he seemed to take a fancy to me, and would burst into melody whenever I approached his cage. He greeted me with a song in the morning, and warbled himself to sleep at night. Whenever he was silent during the day I had but to say, "Sing, Dick, sing!" to call from his throat a stream of joyful eloquence. At times, when he seemed to be unable to express himself adequately in song, he would thrust his head through the wire of his cage, lay his bill in my hand, and give voice to intimate twitterings, which must have been an expression of his inmost feelings. And then his swan song, which came after a silence of three months—how shall I describe that otherwise, than to call it a "Hymn to Death?" I believe that he sang his sweetest songs for me because he loved me, and, as I have said, I certainly loved him in return.

Now, Dick had one serious fault—he would not bathe. Every day I filled the tub with fresh water and tried to wheedle him into taking a real bath. But threats and blandishments alike were futile. He would stick his bill into the tub, shake his head with a great splutter, clap his wings in fine pretense; but he would not put his feet into the water or wet his plumage. He took his bath for all the world like an Englishman. I once knew who filled the tub every morning, and having washed his face and hands, deliberately splashed the floor around the tub to give the appearance of having taken a vigorous plunge. And, like the Englishman, Dick never tired of telling about his daily bath.

Now, I was not without sympathy for this shortcoming of my pet. I looked after his cage carefully and did all I could to save him from the ill effects of his bad habit. But, in spite of all my attention, I found that his plumage was becoming very dirty and his feet and legs were cracked and sore. I consulted a bird man, who advised me to fill a bowl with water, place the bird in gently and cover the bowl with my hand. In his efforts to escape, the man said, Dick would give himself a genuine bath.

I followed the plan as suggested. Dick was in the midst of a glorious song when I began preparations, but with perfect trust he permitted me to remove him from the cage and place him in the bowl. For a few seconds he sputtered in angry protest and plunged around in an attempt to free himself. Then, with a peculiar croaking cry, he ceased his struggles and made neither more nor sound until I removed my hand from the bowl. There he stood in silence, with wet body, drooping head and hanging wings, until I removed him and placed him back in the cage.

From that moment until a short time before he died, three months later, he never sang again or uttered a sound of any kind. For the most part he moped in a corner

of his cage or hung listlessly on his swing. At first he ate the food placed before him, but towards the last he scarcely seemed to touch it for days at a time. All efforts to make amends for what he must have considered my betrayal of his confidence met with stony indifference, so I soon learned to let him alone. Indeed, I was both puzzled and alarmed at his conduct, for at times I found him looking at me intently and caught gleams of some hidden, smoldering sentiment, which only awaited a suitable occasion to burst forth into furious expression.

That occasion came just three months from the day I made him take a bath. As I passed through the room, I was startled to hear Dick singing, and hurried over to the cage. He was perched in his swing, not with hanging wings and drooping tail, as had been his custom lately, but with head erect and chest swelling with excitement. And he was singing such a song as he never sung before. I have said that Dick had a marvelous voice, but until that moment I had not known its real quality. For fully five minutes, without a second's intermission, he poured forth a sweet, sad, triumphant chant whose ever-recurring refrain said clearly, "I who am about to die salute you." Then, looking me fairly in the face, and casting into one glance all the suppressed wrath and bitterness of three silent months, he toppled from his swing.

Did he die of a broken heart? Again I say that I do not know. But he lived, and sang, and died, as I have written.

Battleship Underwear.

MEASURES TAKEN TO PROVIDE FOR POSSIBLE EMERGENCIES.

By Edwin Tarrisse.

It is a curious fact that, beneath its coat-of-mail, the modern battleship wears undergarments of a material derived chiefly from the cocoanut. The necessity for the battleship's underwear proceeds from the fact that the fighting machine is really a very delicate thing. In order that certain portions may not become too cold and others become too warm, the vital parts of its anatomy must be clothed with special coverings. The dreadnaughts are enveloped from stem to stern in a suit of underwear to protect them from water and fire. If it were not so, a shot that pierced the side of the vessel would immediately cause the entrance of water and the destruction of the ship.

The actual constitution of this protective underwear is a matter of great secrecy. For the most part, however, it is made of cellulose, which is obtained from the fibrous rind of a cocoanut. Cellulose possesses the peculiar property of swelling when brought in contact with salt water. It follows, therefore, that the moment water pours in at a hole in a ship's side the cellulose expands and closes the aperture. The cellulose must be treated, of course, in order that it may be made fireproof.

It is also necessary to clothe the boilers and steampipes with "jackets" in order to prevent the waste of fuel. Sometimes these are made of ordinary "blanketing," sometimes of a fibrous clay-like composition, or sometimes of close-grained wood. Still of tinner the material is mineral wool. However a great battleship is more likely to suffer from the effects of heat than cold. There is always danger that the powder magazines may become overheated.

In the latest types of fighting ships a thick coating of mineral wool surrounds the stores. This wool gets its name from a slight resemblance of real wool. It is simply a mass of snowy threads of a sort of glass; it is made by blowing jets of high pressure steam through the streams of liquid slag that flow from the furnaces in iron and steel mills.

Great quantities of this queer wool are used on battleships. The substance protects equally well from heat and from cold. It is such an extraordinary nonconductor of heat that it covers the refrigerators and cold storage chambers as well as the explosive stores. In the dockyards the workmen who pack mineral wool in the proper spaces of the ships have to wear masks, in order that they may not inhale the sharp needle-like particles, which would seriously injure the delicate tissues of the throat and lungs.

[Michigan Gargoyle:] "Willie, didn't I tell you not to play with that Wiggins boy?" "I ain't playin' wit' him, I'm fightin' wit' him."

Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources

Indignity Resented.

JOAQUIN MILLER was once advertised to deliver a lecture at San Diego. A smarty, who thought it safe to insult him, approached him as he was standing at the hotel counter, and throwing down a 50-cent piece, exclaimed: "I will go and hear you talk your rot tonight. Here, give me a ticket."

Joaquin pocketed the coin, produced a ticket, and placing a twenty-five cent piece on it, exclaimed: "Children and fools, half price," and turned his back on his would-be insulter.

Landlord's Way.

JOHN BARRYMORE, the actor, was talking about Germany's submarine policy. "When Germany told us we Americans might cross the seas in safety, provided we used such ships as she offered, I nearly died laughing," he said.

"I was irresistibly reminded of the poet who complained to his landlord:

"Landlord, I really must insist on your repairing my doors and windows. They close so badly that it interrupts my work. It blows my hair all about my face."

"Humph," said the landlord. "The easiest way out of that difficulty is get your hair cut off."—[Washington Star.

Not for the Consulate.

THE schoolmaster wanted to know whether the boys had an understanding of the functions of a consulate.

"Supposing," he began, framing his question in the likeliest way to arouse the interest of his hearers, "supposing someone took you up in an aeroplane and after a long, exciting flight dropped you down thousands of miles from home in a country quite foreign, what place would you seek out first of all?"

An eager hand was instantly uplifted.

"Well, Willie, what do you say?"

"Please, sir, the hospital."—[Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Lawyer Got His Answer.

AT A recent trial one of the witnesses was a green countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its principles. After a severe cross-examination the counsel for the prosecution paused, and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed:

"Mr. Kilkins, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story?"

"A different story from what I told, sir?"

"That is what I mean."

"Yes, sir; several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they couldn't."

"Now, sir, upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

"Well, I guess you've tried 'bout as hard as any of them."—[The Star.

Willie's Difficulty.

"I NEVER saw a case like this before," mused the physician who had been called in a hurry on Christmas afternoon.

He thumped the child who was the object of his call. The child, of a prodigious roundness, gave forth a hollow "boom" like unto that of a drum.

"He doesn't seem to be in any pain. Did you let him overeat at dinner?"

"No, doctor," explained the anxious mother. "Willie got a toy balloon among his other presents, and when it deflated he blew it up too much, and the balloon blew back at him and blew him up, and that's why we called you."—[Judge.

The Ex-minister.

A MEMBER of the corps of the British legation said at a dinner in New York: "Some funny stories come from the front about our volunteer army."

"Two young swells in the uniform of private soldiers were overheard by an officer conversing in a trench."

"I was intended for the ministry," the first swell said. "Believe me or not, old

chap, I was on the point of being ordained last August."

"I say! And what stopped you, then?" inquired the other.

"This — war, of course," was the reply.—[Washington Star.

The Scoundrel.

D. R. LYMAN ABBOTT, the famous "anti," said at a luncheon in New York:

"Some people think because I oppose universal suffrage that I am very severe and harsh on the subject of woman."

"These people liken me, in fact, to the man who was asked:

"Do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Sure I do!" the man replied. "Clubs, sandbags, flatirons, any old thing."—[Washington Star.

Three of a Kind.

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, the New York lawyer, said of a certain charge the other day:

"It was a coincidence, a strange coincidence, an almost incredible coincidence—like the stutterer's tale, you know."

"A stutterer in a restaurant said to a waiter:

"B-bring me a p-p-plate of beef."

"The waiter, who also stuttered, answered:

"W-we're out of b-b-beef, sir."

"The guest, thinking he was being mocked, rushed at the waiter to knock him down, but another patron interposed hurriedly."

"D-d-don't hit him," he said. "He's not mocking you. He s-s-stutters the same as I d-d-did before I was c-c-cured."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

No Longer Responsible.

THE dangers of travel by sea at this time have played havoc with the nerves of timid passengers.

Early one morning recently there was considerable commotion on the decks of a coastwise vessel plying between Savannah and Baltimore, when a scantily-clad man hurried from his stateroom and dashed toward the upper deck. On the way he ran into the captain of the vessel.

"What's the matter, captain?" he managed to gasp. "Have we been torpedoed?"

"Calm yourself, my dear sir, and be prepared for the worst," answered the official.

"Oh, don't tell me we're going down!" moaned the other. "Quick, where are the life preservers?"

"They wouldn't be of any service at this stage," explained the captain.

"Too late!" quavered the despairing passenger.

"Yes," said the captain, very solemnly. "We've done all we can for you. You'll have to look out for yourself from now on. You see, we've just tied up to the dock."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Husband's Sacrifice.

ELIHU ROOT was discussing in New York the recent constitutional convention.

"But there was one group," he said—"happily it saw reason later on—but one group there was which had about as true an idea of self-sacrifice as Smith."

"Smith's wife said to him one evening, anxiously:

"I know, John, dear, this high cost of living is terrible, but do you really think we can get along without a servant?"

"We'll have to," Smith answered, firmly, "unless I get a raise. Why, hang it, if the worse comes to the worse, you can do the cooking for yourself and I can get my meals at a restaurant."—[Washington Star.

Appreciated Emphasis.

CHARLEY, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I don't want you to worry about our votes for women campaign."

"I'm not going to."

"But I want you to be prepared to lift

your voice in case it is needed. I realize that there are incidents of political responsibility which woman with her refined sensibilities is unable to meet."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. You remember how disappointed I was at the result in New Jersey. When I mentioned it to you you dismissed the matter with a profane expletive."

"I apologize."

"Don't. I've invited our club to be here on Wednesday morning to hear how well you can talk about it in case we're defeated on Tuesday."—Washington Star.

Enough Said.

A RAILROAD lawyer, who has had much to do with human nature, says: "Never cross-question an Irishman from the old sod." And he gave an illustration from his own experience:

A section hand had been killed by an express train, and his widow was suing for damages. The main witness swore positively that the locomotive whistle had not sounded until after the whole train had passed over his departed friend.

"See here, McGinn's," said I, "you admit that the whistle blew?"

"Yis, sor, it blew, sor."

"Now, if that whistle sounded in time to give Michael warning, the fact would be in favor of the company, wouldn't it?"

"Yis, sor, and Mike would be testifying here this day." The jury giggled.

"Very well. Now what earthly purpose could there be for the engineer to blow his whistle after Mike had been struck?"

"I preshume that the whistle wor for the next man on the track, sor."

I quit, and the widow got all she asked.

—[Exchange.

Working Overtime.

"I SEE you claim one hour's overtime," BILL, said the master of the mill.

"How's that? I thought no one worked overtime this week."

Bill passed a hoary hand across his mouth.

"Quite right, guv'nor," he replied. "One hour's me due."

The master regarded him suspiciously.

"Come, when was it?" he inquired.

"Last Thursday," replied Bill. "I was sent up to your own 'ouse to 'elp shake the carpets."

"Yes, I remember that distinctly," cut in the boss, "but you got off at 6 sharp."

"Ah, that's true, guv'nor, as far as it goes," assented the man; "but the missus give me a 'alf a meat pie to take home, an' that there hour is for bringin' the dish back."—[The Star.

His Peculiarity.

A MAN who was in the habit of stuttering was asked why he did so.

"That's my p-p-peculiarity," returned the man. "Everybody has his p-p-peculiarities."

"I have none," asserted the other.

"Don't you s-s-sitir your t-t-tea with your right h-h-hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, t-t-that's your peculiarity. Most p-p-people use a s-s-spoon."—[Harper's Magazine.

Sitting on It.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, the Secretary for Ireland, has recently returned home from the war front in France, where he had many interesting and exciting experiences.

Some time ago, while traveling in a third-class railway carriage in the north of England, Mr. Birrell found himself in an amusing although very embarrassing position.

He was only just in time to catch the train and sat down hurriedly next to a little girl in shawl and clogs.

Happening to glance at her a moment or two afterward, he saw that she appeared very uneasy and was regarding him with no great favor.

Then it was that it dawned upon him that he was sitting upon her newspaper.

"Here, my dear," said Mr. Birrell, pulling

the paper from under him and handing it to her; "I'm sorry."

The little girl did not look quite satisfied; but she said nothing until a few minutes later when the train drew up at the station.

"Please, sir," she then inquired, meekly, as she rose to get out, "may I have my fried fish? It was in the paper!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

PAT CASSIDY purchased a new automobile, and while still inexperienced in the handling of it he drove down one of the crowded thoroughfares of the city.

Coming to a crossing where the traffic was held up, he lost control of the car and ran squarely into a handsome limousine. The crowd which gathered found the situation amusing, and to add to Pat's discomfiture, the crossing policeman, a big Irishman, commenced to berate him.

"Since when did you learn to drive a car?" demanded the officer. "What's yer name?"

"Cassidy," answered Pat.

"So?" said the policeman, interestedly.

"And where are you from?"

"County Clare," said Pat.

"Say," said the cop, "how the devil did that fellow back into you?"—[Chicago Journal.

Suspicious Parent.

C. J. FAULKNER, counsel for Chicago meat packers in their confiscation suit against the British government, said at a recent dinner:

"Traders could get on better if the British were not so suspicious. They doubt everybody. They are like the father—only more so."

"A father, in a deathlike silence, called downstairs to his daughter, solemnly:

"Hannah, what time is it?"

"A pause, and Hannah answered:

"It's just quarter after 10, father."

"All right," the father said. "And Hannah, don't forget to start the clock again after the young man goes out to get his breakfast."—[Washington Star.

Poor Vision.

A STUDENTS' rebellion at a university over the dismissal of a professor led John Mitchell to say:

"The trustees dismissed the professor to show that they were against free speech. Well, you see now, I guess, how wrong they were. A university to oppose free speech! Why, that's as wrong as the lady's eyes."

"One man was telling another how very cross-eyed a certain lady was."

"Cross-eyed!" he declared. "Cross-eyed! Why, the lady is so cross-eyed that at a dinner where she sat next to me last week, she actually ate out of my plate."—[Washington Star.

Could See His Mistake.

LORD KITCHENER's recent important speech on the military situation has done a great deal to awaken the public to a sense of the task before it. Since he has become War Minister, "K. of K." has also been doing a good deal of "waking up" in purely military quarters.

Some time ago he sent for an officer, who was in the habit of wearing a monocle—a habit that Kitchener detests, as he believes that it savors of affectation.

After talking on various subjects for a few minutes, Kitchener suddenly asked:

"Is it absolutely necessary for you to wear that glass in your right eye?"

"Oh—ah—certainly, yes," drawled the officer. "Couldn't see without it, you know."

"Then I'm sorry," said Kitchener, in his blunt way. "I had intended to give you a staff appointment, but I must have men who can see. Good morning."

After that the monocled one beat a hasty retreat.—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.



Shore-line Sentinels Among the Rocks of Monterey.

SUNDAY MORNING

GERMANY
TO WITKaiser's Government
Adopt De

Entente Allies Decline
Two Attacks Whose
Wilson — Serious
Status Also Causing

THE DIRECT WIRE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—(The Times.)—The situation developed today in the demand that Capt. von Papen be recalled, and late night there were indications that a break might come with Germany. Germany is likely to insist that she conducts her own affairs and that she will not be given orders by the men who have become persons of no account, and also to demand a list of particulars as to the charges against them.

Both of these demands are contrary to all precedent. Under the constitution the mere word of a government that any man associated with it is unwelcome has always been enough to insure his recall. If Germany, therefore, insists on these points, officials admit a situation of in diplomacy and charged with a kind of possible trouble will develop.

The recalling of the two German attaches is understood, will be considered by the State Department as something entirely apart from the recall, and Secretary Lansing is expected to insist that the recall be given as soon as other matters in the way. The State Department has the power to refuse their passports to both diplomats, thus automatically ending their right to remain in the country, and then to insist that they leave.

It is hoped that no action will be taken, as it would be certain to drive the British with Germany, and the department will remain in a position to avoid. The State Department is expected to avoid.

THE WORLD'S
IN T

The Foremost Events of the
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Teuton Plotters. (3) Ford
Peace Talk. (4) Mexico.

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Separate and Complete—32 Pages.

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Fact and Fiction.

SUMMARY.

THE SKY. Partly cloudy. Wind at

northwesterly; velocity, 10

m.p.h. Thermometer, highest, 50 deg.

lowest, 50 deg. Forecast: Fair. For

complete weather report see last page.

THE CITY.

An inventor demonstrated

apparatus to make America impen-

etrable by annihilating invaders with in-

frared waves.

Register of Voters McKeen won a

fight to retain his position and

election grabbers were rebuffed.

Protesters rose in arms against a pro-

posed by clubwomen that dancing by

be permitted in cafes.

Great interest was shown in a coming

out at Santa Monica of an election break

production voting.